# CLOUDS OF WAR.

**Admiral Seymour Demands Immediate Surrender** 

Of the Egyptian Fortifications, and Threatens Bombardment.

Work on the Forts Being Rapidly Pushed.

Foreign Subjects are Warned to Leave Alexandria.

LONDON, July 6 .- An article in the Times confirms the report that Admiral Seymour will send a formal communication to the Egyptian government today requiring it to forthwith abandon the obnoxious works. If Arabi Pasha refuses, Admiral Seymour will immediately open fire and bombard Alexandria. The Times says these instructions are entirely independent of the conference, and belong to a different category of action. They are an act of police rather than an act of war. They are not based on the general condition of Egypt, nor on the relations of the Khedive to Arabi Pasha, nor on any of the questions referred to the conference, but simply on the paramount necessity of securing the safety of the British fleet, for which the government is responsible to the country, and cannot submit its responsibility to the decision of any conference or the sanction of any single power.

A Rumor that the Rombardment of Alexandria flas Begun.

LONDON, July 7 .-- The war feeling today is extremely high, and excited crowds are gathered around the bulletins and Stock Exchange. The rumor that the English had begun the bomrumor that the English had begun the bombardment of Alexandria caused an immediate rise in Egyptian securities. The First English Army Corps, consisting of three divisions and comprising 15,000 troops from England and 10,000 from India, will take an active part in the military operations against Egypt. Artillery will be supplied for land operations by the Mediterranean fleet. Large shipments of war munitions have been ordered for immediate transportation to Egypt. Great excitement has been caused by an unofficial rumor that France will withdraw her fleet from Egyptian waters if England bombards Alexandria.

Appeal to Admiral Seymour's Humanity. ALEXANDRIA, July 8 .- Toulba Pacha, commandant of the garrison, in reply to Admiral Seymour's ultimatum assures the admiral that no hostile act has been, or will be, undertaken, and appeals to Seymour's humanity against the threatened bom-

Eagland Making all Newspary Prepara-tions for Decisive Action.

London, July 8 .- Preparations for decisive work still goes on, and there is no abatement of the excitement among military men. All the officers of the first battalion of the Scots Guards have been ordered to rejoin their regiment. Two battalions at Aldershot have been ordered to embark for Ezypt today, and four others have been warned to be in readiness for embarkation. The war office has ordered the preparation of tabular wells capable of supplying 2,500,000 gallons of water daily. Rear-Admiral Anthony Hoskins, one of the junior lords of the admiralty, has been nominated for second officer in command of the naval operations. He will probably proceed at once-to Egypt. The desnatch steamer Saiamis has sailed for Brindisi to take General Sir Evelyn Wood to Malta. A despatch to the News from Malta says: "The store ship Humber with shot and shell and entrenching tools-has sailed for Alexandria. The channel fleet with the thirty-eighth and ninety-sixth regiments and a company of engineers will leave for Cyprus on Saturday." the excitement among military men. All the

Admiral Seymour Demands Immediate Surrender of the Egyptian Fortifica-

careful reconnoissance today of the harbor defences of Alexandria and reported heavy guns mounted on Marabout fort, at the western en trance to the barbor. Admiral Seymour is preparing a proclamation charging the Egyptian authorities with a breach of faith and a demand for the surrender of the fortifications within twelve the surrender of the fortifications within twelve hours, and notification that in the event of re-fusal to surrender, the English fleet will begin the bombardment after a further period of twen-ty-four hours. The Egyptian ministry announces its determination to resist the demands.

The British Consul-General's Warning. LONDON, July 9 .- The British consul-general at Alexandria has warned other consuls to withdraw their subjects from the city in twenty-four hours. A messenger from the British consul visited the Khediye and offered to put him safely on board an English war ship, but the tender was declined. Admiral Seymour's six hours' notice to the military governor of Alexandria begins at 9 o'clock Monday morning. Thousands of Bedouins are ready to pillage the moment hostilities begin. The Bedouins outside of Alexandria wait only the

signal of bombardment to begin. The Egyptians are now openly working at the forts and on the earthworks. It is evidently the intention of Arabi Bey to force hostilities despite the warning of the British admiral. Neutral Men-of-War Leaving the Harbor

of Alexandria. ALEXANDRIA, July 10 .- The greatest excitement prevails here, and the bombardment of the city is likely to begin at any moment. At least that is the feeling among the people now here. The harbor is a scene of great activity, and Admiral Seymour is making every preparation for war. If he does not receive a favorable answer to his ultimatum bloodshed is sure to follow. As far as can be learned now Arabi Bey has no intention of yielding, and what will be the outcome of the trouble is one of those difficult questions that very few persons care to answer. All the neutral men-of-war and all the merchant ships are now leaving the harbor in order to give the fleet every chance to work, and also to keep out of danger. This looks as if war was imminent. that is the feeling among the people now

Notice of Bombardment ALEXANDRIA, July 10 .- Notice of the bom bardment of Alexandria was given this mornbardment of Alexandria was given this morning by a letter addressed to the Governor by Admiral Segmour. Mr. Cartwright, acting British consul here, has written a letter to Ragheb Pasha, president of the Egyptian ministry, announcing the suspension of relations with the Egyptian government, and another letter to Dervish Pasha, the Turkish commissioner, declaring that he will be held responsible for the safety of the Knedive.

The Eastern Telegraph Company gives notice that all commercial messages will be stopped

that all commercial messages will be stopped during the arrangements of transferring its office to shipboard. Ships having on board the official of the Ottoman Bank, the Credit Lyonnaise, etc., have already left. The twenty-four hours' notice expires at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning, when the bombardment will commence. Admiral Seymour vesterday summoned, his corrections miral Seymour yesterday summoned his captains aboard the flagship, and settled the details of the bombardment. The French fleet will not partici-pate in the bombardment.

Hostilities Likely to Begin Today. WASHINGTON, July 10 .- Secretary Chandler this morning received a cable message from Rear-Ad miral Nicholson, commanding the European sta-tion, who is now at Alexandria, Egypt, with the flagship Lancaster, stating that hostilities between England and Egypt were likely to begin today. He also acknowledged the receipt of Secretary Chandler's despatch directing the vessels of our European squadron to proceed to Alexandria for the protection of American interests.

Turkey Taking a Hand. CONSTANTINOPLE, July 10 .- Turkey is making every preparation to take a hand in the game

about to be played in Egypt. The Turkish fleet is getting ready to go to Alexandria, and will probably start tomorrow. Movements of the French Fleet.

PARIS, July 10 .- It is announced semi-officially that the French fleet will go to Port Said, in accordance with an understanding with Admiral Seymour.

Troops from India. LONDON, July 10 .- The war office has issued

orders to the Indian government to despatch the contingent of 10,000 troops to Egypt forthwith. The Admiral Not to be Humbugged. LONDON, July 10.—The admiral in command of American fleet at Alexandria has warned the

governor that if the forts fire upon the American

Arabi Bey's Singular Claim of Moral Support from the United States.

London, July 9 .- Much curiosity is excited over a despatch from Alexandria alleging that Arabi Bey stated that he expected to secure sufficient moral support from the United States sufficient moral support from the United States to compel England to negotiate with the Egyptian Nationalists, to the latter's advantage. This seems to corroborate the report that the American Feulaus are assisting and advising Arabi. There is much discussion as to what General Stone will do in the event of hostilités. He has expressed himself utterly hostile to England, and fided with admiration for Arabi Pasha, and has been ridiculing the American missionaries going affoat and asserting that no danger exists. Admiral Seymour is ready to open fire in four hours.

The French Press on England and Egypt. PARIS. July 9. - The Voltaire, which, though its news throughout the present crisis has been sensational, professes and is generally supposed to derive its information from reliable sources, informs its readers this morning that the following grave decisions were arrived at on Wednesday at the cabinet council: In the event of England remaining faithful to the European concert and yet intervening in Egypt, France would co-operate with her and with any other power that might have been delegated to intervene. It was resolved unanimously that should England again invite France to co-operate with her in independent action she would decline. Only two dissenting voices were raised against this decision. In the event of England attempting to settle the Egyptian question by her own hand, without the approval of Europe, France, probably assisted by Italy, would intervene in the collective interest and name of Europe. Her intervention in this case would be parallel with, but perfectly distinct from, that of England. It might, under certain circumstances, be directed against it. The Voltaire asserts that these important resolutions were at once communicated to Prince Hohenlohe and Lord Lyons. The Republique Francais, though habitually more reserved than the Voltaire, which gets its news, of course, from similar sources, declares in a leading article today that if M. de Freycinet determines to second England's independent action, it would rejoice. If, on the contrary, he has made up his mind that France is to act in Egypt as a delegate of Europe and a check and a drag on England, the situation would be terribly serious. M. de Freycinet would then be serving as the right arm of Bismarck, and that arm would be raised against our ally. news throughout the present crisis has been sensational, professes and is generally supposed to

Rumored Attempts to Cut the Suez Canal. ALEXANDRIA, July 9.—The rumor is that marauding bands of Egyptians have made several attempts to cut the Suez canal at points re-mote from habitable places. The decided tone of Admiral Seymour's second letter to the military governor, with today's movement of the English war vessels in the harbor, has caused the gravest apprehensions among all classes. The English fleet is now in position to begin bombardment, and it is thought that the forts will be silenced in fifteen minutes after opening fire.

Enormous Insurance. LONDON, July 9 .- The Daily News, in its financial article, states that the large fleet of steamers using the Suez canal are being insured at ten shillings per cent. continuously until February. The insurances do not involve compensation for delay, but only for damages sustained through

For French War Expenses. , PARIS, July 8 .- In the Chamber of Deputies this afternoon the minister of war asked the Chamber to vote government credit of 8,000,000 francs to defray the expenses of the war prepara-tions now going on to sustain France in the posi-tion she has taken in Egyptian affairs.

Spanish Interests in Africa. LONDON. July 8 .- Spain has ordered two frigates to go at once to Alexandria and act in conjunction with the three fron-clads there to protect Spanish interests in Africa in all questions arising Arabi Bey Disobeys the Sultan.

ALEXANDRIA, July 9 .- Arabi Bey has been for-

maily summoned by the Sultan to Constantino-

ple, and refused to obey. The Prime Minister of Turkey Resigns. CONSTANTINOPLE, July 8 .- Abdurrahman Pasha, Turkish prime minister, has resigned.

The Egyptians Defeated. London, July 8 .- The Soudan insurgents defeated the Egyptian army, under Jussuf Pacha. The killed and missing number 2000. Six can-non were taken. The victors, under the false prophet, are marching on to Sennaar.

BOCUS CHECKS.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 9.—The bogus check manipulator has been about Baltimore again, and a number of merchants and storekeepers have been victimized. This time the sharper was Samuel Lewis, alias E. A. Folger, who was caught in his operations today. He has been in Baltimore, playing his game for several weeks, visiting different stores, ordering lots of goods, giving worthless checks exceeding the value of the goods, and pocketing the difference in money. The goods were generally sent to an unoccupied house, and it was then the storekeepers learned they had been swindled. Lewis succeeded in making a pretty good haul before he could be caught. Today he tried at Smith & Stevens' piano factory to rent an instrument. Mr. William J. Hess, vice-president of the company, asked him to sign the usual agreement, which he did. The signature of E. A. Folger, nowever, was recognized by Mr. Hess as being that of the same party who recently swindled Messrs. Knabe & Co. out of a sum of money in the same manner. Accordingly when Lewis presented one of his bogus checks Mr. Hess refused it, and when the man left the store followed him, and meeting one of Messrs. Knabe & Co.'s employes on the street, the latter identified the fellow and he was arrested. He had a valise filled with checks drawn on various banks. Seven charges were preferred against him today, and it is not known how many more people he had swindled. number of merchants and storekeepers have

Tennessee Woman's Defiance to Her Desperate Husband.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 10 .- Hosea Green, an ironworker, who has been separated from his wife for a long time, met her in the street yesterday, seized her round the waist and asked her whether she preterred death or life with him. She replied that she preferred death, and Green cut her throat with a razor. She will propably

Blanche Douglass and Walter Malley is New York.

NEW YORK, July 10 .- The Tribune describes a young man and woman at the Bijou Opera House young man and woman at the Bijou Opera House seeing "Patience," Saturday night, who, as they left arm-in-arm afterwards, and turned into West Twenty-seventh street, were subjects of the following conversation:

"Do vou know that couple?" said a young man just graduated from Yale, and who, with a friend, was walking behind them. "They are Blanche Douglass and Walter Malley."

An Immense Crop of Wheat. SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 9 .- Reports on the wheat crop from all of the counties in the State wheat crop from all of the counties in the State up to July 1 show the condition to be 6 per cent. above the average, and 57 per cent., better than at the same time last year. In the southern and most central counties the crop has been harvested and the quality is excellent. Much of it is already being prepared for market. In the central part of the State there is some alarm on account of sprouting, and soft condition of the ground greatly delays harvesting, it being impossible to use reapers in many fields.

OMAHA, Neb., July 8.—Crop reports from thirty-eight counties in this State zhow that harvesting of rye and barley has begun in the western and southern counties, and that all crops promise a fair yield; corn, oats and wheat, unusually large yield in the three counties where damage has been done by hail; corn recovering, and the yield in those counties, as a whole, will equal last year's average. Fruit will be abundant along the Mis-souri river.

Damaged by a Waterspout. BEAR CREEK, Ark., July 9.—A waterspout in this section and in Taney county, Mo., extended over half a mile in width, and swept away many fields of corn and wheat and much stock. No

Whiskey Saved Ris Life.

New York, July 9.—Professor Worth, proprietor of a museum in the Bowery, whose hand was lacerated Friday night by a rattlesnake, will probably recover. He attributes his escape from death to a liberal supply of whiskey taken immediately after the bite.

The American Homeopathic Observer says:
"The Liebig Company's preparations should not be confounded with patent nostrums. Its Coca Beef Tonic is a legitimate phatmaceutical product and worthy of the recommendations bestowed upon it by both homeopathic and aliopathic joarnais." Invaluable to all who are run down, nervous, dyspeptic or billous.

WASHINGTON.

Exciting Scene in the House of Representatives.

Mr. Whitthorne of Tennessee Calls Secor Robeson a Liar.

The Amount of the Proposed Reduction in Taxation.

WASHINGTON, July 6 .- There was a scene of intense excitement in the House this morning while Secor Robeson was angaged in a defence of his crooked administration of the Navy Department. Representative Whitthorne of Tennessee, who was chairman of the committee on naval affairs in the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Congresses when the knavery and threving operations of Robeson's administration were exposed, has been the especial object of the Jersey man's hatred son's administration were exposed, has been the especial object of the Jersey man's hatred for years past. It was Mr. Whitthorne who fixed upon Mr. Robeson the evidences of his maladministration, and he has bottled his wrath and bided his time for five years to get even. After making a long explanation of his administration, Mr. Robeson turned upon Mr. Whitthorne. Without mentioning him by name, he indulged in the most vitunerative expressions, pacing up and down the space in front of the speaker's desk, his fists clenched, arms waving in the air, and voice rising from a whispered hiss to a loud scream. He drew the picture of a dishonorable man that every member knew was intended for Mr. Whitthorne. The gentleman from Tennessee sat on the Democratic side of the chamber, about twenty-five feet away. Mr. Robeson was speaking of the readiness with which congressional investigations were ordered after the Democratic party came into power, and, among other things, said if there was then (in that Congress) a man whose character and daily lire rendered him objectionable to his congressional associates, if there was aman who was charged, whether true or false, with stealing the school fund of his district, such a man would be competent to demand a committee of investigation to pry into the private life of any man whose prominence made him a mark for their attacks. He was proceeding by this species of innuendos to describe Mr. Whitthorne when the latter left his seat and striding down the aisle to where Robeson stood talking, his tace pale with passion and his clenched fist raised high above his head, roared out, "That is simply a lie whoever tells it or repeats roared out,
"That is simply a lie whoever tells it or repeats

In an instant the greatest excitement prevailed. Members rose and gathered about the two in the space in front of the clerk's desk. Every one thought Mr. Whitthorne meant to strike Robeson, but the Tennessean satisfied himself with giving the he thus publicly and walked back to his seat. Robeson, apparently not noticing the attack, proceeded to repeat, "If there was a man who was charged, whether rightfully or not, with stealing the school fund of his district," when Mr. Peelle of Indiana demanded that Mr. Whitthorne's words should be taken down.

Mr House of Tennessee, on the Democratic side, demanded that Mr. Robeson's charges should be taken down, to which Mr. Robeson replied:

"I have made no charges. I have alluded to no one. If any man recognizes himself by the description, let him step forward and deny what I say."

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scription, let him step forwards say."

This brought out loud and long-centinued applause from the Republicans, who gathered about Robeson as if to defend him. Some one on the Democratic side called for order, and the speaker, who up to this time had appeared to forget his duties, began a vigorous pounding of his desk, which succeeded in restoring the House to order.

duties, began a vigorous pounding of his desk, which succeeded in restoring the House to order.

Robeson then finished this portion of his speech, alluding to Mr. Whitthorne as "a man so debased in his personal habits as to consider it a personal nsuit when the police make a raid on the lowest ruffians in his town, as a man who brought his brother to Washington, and used his influence as a member of Congress to obtain a position for him from a government he despised, and allowing this man to be retained in office by the head of a department, came upon the floor of Congress and struck at the reputation of his benefactor."

At the close of Mr. Robeson's speech the bill was passed, and Mr. Whitthorne took the floor for a personal explanation. He denied every charge made against him by Robeson; explained how Robeson had put detectives on his track and endeavored to smirch his character. He alluded to the Sawtell contracts, charging that Robeson had pocketed part of \$300,000 obtained by the sale of official influence at the Navy Department, and in conclusion publicly branded Robeson as a thief and perjurer. Robeson made a lame answer, and the House proceeded with other business.

other business. INTERNAL REVENUE BILL.

A Reduction in Taxes of \$40,000,000 Pro-

posed-Bessemer Rails. Washington, July 8.—The chief topic of conversation at the capital today has been the action of the Senate Republican caucus last night, which decided to make amendments to the internal revenue bill that will, if adopted, reduce taxation in the neighborhood of \$40,000,000. It was incorrectly said in the despatches sent from this city late last night that the caucus had decided to reduce the tax on tobacco below the figure fixed in the House bill. Senators Cameron of Pennsylvania and Mahone of Virginia are the only two Republican senators who have declared themselves to be in favor of large reductions in the tax on tobacco. There may be other Republican senators who will vote to reduce the tax, and Mr. Beck of Kentucky has hopes that the amendment proposed by him today fixing the tax on tobacco at ten cents will be adopted. He has no idea, however, that the Senate will agree to his other proposition, to reduce the duty on Bessemer rails from \$28\$ to \$20 per ton, to abolish the duty of 25 per cent. levied upon all sugars in addition to existing rates by the act of March 3, 1875. to protect the sinking fund, to adopt the McKinley amendment imposing the same duty on every article made of hoop iron or of which hoop iron is its chief component part as is now paid on hoop iron, and to pass the knit goods bill without amendment. While there were some differences of opinion in caucus as to the changes proper to be made in the end, the resolution providing for the reductions, as indicated above, was unanimously adopted. The internal revenue bill, as it passed the House, was not at all satisfactory to Western Republicans. They disliked to be obliged to defend the charge that Democrats were certain to make on the stump, that Congress had simply abolished taxes on banks, and had done practically nothing to relieve the people. It was the sentiment of the caucus that if any reductions were to be made something more should be done than the House proposed. It was averred that manufacturers of Bessemer rails had admitted they co WASHINGTON, July 8 .- The chief topic of con versation at the capital today has been the action of the Senate Republican caucus last night

IN GENERAL.

Senator Hoar Receives a Knock-Down WASHINGTON, July 9 .- Senator Hoar was given

knock-down blow by Senator Ingalls in a debate a knock-down blow by Senator Ingalls in a debate Wednesday. Senator Ingalls moved the postponement of further consideration of the bill creating a uniform system of bankruptcy. Mr. Hoar, to Mr. Ingalls' astonishment, protested against the postponement of the bill and intimated that the Kansas senator, having called the measure up, should see that it was disposed of at the present session. Mr. Ingalls with cutting sarcasm observed that Mr. Hoar was slightly uncandid, and then added that he had originally called the bill up at Senator Hoar's request, only in order that he might make a speech on it, the Massachusetts senator having said that such a speech as he proposed to make would be of great personal assistance to him in the senatorial contest in Massachusetts. The senators chuckled as they saw Mr. Hoar unmasked, and the bill was laid aside until the pext session.

National Federation of Labor Unions.

The National Federation of Labor Unions last week adopted resolutions recommending the labor unions to send representatives from each mistaken for a tramp.

congressional district to Washington to act as members of the central committee on national legislation in connection with the proposed investigation by the Senate committee of the relations between capital and labor, and the condition of the laboring classes.

Notes. Sergeant Mason, who shot at Guiteau, said that the report will hold that the troops were statloned at the jall without authority of law. Mason's friends claim that this report will lead to his re-

The congressional delegations appointed to attend the celebration at Newburg, N. Y., consists of Senators Hawley, Miller, Hill, Bayard and Hampton, and Representatives Beach, Ketchum, Curtin, Burrows, Knett, Townsend, Ellis and Kasson.

POISONED WATERS.

the Alarmed Chizens of the Schnylkill Valley-Fish in the River Dying from an Unknown Cause-Discolored and Supposed Poisonously Impregnated Water.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., July 9.-For several days past the water of the Schuykili river has been impreg-nated with some poisonous matter that changes its color and is killing the fish by thousands. The water is of a color similar to that produced by placing a small quantity of indigo in a tub of water. Various causes are assigned, though as yet nothing definite has been ascertained. The most plausible story is that ascertained. The most plausible story is that sulphurous or poisonous water is being pumped from some abandoned mine in the coal region which finds its way into the Schuylkill, and is gradually working its way toward the Delaware. Considerable indignation is felt by our citizens, who are, or will be in a few days, compelled to use the water. Not only does its present condition unfit it for use, but the decomposition of thousands of dead fish will add greatly to its impurities. Hundreds of people visited the banks of the river today.

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

The Secret Hoard of Gold and Silver Left by Two Old Maiden Ladies.

PHILADELPHIA, July 9 .- Jane and Susan Shaw, two old maiden ladies, lived for a number of years very quietly at 1044 Spruce street, in this years very quietly at 1044 Spruce street, in this city. Jane inherited an estate worth \$60,000 from her brother Charles, with the understanding that she should pay her sister an annuity of \$50. Jane died in April, 1881, leaving everything to her sister for life, and then the other legatees. Susan followed her in April of this year. Sne left her property to the same relatives as Jane, with one exception. Charles S. Forsyth, who was executor of both wills, while making an inventory, stumbled across four mysterious chests in a cupboard of the Shaw house. They were opened after great trouble and they were found to be full of silver and gold. No mention had been made of them by the sisters and their existence was never suspected. A carriage was called and the money taken to a bank. Two men were employed five bours in counting it. It amounted to \$21,800. Mr. Forsyth credited the amount to Susan's account. Objections were interposed, however, by the residuary legatees under Jane's will. Testimony was produced before Judge Ashman of the Orphans' Court to show that Susan had exhausted her means in investments under Sane's will. Testimony was produced before Judge Ashman of the Orphans' Court to show that Susan had exhausted her means in investments under shortly before her death and could not therefore have had any title to the money. Jane, it was testified, had been of economical habits, and lived far within her income. After considering all the facts Judge Ashman awarded the money to Jane Shaw's estate. city. Jane inherited an estate worth \$60,000 from

AN UNLUCKY SOMNAMBULIST. Thomas McDonald of Newport Walks On

of a Third Story Window. PROVIDENCE, July 10 .- A man giving his name as Thomas McDonald, about 53 years old, who says he belongs on Thames street, Newport, went to 123 South Water street, on Saturday afterto 123 South Water street, on Saturday afternoon, and engaged a room for three days. He
retired to his room about midnight and went to
bed. He rose in his sleep at about 2 o'clock
and delinearately jumped from the window in the
third story to the concrete sidewalk, a distance
of over thirty feet. He was picked up unconscious
and bleeding and taken into the house. Dr.
William H. Palmer was notified, and on making
an examination be discovered that McDonald
was badly out about the head, and that several of
his ribs were broken. It is feared that he is internally injured. He was conveyed to the Rhode
Island Hospital.

FATAL SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

One More Victim to the Careless Handling of Firearms. DOVER, N. H., July 9 .- A very sad shooting accident occurred here Thursday. Two young ads were target shooting with a pistol his house, on Washington street. The target was nailed to the barn door. Miss Annie R., daughter of Rev. John B. Richmond, came out of he residence into the yard near the barn during a lull in the firing. A few minutes later she started for the barn, and when at the door a shot was fired from the pistol in the hands of one of the boys. Edward Frost. The ball struck and severed the jugular vein, from which the unfortunate young lady bled to death in less than ten minutes. The family of the deceased is one of the most respected in the community, and is terribly bereaved by the sad affair.

MURDEROUS COWBOYS.

They Raid an Arizona Town, Kill Two

Men and Wound Others. Tucson, Ari., July 9 .- The Star's St. John's advices say that a party of nine Mormon cowboys recently entered the town of St. John's, and comrecently entered the town of St. John's, and commenced shooting right and left, whereupon the townspeople retaliated, and a general engagement ensued. One of the cowboys, getting wounded early in the fight, fied, followed by three others. Nat Green, the leader, and four more, fled to an adobe house and kept up the fight, which resulted in the killing of James Vaughan, a Mormon, and Nathan C. Tenney, at one time a Mormon bishop. Dixie Green was wounded in the left hand. A surrender was forced, and Nat and Harris Green are now in jail.

A Child's Miraculous Escane.

A Child's Miracutous Escape.

Providence, R. I., July 9.—Harris C. Aldrich, a child of Frederick J. Aldrich, on Saturday atternoon made his way to the roof in the absence of his parents, and was walking in the gutter when he was discovered by two ladies in the street below. They did not dare to call to him, and could only watch breathlessly. The little fellow took a few steps and then lost his balance and fell to the sidewalk. One of the ladies carried the boy into his home just as his parents arrived. Drs. Willard H. Greene, Hersey and Leonard were summoned, and discovered that the main injury sustained was a fracture of the left leg above the knee. He, of course, was badly shaken up and received other slight brunses, but none of them, save the injury to the leg, are dangerous.

Lively Fight With Smugglers.

Lively Fight With Smugglers.

CHICAGO, July 9.—A special from Piedras Negras, Mexico, says: News has been received of a battle between eighteen contrabands and forty soldiers, acting under orders of the custom house. The contrabands were overtaken by troops ten leagues from here while in camp. One-half of the troops attacked them mounted and the others opened on them from a rayine. The contrabands fought desperately, losing two. Of the customs party one fell; upwards of forty bales of goods, forty horses, nine smugglers and a number of guns were captured.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 9.—Adam Simon, struck his wife on the head with a bung-starter and then cut his throat. The woman is doing well. Her skull was not broken. She took the news of his death coolly, but does not know he cut his throat. She was informed that he died in an epileptic fit. He was looked upon as a lunatic for years. He left a memorandum cursing his brothers, with whom he had had trouble, declaring that they would die in the poorhouse, and disposing of his property, amounting to about \$200.

The Toy Pistol Again.

Northfield, Vt., July 9.—As Louis Marcatt, aged 14, was firing a toy pistol, at Montpeller Friday night, he loaded the pistol with a blank cartridge and a double B shot and fired at Frank, the five-year-old son of Alexander Jangraw. One shot cut the scalp about two inches, another struck in the abdomen, passing through and longing on the inside walls of the abdomen. The wounds are not considered dangerous. Marcatt was arrested. WASHINGTON, July 10.—Guiteau's bones have been stripped of flesh, and are now on the roof of the Medical Museum, undergoing a bleaching process preparatory to being placed on exhibi-tion in the museum.

Sentenced for Life. NEWPORT, R. I., July 9. - Moses Grinnell, the seventy-year-old murderer, who was convicted last May of shooting Charles H. Thomas in Tiverton, R. I., two years ago, has been sentenced to life imprisonment in State prison.

Mistaken for a Tramp.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Repression Bill Adopted by the Commons.

The Irish Leaders to take Advantage of Egyptian Crisis.

Death of General Skobeleff-Riots in Wales, Etc.

LONDON, July 3 .- Today's session was taken up by a long and acrimonious controversy government and the Irish the between nembers on the justice and constitu Clonality of the suspension of Parnell and his colleagues. The speaker stoutly maintained the of the action of the majority, but his remarks were composed of discursive assertions rather than of well considered argunents. He did not strengthen the position of the government in the minds of any unprejudiced listener. The Irish members replied, some with considerable cogency and force of expression, but all their efforts were fruitless. While the debats was at fever heat and the house in a state of intense excitement, Gladstone moved that O'Donnell be suspended for a period of fourteen days. O'Donnell is the member who on Saturday declared that the action of Dr. Lyon Playfair, chairman of the committee of the whole, in naming him was infamous, because he (O'Donnell) had been absent from the House all night and was therefore foully named. Gladstone's motion aroused the Irish members to a pitch of anger not often witnessed in the House, and a harsh and ill-natured debate was the outcome. The Irish members boldly asserted that if the sense of Englishmen beyond the walls of Parliament could be obtained it would overwhelmingly sustain O'Donnell in all he had said and done in defence of his rights as a member of the House. The efforts put forth in O'Donnell's behalf were futile, and Gladstone's motion was finally carried by 181 to 31. Cladstone's motion that urgency was required for the final stage of the repression bill was carried, 259 to 31.

\*\*Ireland's Friends Leave the Commons.\*\* teen days. O'Donnell is the member who o

Ireland's Friends Leave the Commons LONDON, July 4 .- Toward the close of yester day's session of the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone moved a resolution of urgency for the repression bill. The resolution was adopted by a ma ber of members were not present. Under the rule a motion that public business is urgent requires a motion that public business is urgent requires that 300 members must be in attendance. Today Mr. Gladstone renewed his motion before welfilled benches, and it was carried by a vote of 402 to 19. Mr. Justin McCarthy then said that the Irish members would leave the whole responsibility of passing the repression bill with the government. The Parnellites then left the House amid ironical cheering.

The Repression Bill Adopted by the House of Commons.

LONDON. July 4 .- As it was generally undertood that the Commons would dispose of the re pression bill in committee tonight, the House was crowded. The final clause of the bill passed with-out an exciting incident. The report of the com-mittee was considered on Thursday, and the final reading of the bill decided for Friday. The Arrears of Rent Bill.

consideration of the Irish arrears of rent bill stated that the surplus of the church fund—out of which the bill proposed the landlords shall be reimbursed—now amounted to £2,000.000. If that was not enough the consolidat d fund amounting to £500,000 would be used to make up the deficiency.

London, July 5 .- Mr. Gladstone in moving

Gladstone Threatens to Resign if a Certain Amendment is Not Adopted. LONDON, July 7 .- In the House of Commons this evening the chief secretary for Ireland noved an amendment to the repression bill giving up the right of search of domiciles at night unless secret societies were suspected of holding meetings. The Conservatives opposed the amendment. Gladstone threatened to resign unless the amendment was adopted. On division the government was defeated by thirteen majority, amid Conservative cheers.

Conservative cheers. Gladstone Regrets His Threat.

LONDON, July 8 .- The Irish repression bill finally passed the House of Commons and was last evening read for the first time in the House of Lords. The cabinet meets today.
Gladstone is disposed to withdraw his threat of esignation made in the Commons last evening.

Gladstone's Defeat.

LONDON, July 8 .- The deteat of the government in the House of Commons last evening was due to whom, expecting a serious controversy upon the report of the r-pression bill, especially as the Parnellites had withdrawn, left the House early in the afternoon. Eight Irish members viewed the division from the galleries, and, notwithstanding entreaties to vote with the government, refused. In the division on the third reading of the repression bill, Hon. W. H. B. Portman and Mr. George Russell, Liberals, also voted with the dissentients.

Take Advantage of the Egyptian Crisis. DUBLIN, July 8.-It is now very generally be-lieved that the rising of Irishmen is imminent. The crisis in Egyptian affairs and the consequent military embarrassment of the government are regarded by Irish revolutionary leaders as furnishing the long-sought opportunity. The Orange societies throughout the country have published a circular warning Irishmen that a crisis is threatened, and asking them to preserve the peace by refraining from any participation in the move-ment. The archbishops and bishops of Ireland have also issued a circular torbidding the priests have also issued a circufar forbidding the priests from giving countenance and support to the Ladies' Land League. It also forbids them from attending public meetings called for purposes of agitation or otherwise without the consent of the priests of the parishes in which such meetings are to be held. The documents have created considerable excitement, and the interference of the church is sharply resented in certain quarters.

Arrested on Merest Suspicion. DUBLIN, July 8 .- Nineteen men, suspected of omplicity in the recent murder of Waiter M. Bourke, near Widrahan on June 8, have been ar rested at Loughrea. It is believed there is no tangible evidence against them.

An Alleged Fenian Murder. DUBLIN, July 8 .- A man named Kenny, aborer, was murdered here Tuesday by unknown persons. The crime is charged to Fenians.

OTHER FOREIGN MATTERS Death of General Skobeleff. Moscow, July 7 .- General Skobeleff died sud

Moscow, July 7.—General Skobeleff died suddenly in this city at 7 o'clock this morning.

Mikhail Dimitrivevitch Skobeleff was born near Moscow in 1845. He graduated at the military academy of St. Petersburg in 1864, and went to Turkestan, where he commanded a company of Cossacks. In 1871 he commanded a battalion of the line and was attached to the staff of the Grand Duke Michael. In 1873 he had charge of the advance guard of Lomakin's column in the march upon Khiva, and displayed his independence by disobeying orders. He and the American correspondent, McGaher, risked their lives by remaining alone in the palace to turnish a report to General Kaufman. Afterward for superior bravery he received decorations from the Emperor. In the campaign in Khokan in 1875 he distinguished himself at Makhram and Adjjan, and was rewarded with the rank of general. When Khokan was annexed to Russia in 1876 he was made its governor. In 1877, in the war against Turkey, he joined the army of the Grand Duke Nicholas. He served as a volunteer at the crossing of the Danube, swimming the river on horseback, and leading a bayonet charge. He commanded a flying detachment, which took part in a gallant attack on Pievna, and afterward covered the Rossian retreat. In the attack on Pievna of September 11 he was Imeritinski's chief of staff, and led four regiments with which he captured and heid for twenty-four hours two redoubts, being ultimately forced to retire with terrible loss. He was made leutenant-general and chief of the sixteenth division. He was one of the principal leaders in the commanded attack on the Shipka army, which resulted in its capture January 9, 1878. He commanded unpposed, and led the advance on Constantinople, in its capture January 9, 1878. He commanded the advance on Adrianople, which he captured unopposed, and led the advance on Constantinople, occupying Tchatalija on February 8. After the conclusion of peace he had charge of the retiring army; and in the summer of 1880 he was appointed to the command of a new expedition against the Tekke Turcomans.

Crowds Fleeking to Moscow to Attend the Funeral-The Body Lying in State. Moscow, July 10 .- A requiem mass was cele brated Saturday at 1 o'clock at the Hotel Dussaux in the room where the body of General Skobeleff lay. All the Moscow authorities were present, among them the Governor-General, Prince Dolgorouki. Last night the body was borne in solemn state to the Cathedral, whence it will be transferred to General Skobeleff's estate at Riaza and buried. The Moscow papers appeared with black borders yesterday morning. A number of

clever speculators are doing a thriving trade in General Skobeleff's portraits. Princess Deloselsky arrived yesterday morning. The general's second sister, Countess Tcheremetieff, is expected today. The whole Skobeleff family will doubtless attend the funeral. An immense number of people are flocking here from St. Petersburg. The transportation of General Skobeleff's body from the Hotel Dussaux to the Cathedral of the Three Saints took place at 8 o'clock last evening in the midst of an immense concourse of people, who crowded even the tops of the houses. During the afternoon the people had been admitted to see the body lying on the bed of state in full uniform, covered with flowers. Troops lined the streets and escorted the funeral car, which was entirely covered with white. Prince Dolgorouki and the general's aides-decamp followed on hor-eback. The funeral takes place today at 10 o'clock. The minister of war arrived yesterday moraing. The Grand Duke Alexis and his cousin, the Grand Duke Nicolas, follow today.

The Opera House in St. Petersburg Destroyed by Fire.

St. Petersburg, July 5.—The opera house in this city has been destroyed by fire. The flames broke out during the performance, but fortunately no one was killed. Several persons were injured.

Riots in Wales. London, July 10.—Serious riots are reported at Tredegar, Wales. The Welsh miners sacked the Irish quarter, and several persons were killed.

Troops have been called out to preserve order.

Cable Notes. The naval forces of France are being mobilized. The Canadian riflemen arrived at London Tues-A collision occurred on the railroad between Cork and Youghal. Both trains were wrecked and sixty persons injured.

Said Pasha had an interview with Lord Dufferin at the British embassy at Constantinople, and remonstrated against the bombardment as unjustifiable.

MR. AND MRS. CHRISTIANCY.

A Meeting Between Husband and Wife that Gave Rise to a Rumor of Reconciliation.

WASHINGTON, July 9 .- The venerable Chris dancy and his young wife, from whom he will shortly be divorced, met lately at her home under circumstances that created the report of a complete, loving and beautiful reconciliation between the couple. It seems the old man was walking down Indiana avenue, and, passing his wire's apartments, he involuntarily glanced at the window. Mrs. Christiancy was within and she beckoned vigorously for her husband to enter. The senator paused, hestated for a moment, glanced a second time at the plump, pretty person of his wire, who with smiles on her face waved a paper in her hand to attract his attention and he entered. As soon as the door was opened Mrs. Christiancy dropped the paper from her shands and with a loving gesture attempted to draw her husband into the parlor. The old man gathered himself up just in time, coldly put his wife away, exchanged a few words with her and departed. The entire proceedings were visible circumstances that created the report of a comaway, exchanged a low words with her and queparted. The entire proceedings were visible through the open door, and led to the rumor that Caristiancy's suit would be withdrawn. He says that the suit will be pushed to the end, and he has no intention of resuming marital relations with Mrs. Christiancy.

THE WRECKED LIDELINE.

Story of the Collision with an Iceberg Told by the Captain-Four Days in an Open

Captain John Watts of the wrecked British bark Edeline, who with twelve of his crew landed at Gloucester, Mass., Wednesday, arrived in this city Thursday. He gives the following story: "The bark belonged in Sunderland, England, and I have commanded her for over four months. On June commanded her for over four months. On June 6 last we left New York with a cargo of 2900 barrels of coal oil for Christian Lund, Norway, there to await orders. Up to June 13 we had fair weather. At noon on that day we passed an iceberg, and at 7.45 p.m., while the foz was so thick that it was impossible to see anything, we were struck in the stern by an iceberg, causing all our seams to open. We worked all night at the pumps, and at 11 a. m. next day, finding that she had gained fourteen feet of water, I with my crew in two boats, left her. We had time enough however, to save the ship's papers, put on board provisions, etc. We theo lay by her until the morning, when we boarded her again, and finding her settling down by the stern we abandoned her. We were in the boats until noon of Sunday, June 18, when we came across the schooner Mary F. Chisholm, in longitude 53.40, latitude 44.28.

Sad Death of a Providence Boy from juries Received While at Play. The funeral of Arthur B. Jerauld, who died t the age of 12 years, took place at Providence R. I.: last week. This lad is the one who, nearly a year ago, was severely kicked near the base o the spine, and some days afterward was struck in the back of the head with a stone thrown by another boy while at play. The boy kept about for a time, but continually complained of the pain in his back and head. He was finally compelled to take to his bed, and for weeks previous to his death suffered in the limbs and lost the use of his mouth and tongue to such an extent that he was almost unable to partake of food, all on account of the injuries to his spine and head. The police investigated the affair at the time, but for some reason the parents did not wish to move in the matter. However, death has ended the sufferings of the poor lad, and the sad result of the kicking and stone-throwing should be a terrible warning to other boys when they engage in rough sport. the back of the head with a stone thrown by

The Greatest Oil Strike on Record.

PITTSBURG, July 9.—Oil producers in Warren county, Penn., and dealers here are greatly excited over the development of Murphy well, No. 2 at Cherry grove. The United Pipe line made connection with the well this morning to test the flow. Oil men generally say that this is the greatest strike on record, and that the well will flow anywhere from 4000 barreis upwards every twenty-four hours. This estimate is based on well No. 646, in the same belt, known as the Mystery, which has been flowing flytone days, keeping right along at a daily output of 800 barreis in twenty-four hours. The market here is very much demoralized, the closing price this evening being 50%, the lowest ever reached.

Spiritualist Slade Confesses at Last. OTTAWA, Ont., July 10.—Slade, the Spiritualist, arrived here Saturday from Belleville, where he was thoroughly exposed the day before by the chief of police and others and given five minutes to leave the place. He confessed his imposture, and illustrated his methods on consideration of not being jailed.

Extensive Log Drive. WINDSOR, Vt., July 5.—The large drive of logs of 60,000,000 feet, which started from Canaan, Vt., in April, owned by the Connecticut River Lumber Company, has arrived in Windsor, Vt. There are 150 men and eighty horses. They expect to get the logs to Holyoke, Mass., in August.

Thurlow Weed Entirely Blind.

New York, July 4.—Thurlow Weed was presen Tuesday at the annual dinner of veterans of 1812 and it was made public for the first time that he is entirely blind and has been so for two weeks His health is fairly good in other respects. Shot Through the Heart by a Playmate. TROY, July 9.—On Tuesday afternoon, at a pionic here, a youth named Murphy, residing it Troy, 15 years old, was accidentally shot through the heart by a playmate and instantly killed. The boys were fooling with revolvers.

Rumored Poverty of Engineer Melville Family.

PHILADELPHIA. July 9.—It is announced that in consequence of a reduction of the pay of Engineer Melville, his wife and family are bor-Destructive Kansas Tornado. FORT SCOTT, Kan., July 9.—A destructive tornado swept Columbus, Kan., Wednesday. Trees were uprooted, grain destroyed and buildings demolished. At Girard much damage was done. Peter Crawford and James Arrowsworth are reported killed.

NAPAUCE, Ont., July 9.—Nathan Briscoe, a farmer of Ernestown, while handling bees last week, was stung on the forehead by one, and died in fifteen minutes.

CLEVELAND, O., July 9.—There were 25,000 visitors at Lake View Cemetery last Sunday, the anniversary of the shooting of Garneld.

Death of the Ohio Giant. MARYSVILLE, O., July 9.—Colonel Noah Orr, the Obio giant, is dead. He was 8 feet high and weighed 540 pounds.

Four Children Poisoned. BURLINGTON, Vt., July 9.—Four children by the name of Foley were poisoned here by eating green currents with worms on them. LABOR.

The Western Iron Strikers Greatly Encouraged.

Boston Longshoremen Demand and Get an Increase.

The Freight Blockade Still as Bad as Ever.

PITTSBURG, Penn., July 7 .- The iron strikers

were considerably encouraged today by re-ceiving news that the proprietors of the puddling mill at Alikanna, O., had signed and would start up immediately. Kirkpatrick & Co., Leechburg, have finally signed the new scale, with the fifty-cent clause for hot fix stricken out. The knobblers' ton was fixed at 2240 pounds. This is claimed as a square victory for the amaigamated men. The LaClede Mills of Choteau, Harrison & Co., St. Louis, have also arranged to start up under the Cincinnati agreement and under the advice of President Jarrett. The Bay View Mills send word that they will resume according to the scale. Rumors of other signatures are current. Secretary Martin said this evening that he was quite satisfied with the way things were going, adding he was receiving favorable messages from different parts of the country every day. "We can afford to laugh," he remarked, "at the claim of the manufacturers that ours is a losing cause." Amaigamated people now look upon the victory as theirs. Manufacturers have very little to say. ALIKONNA, O., July 8.—The pudding mills here have signed the scale and will startup immediately.

THE FREIGHT HANDLERS. The Blockade Still as Bad as Ever, and

Merchants Complaining Loudly. NEW YORK, July 8 .- The freight handlers' strike is unchanged. The men formerly employed on the Pennsylvania lower piers presented themselves to the superintendent this morning and demanded the back money due to them. They demanded the back money due to them. They were told to call in the afternoon. A long line of trucks was here, waiting to be unloaded. Freight was being received slowly and with difficulty. Some of the Italians at work here were attacked early in the morning in Battery park, but they succeeded in worsting their assailants. The New York Central and Hudson River pier at Barclay street was crowded with accumulated freight, very little being received and much less handled. The Erie piers were receiving no freight at all. A long line of trucks stood there waiting to be discharged. At the upper piers of the Pennsylvania railroad little freight was received, but as fast as possible it was loaded on floats to be taken away. At St. John's Park depot no change was apparent. One train left this morning and another one was being loaded. The prospect of a settlement is as yet in the remote future.

LONGSHOREMAN'S STRIKE. Their Demands Acceded to and They

Resume Work. On Thursday night, upon the arrival of the steamer Johns Hopkins from Baitimore, the men usually employed to unload her asked for an advance of ten cents per hour before they would go vance of ten cents per hour before they would go to work, their pay for night work having been formerly thirty cents per hour. This not being granted they refused to unload the steamer. Her freight being largely composed of garden produce it made considerable delay to the marketmen, who depended upon getting their vegetables and fruit into market early. All that was removed up to 7 o'clock Friday morning was taken out by the twenty-two men regularly employed at weekly wages. The day men came on Friday morning, and as they received thirty cents per hour and asked for no advance for day work, the process of unloading was resumed. day work, the process of unloading was resumed. That evening a visit to the wharf found a large number of men at work, and inquiry revealed that Captain Sampson, the agent of the company, had granted the advance and the men had gone

IN GENERAL.

Chicage Iron Workers. SOUTH CHICAGO, III., July 7 .- Messrs, Bradley and Terrence of the Calumet Iron and Steel Company were seen at their mills this morning. They did not consider that they would be at all affected by the reported compromise at Bay View and at some of the Pittsburg mills. They will not grant any increase, and are making preparations to do away with puddlers, by reconstructing their mills so as to make steel instead of puddling. Many of the strikers have left, as the prospects of resuming work with union men appear very

Work Resumed at St. Louis. St. Louis, July 8 .- Laclede rolling mills start up again next Monday. A committee of the men

signed a contract agreeing to resume work under signed a contract agreement to resume work under the Cincinnati agreement until a setment is made at Pittsburg. About 600 strikers will go to work. Thus on Monday all mills in the third dis-trict will be in operation except Heimbacher's forge. Two hammers are being run at Helm-bacher's forge, and it is believed the men em-ployed in the rolling mill department will soon return to work.

ALBANY, July 9.—The rumor that 300 operatives in the Harmony Mills at Cohoes will resume work on Monday is untrue. They will not return under the reduced rate. Trouble exists among members of the Harmony Mills Company, and the account books have been taken to New York for investigation. Fifty strikers have been engaged for the Chicopee, Mass., cotton mills.

Trade and Labor Convention. PHILADELPHIA, July 8 .- A call was issued tonight for a State convention of the trade and labor associations August 28, to take steps to re peal the State conspiracy act and frame laws legalizing trades' unions. Thirty thousand trades' unionists are represented by the call.

Labor Notes. The Pittsburg Knights of Labor, at a meeting Thursday, resolved to stand by the striking coal diggers.

About fifty freight handlers at the Old Colony railroad, influenced by the success at the other roads, Wednesday demanded a like increase of wages. The corporation made a reasonable advance and the men are at work. vance and the men are at work.

The printers of the Buffalo Free Presse have been taken back at thirty-five cents, which was demanded by the strikers. This reinstates permanently all the German printers out. The Courier and Commercial still hold out against the artikers.

A strike of some 5000 or 6000 operatives in twenty-two extensive boot and shoe factories in Montreal, Que., is threatened immediately, unless the manufacturers concede to the terms of the operatives' union, which demands 15 to 20 percent, advance.

A conference of a Con A conference of officers and employes of the

A conference of officers and employes of the North Chicago rolling mill at Bay View, Wis., Thursday alternoon resulted in an amicable settlement of the protracted strike. It is understood, that both made concessions. All the mills commence work next Monday.

Secretary Swank of the American Iron and Steel Association said, at Philadelphia last week, that the reports from Pittsburg that the iron workers were yielding were probably truthful. The manufacturers had been from the beginning firm, and now show no signs of weakening.

The Shoe Cutters' Union of Cincinnati has.

The Snoe Cutters' Union of Cincinnati has, made a demand for an advance of wages to begin today. The shoe manufacturers held a meeting Saturday with closed doors, and finally adopted resolutions referring the matter to the board of arbitraries. A number of Italians employed by the street.

cleaning department on the New York refuse scows, called on Mayor Grace Saturday and asked him to have their wages increased to \$2 per day and their working time also increased to twenty-four days in a month. The Mayor referred them: to the street cleaning authorities.

On Saturday evening a man named Donohue, supposed to be a striker, forced his way through the police line at Eckhart, Md., but was promptly arrested and brought to the city by the consolidated companies' special police. He refuses to give his name or explain his motive. He was somewhat intoxicated. The affair creates much excitement here, and it is said his arrest will cause future trouble at Eckhart. Starving in a Large City.

Mrs. Theresa Hasshell was found at the Providence depot Saturday in a very precarious condition, suffering for want of proper nourisment. She was taken to Division 4 and afterward removed to the City Hospital. She is one of the Russian Jews who arrived at New York a few days ago, and who were sent from New York last evening over the Providence road.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of nealth! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a pareas could desire."

### [FROM OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.]

### MILLET AND TIMOTHY. Culture of Millet for Hay-When to Cut

There is a quite general failure of old meadows, and more talk of substituting Hungarian grass than usual, but it is so difficult to cure this crop, that whoever has a well-seeded meadow of any kind, should think twice before turning it over, and relying on something alse as winter feed. This is good advice for a well-seeded meadow. Certainly it would not pay to plough up a good grass sod to sow some ther grass seed; but with a poor sod (a prospect, say, of one ton or less to the acre), the case is different. I know of no better way, on a dairy farm, than to plough such a sod and sow it with Hungarian grass, and seed down in the fall with wheat, if the land is suitable; if not, with grass seed alone the latter part of August Coarse manure may be spread on the sod before ploughing, and when the land is ploughed again in the fall the manure will be rotten, and the working of the soil will mixit and fine it in perfect condition for wheat or grass seed.

Instead of the ton or less of hay that you would have got on your meadow you will have (if ordinary good land) some three tons, and your land will be fresh seeded. The extra hay will more than pay for labor and seed; and the land will be epriched by ploughing and thor-oughly pulverizing (as should be done for Hungarian and other grass-seeds) twice in one season. Do not sow Hungarian seed till warm, growing westher. The first week in June is about the right time in this latitude. Work the ground down very fine, and use about three pecks of seed to the acte. Caboon s seed-sower will got the seed on perfectly; then smooth over with a Thomas harrow and roll. I used to think it

DIFFICULT TO CURE THIS CROP, and did a good deal more work to make good hay than was necessary. I will tell just how I managed the curing of a large piece, but in on rented land not long since. When the barometer and general appearance indicated some days of fair weather, we started in after dinner with two machines and cut eight acres. The next day we worked at something else, and did not touch the grass at all, as the weather was fine. The day after, as soon as the dew was all off (about 9 o'clock), I raked it and my men put it into large cocks of about 200 pounds each. The following day, with two teams and drivers, one pitcher and one stacker, we put it all into stacks. I raked after and assisted wherever it was most needed. We did not open the cocks at all. It was hauled in twenty loads the aggregate weight of which was twenty-four tons (we weighed two loads, so as to know). The next time there was a prospect of three fair days we cut another piece. In case rain threatens at any time after it is cut we rake and cock up immediately. Then it is necessary to shake it out and cure it when the weather becomes fair again. The hay, being only partly cured, settles very solidly in the cock, and does not It may stand five or six days without much injury. If you have not had experience with Hungarian, do not sell hay put up as I have described (and cut in blossom) except by weight. The stacks I have hear telling about any tractice are read in the been telling about putting up were sold in the spring, and weighed 33 per cent. less than when put up. Old farmers estimated them at four to five tons each, and they weighed over ten tone each. ten tons each. By measure a little less than

EVERY FORKFUL OF HAY WAS GOOD, and gave perfect satisfaction, except that some complained that their cows liked it so well it went away too fast. Some of it was sold for horse hay, but I do not recommend Huu-garian for horses. I do not see how it would be possible to cure any kind of hay, cut in good season, with much less trouble or ex-pense than this. I have followed this plan for three years, and hit it right every time. In case of a very heavy crop it might be necessary to open the cocks before drawing in, but there would be extra hay to pay for extra labor. The crop I have been telling about was partly on an old run-out meadow, which for years had hardly produced one ton to the acre. After the Hungarian it was seeded with whether the control of the control with wheat, and now brings a good crop of timothy and clover. If you have a large piece to put in to Hungarian, sow at different times, a few days apart, so it will not all be ready to cut at once. This is very important. It should always be cut in early blossom. In a regular rotation the place for Hungarian is preceding wheat. It may, I think, take the place of cats, particularly on a darry farm, with decided advantage. I have faised hundreds of tons of it, and it has usually yielded about three tons per acre, and been worth, for ten years past, more than \$10 per ton on an average. This makes \$30 per acre, which is a good deal better showing. I think, than cats have made during the same time. I colly roise it are a secondarious the same time. during the same time. I only raise it as a second crop after wheat, and before potatoes the pext year, as I have before explained.—[Coun-

# When to Cut Timothy

It is still an unsettled question among farmers whether it is better to cut grass before, during, or after blooming; and some even advocate, in practice, if not in theory, the ripening of the grass before mowing. Upon this question it seems to us that some light may be thrown by comparing the grasses proper with other closely allied plants. Take wheat, for instance. We all agree that it attains its full value only when ripe; but why? be-cause this plant is so constituted that it ex-pends all its energy in laying up within its seeds a great quantity of starch, gluten, etc., which are drawn directly from the stem, leaves and roots, where they have been elabo-rated from interest derived, from the scill readrated from juices derived from the soil, and where they are succeeded by hard, woody, almost indigestible tissues. Were we to use wheat as a hay-plant, as is done on the Pacific coast, we certainly would not allow this transformation to take place, thus causing the sub-stitution of woody fibre for the nourishing tissues of the young plant, and involving the large loss of the remaining nutriment through the shattering of the grain; yet such a course would be quite as rational as that of permitting our beavily-seeded grasses, such as tim-othy, to ripen before cutting; for, although it is true that the seeds of timothy bear a much smaller proportion to the weight of the whole crop than do those of wheat, and do not ab stract the nutrient constituents so completely from the stem and leaves, yet they do abstrac

A VERY CONSIDERABLE PROPORTION. and this portion is even more completely with drawn from the value of the hay than it would be in the case of ripe wheat hay, as the seeds timothy are so small and their coats so hard, that, if they are not shattered from the hay before it reaches the manger, they will escape being crushed by mastication, and therefore will resist the action of the digestive fluids. We suppose that no practical farmer will deny that the smaller grass seeds, when mature, generally resist the digestive pro-cesses; but, if there should be such a cesses; but, if there should be such a doubter, let him examine with a microscope the droppings of a horse that has been fed on ripe hay; or, let him use such droppings as a top-dressing or bare land where it is desired that grass should bare land where it is desired that grass should grow. We have found this the speediest way to re-seed sterile places. A series of experiments quoted by Professor Jordan of the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, in an article published in the American Agriculturist, show that there is a constant increase in the dry matter of the hay crop from the period of placeming until that of rivering. The creater blooming until that of ripening. The average weight per acre of eight crops cut when headed out being 2586 pounds; of eleven crops cut in bloom, 2996 pounds; of eleven crops cut considerably past bloom, 3132 pounds; and of five crops cut when ripe, 3478 pounds. In each case a series of plots of apparent uniformity was selected, and the cutting and harvesting done in a uniform manner.

THE UNAVOIDABLE ERRORS connected with such an experiment as this necessitate a much larger number of tions before we can accept the results obtained as fully reliable; yet they may be accepted as showing that there is a constant increase in the dry matter of the plant nearly or quite up to the time of ripening; but it is, nevertheless, evident that a large part of this increase is rendered unavailable for cattle food through the deposition of woody matter in the stems, through the breaking off of the leaves in handling, and through the losses attendant upon the ripening of the seeds. Many of our next farmers advocate the cutting of the seeds. best farmers advocate the cutting of grass while in bloom; some even insist that a still earlier harvest would give an improved quality of forage, reasoning from the fact that animals never thrive better than when feeding on the young grasses of the pasture; but we doubt whether the hay secured by this extremely early cutting would be

found enough more valuable to compensate the loss in quantity, or to pay for the addi-tional labor of a second harvest. For our-selves we should prefer cutting between the fall of the blossom and the first hardening of fall of the blossom and the first hardening of the seed; but this period is so short, and so near the wheat harvest, that for a large harvest it is necessary to begin while the grass is yet in full bloom. To delay the haying until after the wheat harvest is to allow the grass to become not only ripe, but dead ripe, and thus to ensure the loss of the greater part of its value; such hay is, if anything, inferior in nutritient quality to good wheat straw, as any well-educated cow or horse will affirm.—[Farm and Fireside. and Fireside.

#### THE JERSEY COW.

### The Jersey Cow Has Not Yet Made Half

the Friends She Deserves to Have, because her good qualities are not yet fully appreciated, and her faults are largely magnified by those who are interested in the propagation of other breeds of cattle. From several years' experience with both thoroughbreds and grades of this breed, I believe the Jerseys superior to other well-tested breeds of cattle for the following classes of persons: The family that keeps but one or two cows, whether living in a suburban palace or in a modest country home, will find in the Jersey the following points of excellence: 1. Her milk, on account of its superior richness, is worth very much more as an article of food than the milk from ordinary cows. This statement is not simply imaginative, but is corroborated by the experience of all who have compared the average of Jerscy milk with the average milk of other common breeds. It is true the quantity of milk may not be so great as from cattle of some other breeds, but quantity is less desirable than quality to the persons I have indicated. 2. No other cow, unless it be her sister, the Guernaey, will produce butter in such quantity and of such uniformly excellent quality—yellow and rich in the winter, and firm and easy to keep in the summer. 3. No other cow combines with the above qualities such docility of disposition and such beauty of form as the Jersey—points of especial value to those whose range is limited and who dosire their cattle to be in keep. ited and who desire their cattle to be in keep nted and who desire their cattle to be in Receping with the beautiful surroundings of many of our suburban homes. To the professional dairyman the Jersey presents the following points of superiority: 1. The milk dairyman who has a liberal infusion of Jersey blood in his berd, finds that he can command a better price for his milk and can secure a more steady custom, other things being equal, than he can who depends wholly upon cattle of other breeds. For this purpose, however, GRADES WILL BE FOUND MORE PROFITABLE at present than pure-bred cattle, as the grades give a larger flow of milk, and can be obtained

at a much lower price; while if obtained from good-grade short-florn cows, they will make yery fair beef when their usefulness as milkers is past. 2. To the cheese dairyman the grade Jersey will be found of especial value in improving the quality of the cheese, while her yield will be fully as great as that of any other cow. 3. For the butter dairyman the pure Jersey is the cow par excellence, for the reasons given above, and for the additional reason that hatter reason that butter can be manufactured from her milk at considerably less cost than from the milk of other common breeds, on account of the smaller quantity of milk to be handled and the greater ease with which the butter is churned. The general farmer needs the Jersey cow because no other man has a better right to supply his table with the best of food than the farmer. Now, strange as it may seem, of all the delicacies that come to the farmer's table, firm, yellow butter is the rarest. It is true that Jersey butter may be as easily spoiled in the making as that from other cows, but from ho other cow can good butter be so easily and so uniformly made as from the Jersey; and certainly no one has a better right to every possible tainly no one has a better right to every possible help than the almost universally overworked farmer's wife. My three classes would seem to comprehend most cattle owners, and I shall be met with the cry that such a diffusion of Jersey blood as I have indicated would ruin our trade in beef cattle, but such is by no means the case, as the quality of the stock produced by the crosses I have indicated would be fully equal to what I have indicated would be fully equal to what is now generally produced under corresponding is now generally produced under corresponding circumstances, such a cross having been proven to produce a beef animal of good quality. But the Jersey cow herself is not so bad a beef animal as some of the breeders of the larger breeds would have us believe. She is small, I admit; but she est heartily and yet keeps thin: in milk she eats heartily, and yet keeps thin; but what else is possible when she is making one and a half to two pounds of butter a day? But when this drain is stopped, and she is allowed to divert this stream of fat to her own tissues, she fattens rapidly.

# Fish Fodder for Cows.

Travellers in the country about North Cape Norway, are apt to be amazed to see the natives eking out the scanty fodder for their cattle by giving their cows rations of dried fish. According to Captain Atwood of Provincetown, Mass., the Cape Cod cows used to do better—or worse—and feed heartily upon raw fish. According to a statement by him, communicated to the fish commission by Isaac Hinckley, the Provincetown cows being "kept p," have lost the fish-eating practice, bu ute forbidding owners of cows to allow them to roam at will (which statute was enacted to protect directly the beach grass which checked the drifting of sand), the cows flocked to the shore while the fishermen were cleaning their catch. These cows sought with avidity the entrails and swallowed them. They seemed willing to eat the heads, also, but lacked the ability to reduce their bulk sufficient iently to allow of this. A species of ling, or blenny, weigning three pounds or more, and discarded by the fishermen, was freely eaten, also, by the cows. Cows, when first arriving at Provincetown from the rural districts, referred fishely their owners, he adding minered. fused fish; but their owners, by adding minced fish to their cows' rations, soon taught the cows to imitate their neighbors in respect to eating entrails.

# TANNING HIDES.

#### Tanning Hides is a Simple Matter, but it Requires Experience to Become an Ex-

The old way was packing in clay ditches. and in modern times packing in vats. I use molasses casks in place of vats. Take of quick lime one quart to each pail of water, enough to cover the hides. Let them remain in this three or four days, or until the hair comes off easily, stirring up once a day; then remove the hair and flesh with the knife (the point of an old scythe is the best substitute); then soak the skins in clear water for two days. Now take of hen manure one quart to each pail of water and soak the skins in it from three to four days. Scrape every day while in the hen manure, on both sides. All skins must be soaked soft in clear water before liming. Fresh skins just taken off are the best for the amateur. Now put your skins in a weak solution of hemlock or oak bark, at first weak, and stronger after awhile. The bark ought to be cut or broken up to get the strength out. No fron must be used, as it will blacken and spoil the leather. This will take from one to six months. It must be aired every day, and the solution changed as soon as the strength is out. This you may know by the white scum rising and other symptoms of fer-

THIS IS THE TRUE WAY TO TAN FOR BOOTS, harness or heavy ware. The next way is to use the common sumach leaves. June or July is the best time to gather them, but any time before frost will do. Dry in the shade, then pulverize as fine as you can. Treat the hides the same as in the above, except use the sumach leaves in place of the hemlock or oak Airing twice a day, night and morning will take from one to three weeks, according to the strength of liquor and thickness of hide. This is the way to tan skins for gloves, mit-tens, etc. For strings, whips and like pur-poses, oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), one ounce; poses, oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), one ounce; salt, one pint; milk, 3 quarts. Dip the skin first into soft water, milk-warm, with saleratus, one ounce to the gallon of water. Work for ten or fifteen minutes, then put into the vitriol mixt re and stir constantly for forty or fifty minutes; then rinse and soak thoroughly and dry slowly, working often while drying. For furs use the vitriol recipe, because shorter and easier. Remove all fiesh and grease, then tack on a board flesh side and grease, then tack on a board, flesh side out, wash with the saleratus, then with the vitriol compound, then take off the board and soak and wash well in cold water and dry slowly in the shade. An airy cellar is the best to dry in. Be sure and not use too much vitriol. To remoze grease from fur rub with coarse wheat flour, oil the skins tanned with

the hair on the flesh side when taken from the vats; if you like, smooth off with glass first.

### Pigs in Barn Cellars.

Since it has become the custom to build a cellar under the barn for the reception of the manure it has also become the practice to keep the pigs in the cellar. Among our most intelligent farmers it is beginning to be thought that barn cellars, as generally used, are but little improvement over the old way pitching the manure out of the windows at the side of the barn; or, in other words, that the injury to the cattle by the bad air that arises from the manure below, and the injury to the health of the swine by keeping them in the dark and confined air of the cellar, is greater than the injury to the manure by exposure to rain and sunshine. It is a fact that is conceded by every intelligent individual that animals of all kinds, to be healthy, must have plenty of pure air and sunshine. If this be so, then what must be the condition of swine kept in a cellar, where no draft of pure air can pass through; where but little sunshine can penetrate, and where the continual decomposition of animal manure is filing the air with carbonic acid and ammonia. To suppose that any animal except of a low order of existence can be kept in health in such a position for any great .length

It is true, pigs are able to live and grow in such places until they are large enough to kill, but it must be remembered that most of them are killed before they are a year old, not giving time for the disease, caused by ill-ventilation and darkness, to mature sufficient to cause death, but it will generally mature enough to make the animal unhealthy, and thus render the pork an undesirable food. The farmer loses in more than one direction by keeping his animals in an unbealthy place. In the first place he loses by not getting as much flesh for a bushel of meal, and in the second place he loses by feeding his family on the flesh of unbealthy animals. It may not create immediate sickness, but the IS TO SUPPOSE AN IMPOSSIBILITY. may not create immediate sickness, but the constant eating of unbealthy food undermines and breaks down the most robust constitution and renders it a mere wreck, often without the cause being suspected. The farmer should ever keep in mind the fact that, if he would keep his family healthy he must keep the anihealthy, thriving condition, and he should also remember that he can do this only by giving them good food and keeping them where they can have plenty of pure air and bright sunshine.—[The Ploughman.

### THE APIARY.

The season is now here when the farmer who keeps bees is called from the field by the cry that "the bees are swarming." Pormptly and properly hiving all swarms usually prevents all loss from absconding, and, as swarms sometimes issue quite unexpectedly, hives should always be in readiness. Giving a hive filled with empty combs to a swarm is a great advantage over giving it an empty hive. More than once I have had a newly-hived swarm fill a set of combs (holding about fifty pounds) three days after they were hived. Had the bees been given an empty hive they could not have half filled it with comb in the same time. Frames filled with comb foundation are nearly, if not quite, as good as frames filled with comb; but, when given to full, new swarms in hot weather frames of comb toundation must be wired; that is, several wires must be stretched perpendicularly across the frame, the wired frame laid over a sheet of comb foundation that has been slightly warmed, and the wires imbedded in the foundation by running over them a button-hook, such as ladies use in buttoning their boots. A small notch is filed upon the back of the hook, and the notch is slid along upon each wire. In some processes of making comb the time of its manufacture. By one process, with dies and a press, foundation is manufactured directly into whred frames. When a swarm clusters upon a branch, and the owner is willing that it should be cut off, the easiest way of hiving the bees is to carefully out off the branch and shoke the beas in frant of the the branch and shake the bees in front of the hive that they are to occupy. If the limb is a small one it can be cut off with a stout knife. but if large a saw will be needed. A saw with fine teeth is better, as there is less jarring, A slight cut should be first made upon the underside of the limb, so that the bark may not off limbs that are high up a small pruning-saw bolted to the end of a pole is con-venient. When the limb begins to fall it can be caught and lowered with a pitchfork.

TO REMOVE SWARMS FROM LIMBS cannot be cut off, a sack made of cheese cloth is sometimes used, the mouth of the sack being sewed to a hoop about twenty inches in diameter. The hoop is made of heavy wire, and the ends of the wire are fastened to the end of a long pole. The bag is put up under the swarm, and the hoop is then made to gently cut off the cluster so that the bees will fall into the bag. The hoop is then turned in a vertical position, so as to confine the bees while being taken down and carried to the hive. The sack is of the same diameter as the hoop, and about four teet long. When the bees cluster in some place where they cannot be shaken off, as in the corner of a rail fence, upon the body of a tree or among a mass of limbs near the trunk of a many terms of the same than the same tree or among a mass of limbs near the trunk of a many terms or as sometimes. among a mass of times heat the track of a tree, they are sometimes dipped off with a dipper, each dipperful pouted out at the mouth of the hive they are to occupy; or they are brushed off with a wing into a basker, and then poured out in front of the hive. For getting bees from inaccessible places-in fact, for taking clustering or clustered swarms from almost any place, what is called a swarming box is used by some bee-keepers. Such a box is simply made of thin, light lumber, about eight inches square by sixteen inches deep, one end closed and the other open. The sides are bored full of three-fourths inch holes, and then the box is fastened to the end of a long poole. When a swarm begins to cluster, and perhaps one-third of the bees have settled, the box is held under them, and the limb upon which they are alighting is jarred by means of a pole with a hook at one end. The bees fall upon the box, and,

TRUE TO THEIR INSTINCT, begin crawling into the holes, at the same time setting up the joyful humming that they

always do when they discover the entrance to some cavity or hive that they consider their home. This humming attracts their compan-ions, and all are soon in the box, when it can be taken down and the bees shaken out in front of their hive. In a large apiary, where front of their hive. In a large apiary, where several swarms sometimes issue at about the same time, several of these swarming boxes are needed. After a swarm has entered a swarming box, and then another swarm comes, out before the bee-keeper has time to hive the one that has just entered the box, the first swarm can be carried in the box to a safe distance, or closely covered with a sheet, while the bee-keeper turns his attention to the second swarm. After the apiarist has a swarm fairly inside a swarming box he can hive it at his leisure. If the beehe can hive it at his leisure. If the bekeeper sees a swarm when it begins to cluster in some inaccessible place, he can cause them to abandon that locality for some other by having a bunch of grass tied to the end of a pole, and keeping it in motion where they having a bunch of grass tied to the end of a pole, and keeping it in motion where they attempt to alight. Sometimes two or more swarms will come out at the same time and unite in one cluster. Then about the only thing that can be done is to take a dipper and dip off the bees, putting an equal quantity of bees in each of several hives. Of course some hives are liable to get more than one queen, while others get none. For this reason a hive should be furnished with a comb of unsealed brood, when the swarms having no queens will start queen cells, thus indicating their queenless condicells, thus indicating their queenless condi tion. If two queens are given to one swarm at least one of them will soon be found "balled," when she can be rescued and given to a queenless swarm. As mentioned in a for-mer article, most of the swarming and hiving troubles are avoided by clipping the queen's wings as soon as she begins laving, and by allowing no after swarming. One laborious operation connected with the hiving of a swarm whose queen has her wing clipted— that of removing the old hive, often heavy with honey, to a new location-IS ENTIRELY REMOVED BY AN INVENTION

of Mr. J. M Brooks af Indiana. It is simply a piece of wire-cloth tacked to a light framelike those screens used in the windows of dwellings to keep out flies and mosquitoes, except that it is smaller, being scarcely as large as the front of the hive. As soon as the queen is found and caged the wire screen is set up

against the front of the hive, and a sort of apron made of heavy cloth, that is tacked to the bottom edge and sides of the screen, is spread out upon the ground in front of the spread out upon the ground in front of the hive, and then the caged queen is laid upon the apron, just in front of the screen, and close to the entrance of the hive. To keep the screen close against the front of the hive it is braced up with a stick. When the bees return they are unable to enter the hive and cluster around their caged queen, upon the apron and against the screen, when the whole apparatus can be taken up and carried to the hive that is already records for the best. One edge of the ready prepared for the bees. One edge of the "apron" is placed at the entrance of the hive, a few bees and the queen are started into the entrance, when the rest follow, and soon hive themselves. In order to get the cage containing the queen, when it is covered with a mass of bees, it has a piece of wire attached. With this plan hives can be kept standing in the apiary, upon the stands they are to occupy, all in readiness for swarms. Several very ingenious methods of causing bees to hive themselves with no attention from the anithemselves, with no attention from the apiarist, have been invented, but they are too complicated to come into general use.—[Coun-

#### THE DAIRY.

Swiss Cattle-Fish Fodder for Cows. Swiss cattle are admirably adapted to our rough and hilly pastures, readily become nat uralized to the Western prairies, or the moun tainous regions beyond. Their home breed ing and training has fitted them to withstand our climate and roughness. Experience thus far sustains my first impressions of the breed; that they are eminently adapted to our New England conditions, so like that of their mountain home of Switzerland. Professor Anker of Berne, says: "From the month of June until September the Swiss cattle gradually ascend to higher and higher Alpine pastures, until they finally reach the height of 6000 or 7000 feet. After this they gradually descend until October, when they are pasturing in the valleys again. The cattle which resist this usage be come very robust. It is excellent training for their bodies and useful exercise for the limbs. For bred in a mountainous region and accustomed to graze upon Alpine heights to the very limit of suitable vegetation, they have for generations been irured to cold and storms, until they have acquired the capability of resisting their injurious effects, and have healthy and vigorous constitutions. They are gentle, thrifty, mature early, are hearty and are not particular feeders, and yield a generous return for whatever care, time or labor is expended for them. Probably no other breed or cattle is better prepared by natural adaptation to the wider usefulness in America used to close association with their herders and the almost constant herding, their dis-position is remarkably gentle and their decility has become proverbial." The horn of the Swiss herder with which the cows are called up in the evening, and

THE JINGLING OF THE BELLS with which each cow is bedecked, to the music of which they march without being driven, have been so often written about as to be familiar to those who have not travelled. These features are attractive, but their popularity must depend upon the question of profit and the pail, the churn and the carcass are the real test. In yield of milk and butter some of the Swiss cows now in New England have made remarkable showings. Crossing Swiss bulls upon grades and natives has produced many desirable and valuable grades in the vicinity of such bulls, and whoever is lucky enough to get a half-bred Swiss heifer consid ers it a prize. In the vicinity of Worces-ter, where most of these cattle have been ter, where most of these cattle have been bred and raised since coming to this country, there are many half and three-quarter bred heifers that are remarkably fine cows, and their owners prize them highly. So far as my experience extends in handling and teeding I must give this race of cattle the first place in the above qualities. They are very thrifty, mature yeang, readily take on fat, make good beef and the very best of veal. The half-bred oven are large, resolute, active, quick half-bred oxen are large, resolute, active, quick working cattle, and are bighly praised where they are known. Grades from Swiss bulls closely resemble their sires, ane half-bred Swiss calves make remarkably large and meaty veals, and fill the eye of the butcher at once. They are growthy, and the milk they eat is put where it tells the best in cash. The brown Swiss cattle now in this country are the progeny of the original eight head (seven heifers and bull) imported in October, 1869, by Henry M. Clark of Belmont, Mass. In the canton of Schwitz, at the south end of Lake Zug, at the foot of Mt. Rhigi, is situated the town of Arth and its immediate neighborhood, from whence originated the heiters, "Zurich,"
"Lucerne," "Gretchen," "Brinlie," "Lissa,"
"Cristine" and "Geneva," and the bull,
"William Tell," all of which were either
selected in person or by his direction,

ESPECIALLY FOR BREEDERS, consequently the best specimens that could be consequently the best specimens that could be found as regards all the qualities desirable for dairy and beef animals were selected. I first saw this lot of cattle on the 14th of January, 1870. The heifers were then coming three years old, and had not become cows. The bull was one year younger. They were running in a lot near the barn, and had been out of doors up to that time. A new barn was being built for these animals, but up to that time they had not been housed, and so far they had stood not been housed, and so far they had stood their treatment remarkably well. As I remember them, all looked just alike, and after an hour's examination of them I was satisfied in my own mind that it was a very desirable importation, and I remarked to the gentleman with me that that breed of cattle were destine to make their mark close to the front.
was informed at the time that they were re markably quiet and docile; that they came across the water without sickness or mishaps and none of them had shown signs of any sick ness since landing in this country. And if I am correctly informed by the owners here of this race of cattle, there has not been a case of sickness among the breed from that day to this. This lot of heifers were not the type of my ideas of a milk and butter breed, but there was that strong, robust, vigorous, healthy look, together with some remarkably good points for the dairy that completely filled my eye. The next September they were exhibited at the New England fair at Manchester, N. H. all bedecked with their necklaces and bells that were imported with them. At this time the heifers had become cows, and their calves re the great attraction of the stock show Within the next two years the herd was sold to Messrs. Aldrich and Hall, and were taken to Worcester, where they were bred and reared and nearly all kept until the fall of 1877, when an auction sale of a large portion of the berd scattered them from Maine to Colorado But enough were sold to Massachusetts par ties, so that today the most of this valuable breed of cattle are still in this State, and I think the largest herd is still owned by a man in Worcester.—[Springfield Republican.

# THE WEEDS.

#### A Friendly View of Weeds-The Fight with the Weed.

The most fertile soil cannot be used directly as food for animals, yet indirectly all animal life draws its support from the soil. Fertile soil will grow food-producing plants for man a soil not fertile enough to produce food for man may grow food for cattle, and the cattle become food for man. Gravelly subsoil too poor to grow corn or wheat may be able to grow a good crop of ragweed, sometimes called "Roman wormwood"; this crop, if not eaten by cattle, will, when decayed, make good food for corn or wheat. Thus, in my opinion, every weed that grows and decays adds something to the grain-producing and man-supporting capacity of the earth. Probably the weed growth of our country produces annually more fertility than is produced by all its chemical fertilizer manufactories. For this reason, and because of the variety of food weeds give to our cattle, I have learned to look upon them as friends and helps to be controlled rather than as foes to be exterminated. It may be well for farmers in dealing with It may be well for farmers in dealing with weeds to remember that they are a link in the chain with which man draws his support from the rocks and dust of the ground. I like to see weeds growing wherever and whenever they can get a chance to grow, for I think they are doing faithfully the work the Creator designed for them. I like this idea, because it is much more satisfactory to live among and work with friends than foes. Some years ago I gave a forkful of hay to a sick cow; she smelt of it, poked it over, and picked out a few sprigs of sorrel, and seemed to eat that with a relish. We had in the barn some hay that was mostly sorrel; I gave her some of it; she ate it as though it was just what she wanted; it gave her an appetite for other food,

and in a few days she was all right. After that I made it a point to save and keep by itself more or less sorrel hay, to be fed in the

COWS ARE VERY FOUND OF SOME OF IT, if it is cut in the right condition and well cured. I have noticed when feeding green clover to cows that if there was not more than 10 or 15 per cent, of rank, juicy, acid sorrel among it they would eat the sorrel first, but if there was more than about 25 per cent, sorrel they would leave some of it. I have known cows in the spring of the year to eat yellow-dock leaves when they refused all other food, and by eating the dock get the system in condition for other food. Cattle are very fond of a limited quantity of the bitter ragweed. They need the bitter and the sour. The sour sorrel and the bitter ragweed are two of the most abundant and most universal weeds of the world, and, in my original two very investmental states. in my opinion, two very important plants. would as soon think of trying to banish dan lions, rhubarb, spinach, asparagus, etc., from our markets as to try to exterminate any variety of weed from the farm I cultivate. At the same time, I like clean culture, and intend to have my fields in that respect compare well with those of any of my neighbors. Knowledge of the laws of control is what I want and not knowledge of how to exterminate. I went to the blacksmith shop the other day to get an implement with which to control the growth of dock. I like to have dock leaves and young, tender seed-stalks in the hay, but MATURE SEED-STALKS ARE NOT GOOD.

and unless controlled in some way the stalks and seeds will mature before it is time to cut the grass for hay. I took to the shop a common crowbar, had eight inches of the point split open and spread three inches, making a claw-bar of it with long claws; had a short piece of iron welded to the bar just above the fork, with a hole in each end, to which I bolted a piece of wood two inches square, about a foot long, for a block to pry over. Two pera foot long, for a block to pry over. Two persons, one with a common-tined hoe to strike into the dock roots a little below the surface, the other working opposite him with the clawbar, setting it at the back of the hoe, pushing it down by putting a foot on the block; when the block comes to the ground pry over it; with the hoid the hoe and the claw have on the roof it must come out or break. Two active men with these implements will take the larger roots out very rapidly, and all the growth larger roots out very rapidly, and all the growth they will make this season, after this operation, will be a benefit rather than otherwise. The annual weeds among our cultivated crops are kept in subjection by cultivating and hoeing. It takes no more of this than needs to be done for the good of the crops if there were no weeds. If the cultivator and hoe are used as often as the good of the crop independent of the weeds require them to be, the weeds, how-ever plenty, will be no obstruction. To economize in the labor of cultivating, hoeing and killing weeds, I plant with rows wider apart and plants of all kinds nearer in the row than is the custom with most farmers THE ADVANTAGES ARE:

not so many rows to work; the plants, being thick in the row, soon sufficate the weeds there, and the wide rows give an opportunity to keep the centres clean with the cultivator without injury to the plants much longer than can be done when the rows are near together. I can raise as good crops of corn with the rows five and a half feet apart, hills eighteen inches, three stalks to a hill, as with the same number of hills in rows three feet apart, hills two feet nine inches apart, and save about 50 per cent, of the labor necessary to keep the land in good condition for the crop, and the weeds in proper subjection. The work of controlling weeds can be made a perfect pastime; as much so as base ball, rowing matches, euchre or whist, for there is a game to be played and points to be won in all agricultural operations; the pleasure of acquiring the knowledge and skill which enables one to win, and the satisfaction of winning, is as great in one case as the other. With corn planted in straight lines, the line not more than one inch in width, with a well-trained horse, a light cultivator and skill to run it within an inch or two of the plants on each side, leaving a ridge uncultivated only three or four inches wide for the hand-hoe, cultivating corn is work I like to do, for perfect control of the horse and cultivator enables one to win in the race with the weeds. Some can find as much genuine satis-faction in training a horse to cultivate corn well as others can in training him to go a mile in 2.20. Some can enjoy stirring the soil among cultivated crops as well as others can enjoy stirring up the dust with their fast horses. Brother farmers, if you wish to enjoy horses. Brother farmers, if you wish to enjoy farm life learn to do your work so well that the doing of it will give you pleasure, as the getting of it will done gives satisfaction. A wise man can make his business his pleasure, his recreation his labor.—[N. Y. Tribune.

# The Fight With the Weeds.

The season has come forward so late that the time between planting and mowing will be so short that the cultivation of crops and the killing of weeds will have to be performed in the shortest time possible. Many farmers do not seem to know how to do this. Frequently, in their efforts to save time, they increase the labor of clean cultivation at least one-half, and at the same time lose half of the crop. When one is short of time it is bad police by hoeing a less number of times. Better hoe three times, and do it at the proper season, than to hoe but ouce, and do it when the weeds are higher than the crop. Not only does the once hoeing require more time to do it than it would to hoe it three times, if done at the proper time, but the crop is very much injured by the delay by not stirring the soil often enough. If the soil be stirred as soon as the crop is up, the weeds will be so small that very little labor will be required to kill them. Thus the work can be done very rapidly and the soil left in a condition for rapid plant

THOROUGH CAN THE WORK BE DONE. that when the time for the second cultivation comes, only very small weeds will be found, and the work can be done very rapidly; but if the work of boeing the first time be delayed it will not only be a long, tedious task to root out the weeds, but many of them will be so large that even if pulled up and left on the a rain comes, when they will wait until a rain comes, when they will put forth fresh roots, and in a very short time will again become well established; so the second hoein must be resorted to, or the crop will be over must be resorted to, or the crop will be overpowered, and even the second hoeing,
when the weeds are large, will not keep
the land clean, unless the weeds are
all picked up and carried off the
land, which is a very slow process, and takes
more time than it would to hoe three times at
the right season. When the farmer is short of
time, his best way is to begin to cultivate as
soon as he can see the crop, and continue to go
over the ground as often as the weeds make over the ground as often as the weeds make their appearance above ground. By so doing he is able to do most of the work with a horse and thus do it very rapid. No work on the farm pays for prompt action as well as the cultivation of crops to kill weeds. It pays in two ways. First, by saving of labor, and second by increasing the crop. But few operations on the farm causes more loss by delay than the cultivation of hoed crops.—[The Ploughman.

#### A Man Who Wouldn't Die. New Bedford Standard.

The reunion of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Regiment took place at Pawtucket Saturday. One of the veterans of this regiment is Charles G Bosworth of East Freetown, who was shot through the body at the Burnside mine explosion. He was removed to the field hospital, examined by the surgeons and Izbelled "mortally wounded," Bosworth tore the label off and repeatedly demanded that his wound be dressed. The surgeons would only reply, "It's no use; you can't live." Bosworth declared that he would not die; that they should dress his wound, and finally opene upon them with such a tirade of abuse that the upon them with such a tirade of a in order to stop it, put him upon operated upon him. He still lives. upon the table and

(Manchester Mirror.)
A Dover lady recently brought with her from Washington an imitation rabbit made entirely of the pulp of boiled down mutilated currency, which had seen called in by the government. The curand seen called in by the government. The currency was put through a boiling process and the pulp moulded into the forms of animals and unique designs. The rabbit spoken of is called as representing \$2000 in mutilated currency, and it is in the possession of a prominent professional gentleman of Dover.

(Philadelphia News.)

A. Providence lady writes that she knows plenty of girls in that State who are good cooks, and adds that she has "a daughter, not 20, who, if my cook should leave, could step into the kitchen and get up a first-class dinner for fitty." That Providence laay has one great satisfaction. Her cook will never leave while it is possible to fill her blace occasily as that place so easily as that.

Is your scalp full of dry, husky scales and little pimples? Dr. Benson's Skin Cure will cleanse your scalp and remove all scales and tenderness within six days. Try it, for it is the best head-dressing ever used. \$1 per package, at all drawing.

### THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Flower Gardening for July - How to Transplant — Budding Roses — Single Dahlias-Miscellaneous.

In this month, usually the hottest of the sum mer, the amateur gardener must pay close attention to keeping down the weeds, which are so determined to assert their right to live that only the most strenuous efforts will hold them in abeyance; and where stable fertilizers are used the crop of weeds is so much larger than in beas stimulated with soluble guano-phosphates and other manufactured compounds that one's patience is often tried to a great degree. For the past three years I have banished stable compost from my borders, and my plants have flourished quite as well, and the weeds have not been nearly as troublesome. Of course, parsley and chick weed, plantain and pokeweed will strive to creep in where the lovely flowers grow, but a vigorous stirring up of the ground with a five-fingered scratcher soon destroys them. Chickweed is the greatest pest in my beds. I have had the grass borders, which will encroach upon plants till they borders, which will encroach upon plants till they have become a nuisance, dug up, and small stones the size of an apple taken from the river side and embedded in the soil, and they prove a most effective edging. Over them are trailed the odorous flowers of sweet alyssum, and the blue eyes of the lobelia open brightly in their crevices. Around a large mound of geraniums the grass has also been removed and stones of a larger size placed about it, with plants of mignonette to fall over them. For those who live near such cobblestones they will be found very effective in gardening. I also used them last year to hasten the ripening of tomatoes with excellent success. A circle of the stones as large as a man's fist were placed around each plant at a distance of three or four inches from the stems, and they not only attracted the heat of the sun but kept the ground How to Transplant.

All seedlings which were not transplanted last

month must be attended to as soon as possible

and there is hardly any operation in gardening

All seedings which were not transplanted last month must be attended to as soon as possible, and there is hardly any operation in gardening where there is so much opportunity for the exercise of skill and good judgment. It has been always thought best to select a cloudy, wet day, and to transplant at nightfall, but Peter Henderson, who is the best authority upon such matters, tells us that plants can be reset at noonday, and in a dry time, it due attention is given to pudding their roots. The plants, whether they are asters, verbenas, balsams, pansies, etc., or cabuages, tomatoes, peppers, etc., should be placed in a shallow dish, and soil and water, mixed into moist mud, should be turned over their roots, so that it will cling to them. There with a trowel dig a hole so large that the roots will go down a little deeper than they grew before, and turn some water into it. Put the plant in and stir in the dry soil, and plant if firmly, pressing the soil tightly about it. Loose, careless planting is the cause of most of the failures in transplanting; but when the process is done in this manner you will not lose one plant in a hundred, if they are in a thrifty condition. In order to bear removal well plants should be healthy, and not wire-drawn and spindling from too close quarters and too rapid forcing under glass; and they should be well watered a short time before they are lifted from the beds. All annuals but sweet peas, larkspurs, mignonette and other tap-rooted plants thrive better for being transpianted, as the operation increases their root growth and makes the plants larger. Watering in our gardens is as essential in making plants grow as fertilizing. The hot sun dries up the morning, to keep the growing plants in a healthy state. Geraniums, however, being in a degree succulent plants, will thrive well without daily watering, but roses, heliotropes, fuchsias, begonias, bouvardias, etc., will not grow in perfect beauty without a daily shower, which is also of such great assistance in cooling the heated atmos Piants in balconies, baskets, vases, window-boxes or pots, having but a limited area from which to derive moisture and food, require particular attention in watering and stimulating. Take great care not to let them become dry, as it will injure them almost as badly as a severe frest, and when you water them do it thoroughly, so that all the earth will be moistened. A little dash of water on the surface is almost useless. In small baskets and vases it is an excellent plan to put a large handful of bits of charcoal and then lay upon them a large snonge well wetted, or a handful of sphagnum or damp moss. This will keep wet all summer, if water is given daily, and the charcoal will prevent the soil from becoming sodden and sour. For a fertilizer for house-plants and window-boxes copperas or suphate of iron is very satisfactory, while it will also kill all insects that infest the soil. Take a tablespoonful of the green crystals and dissolve them in a pint of boiling water, and add to it three quarts of cold water. Turu it directly upon the soil, but not on the leaves of the plants, as it will blacken them in spots, and spoil them. Apply this once a week, and your fucisias, roses, heliotropes, geraniums and coleus will grow and bloom luxuriantly, and delight your soul with their beauty and fragrance, it is said that blooming or pots, having but a limited area from which t bloom invariantly, and delight your soul with their beauty and fragrance. It is said that blooming plants in window-boxes attached to the outside of the casements, or in pots on the window-sills, will exclude all flies and mosquitoes from apartments. If this is true, it surely behooves us all to procure window-boxes or window-gardens and rid our-selves of insect pests in the house. A sprinkling of pyrethrum powder, or "Fersian powder," will kill the apnis and slug on rose-bushes and the red spider on all inouse-plants, but after it has been scattered over them for twenty minutes it should be washed off with showerings of warm water.— Floral Cabinet.

#### Budding Roses. A writer gives extended directions for budding

roses, founded ou his extensive experience, from which we derive the following condensed hints, roses, founded ou his extensive experience, from which we derive the following condensed hints, which may be useful to young amateurs: First, prepare the stocks, by selecting not more than two or three of the best shoots, removing all the rest and all suckers. This should be done, by the way, quite early, as it checks growth to remove much foliage, and if not already done we would advise it performed sparingly. The next thing is to insert the buds. These must be plump and well formed, but dormant. Shoots about seven to nine inches long are most convenient. Rub off the spines. Keep them shaded and plump with slightly damp moss, but allow no water to touch them. In taking off each bud cut about one-third into the wood. The bark of the stock must separates freely, or the work will not succeed. Cut just through the bark. Do not penetrate the wood. Many stocks are afterwards broken off by cutting off too deep. Use the base of the petiole as a "holdfast," and immediately plunge it into its new home. Every budder should the his own buds, and without delay. Various ligatures have been used, but wool matting is best. In two or three weeks the thee are removed. To these directions we may add that Edwanger & Barry, who bud many ten thousands every year, find manetti the best stock. They perform the work in July and August, and insert the buds as low down in the stock as practicable, as the liability to send up suckers is thus diminished.

Single Dahlins. It is probable that some of the more striking varieties of the single dahlias will make good exhibition specimens grown in pots. The Garden ers' Chronicle states that a few varieties were ers' Chronicle states that a few varieties were recently exhibited "growing in small pots, and though the plants had been pushed on to get them into flower, they were very pretty indeed, and bloomed with great freedom. If grown on generously into good size in sufficiently large pots till the plants become somewhat pot-bound, and theu treated to a little riquid manure, the plants would, no doubt, make fine decorative objects in a conservatory, and carry on a supply of cut flowers till a period some time after the plants were cut down in the open air." As there are now so many varieties of these bright-colored flowers they will prove very attractive if it is found they can be employed in the manner suggested. They are sure to be prized in this country when better known.

The time is coming when transplanted trees of the past fall and spring will suffer more than during any other part of the season. If they show a vigorous growth of young wood, no danger need be apprehended, as it indicates that the roots are active and can supply all the moisture the foliage calls for; but if no growth has been made, no roots have been formed, and the leaves are living for the most part on the san in the wood and bark, and hot, dry weather will tell with injurious effect on such trees. This is generally first shown by the peeling off of the bark on the southwestern side of the tree-the most drying aspect; and where such exhaustion appears probable, much relief may be afforded by cutting back some of the branches, syringing with water occasionally, shading the trees wher practicable, or wrapping the trunk in haybands, or shading the southwest with boughs or

successfully used bran. He says: "The slugs are very fond of it. For weeks past I have placed very fond of it. For weeks past I have placed little heaps of it, say about a small teaspoonful, anywhere and everywhere among the flower borders and rockwork on every vacant space of soil. This I do about twilight, and two or three hours after dark I go out with a light and a pail containing some salt and water. I have found as many as twenty to thirty on a heap, which are gathered up and thrown into the salt water. Death seems instantaneous. As it consumed some little time in picking them up from the soil. I hit upon the plan of laying down small pieces of broken slate, three or four inches square, and placing the bait in the centre. This enables the whole to be lifted up and the slugs swept off at once into the water. On going round to gather

up the slates the first morning after placing them I found many more hiding under them. By fol-lowing the above methods for several weeks I have materially reduced the number of slugs."

lowing the above methods for several weeks I have materially reduced the number of slugs."

Plants set against walls and piazzas frequently suffer from want of water at this season, when even ground near them is quite wet. Draw away the soil around each plant so as to form a basin; fill in with a bucketful of water, allowing it time to gradually soak away, and when the surface has dried a little draw in loosely the soil over it, and it will do without water for some weeks. This applies to all plants wanting water through the season. If water is merely poured on the surface it is made more compact by the weight of water, and the harder the soil becomes the easier it dries; and the result is, the more water you give the more is wanted.

There is one infallible method of treating potting-mould, if suspected of containing vermin of any kind—that is to fill the pots the day before they are to be used, and water the soil in them with boiling water. Scald, also, as much additional soil as you may require for filling in. Next day the soil will be none too moist to work with, and there will not be a live creature in it. Do not mix coal ashes with your potting-mend. Earth-worms are not the enemies commonly supposed. They are appointed by tature to ventilate the subsoil by boring channels for the admission of air. They may be ejected from flower-pots or from the lawn, if desirable, by means of limewater.

Hollyhocks will be coming into bloom at this

Hollyhocks will be coming into bloom at this season. They have now become so much improved as to be one of the most popular flowers for the summer decoration of the flower garden. If the kinds are kept carefully separate, any particular variety will reproduce itself from seed. They may be more certainly kept pure by cutting off the flower stem; each bud will make a plant. The seed should be sown as soon as ripe in a light rich soil, in the open air. If retained till late in the season they will not properly flower until the next year.

Amateurs may have some rate or choice shrub they desire to increase. They may now be propagated by layers. This is done by taking a strong and vigorous shoot of the present season's growth, slitting the shoot a few inches from its base, and burying it a few inches under the soil, or into a pot of soil provided for the purpose. Anything can be propagated by layers; and it is an excellent mode of raising rare things that can be but with difficulty increased by any other.

Keep the pruning knife busy through the trees Hollyhocks will be coming into bloom at this

Keep the pruning knife busy through the trees and shrubs, with the object of securing good form. Judgment will soon teach one which shoots would spoil the shape if not taken out. We tried to impress this truth strongly on the reader's mind last month, but think it important enough to retirate.

### A MASTODON UNCOVERED.

#### The Remains Found by Laborers in a Swamp near Freehold, New Jersey.

### New York Times.

William H. Reed, a farmer living about two miles west of Freehold, N. J., has recently had several workmen engaged in draining a swampy meadow. One of the laborers threw out what was at first thought to be a large white gravel stone, but which, on being wiped off by one of the men, was seen to be an immense tooth which had evidently belonged to some large animal. The tooth was about four inches long and two inches across the top, and weighed nearly four pounds. The men were about to resume digging, when Mr. Reed ordered them to desist. He acquainted Dr. Samuel Lockwood, the naturalist, resident, with his wind," and showed him the tooth. Dr. Lockwood immediately declared it to be a molar from the mastodon. Mr. Lockwood accompanied Mr. Reed to the place where the remains were found. This was evidently the site of an ancient beaver dam. The laborer had cut through the remains of the creature at a point which took away the base of the tusks and a portion of the face of the animal. Under the direction of Mr. Lockwood the digging was resumed. The ends of both tusks were exposed. The left one was uncovered and carefully lifted out to the surface of the ground. It was four feet four inches in length; measuring the width of the ditch, which was eighteen inches, and allowing two feet for insertion in the skull, the entire length of the tusks would be seven feet ten inches. had evidently belonged to some large animal.

No Sooner cas the Tusk Exposed to the atmosphere than disintegration began, the tusk falling to pieces in transverse sections, each section being about one-fourth of an inch in section being about one-fourth of an inch in diameter. In the course of half an hour the disintegration had proceeded so rapidly that only a crumbly mass was left of the tusk. When first exhumed the tusk had the feeling of a piece of fresh cheese newly cut. On account of the greater depth of the second tusk portions of it remained uncovered while the laborers, were at work at the remainder, and by the time the hole was uncovered the first part had so far decomposed as to render it impossible to lift it out. On the second day after the discovery the work of exhuming the body was begun. Operations commenced at the head, which was lying within two feet of the surface. When the laborers had cut down to the head it was found to be so soft that the bones were easily cut through with a spade. It was nearly the color of the black vegetable moid of the meadow, and was therefore almost indistinguishable. But a careful inspection showed that the front part of the head was greatly similar to that of the elephant of the present day, except that the forehead was abnormally high. By a close investigation of the skull numerous air cells, some of them an inch in diameter, were found. The bone of the skull was of an diameter. In the course of half an hour the dis

#### Immense Thickness. but completely honeycombed with these air cells

These cells bad become filled with the fibrons roots of plants, which extended through the entire skull. After digging through the skull and coming to the lower part of the head, three or four more teeth similar in shape, size and weight to that already described were found. The teeth, unlike the tusks and bones, were in a remarkably good state of preservation. The exploration was continued until the entire body was laid bare. Beneath the body was found a bed of sand, upon which the animal had evidently lain down to die. The bones of the body, though greatly decomposed, were plainly distinguishable and the position of the animal was ascertained. It was lying with its head to the northeast, and its legs stretched out at length at right angles to its body and its head inclined toward its chest. About a year ago the remains of a megatherium were found in the mari-pits of Mariboro, where those of smallar sea creatures of that period are numerous. The discovery of the remains of the mastodon is important to geological history, as it has been the general belief among geologists that at the time the mastodon lived the coast of New Jersey was submerged and that it has risen from the waters since that time. roots of plants, which extended through the entire

[Correspondence Providence Journal,]
There are some remarkable types of beauty mong the native Cherokee women, which will among the native Cherokee women, which will account for the fascination which they have exercised over white adventurers from the earliest contact of the two races, and which has caused the large intermixture of white blood so noticeable in the present condition of the nation. One of these was conspicuous among those in attendance upon this gathering. When I saw her she sat with a companion upon the trunk of a falien tree engaged in the familiar occupation of Pleasant Riderhood in twisting her shining black hair, which had fallen down. She was dressed with great neatness in a white jacket and clear print grown with a chip hat and a red ribbon around her throat. When black looks were rearranged they lay "crisped like a war steed's enclosure" over a low brow, which they swept with a natural wave. The features were of barbaric beauty and of a tropic mould of contour which the full lips and high cheekbones emphasized but did not distingure. The small, rather black eye glowed with a steady fire, and the whole aspect of the face might be described as radiant and grave, yet full of animal-life and power of passion. Her complexion was of a rich walnut color, with the rich blood giving a red stain to the cheeks and showing so clearly as to suggest a realization of the graphic Irish expression that "the point of a rush would bring blood to her cheeks." This was Miss Fagle Brown, the daughter of hunter Brown, the ful I-blood Cherokee, and one of the finest and most characteristic types of her race. account for the fascination which they have ex-

# A Blow from the Shoulder.

[Taunton Gazette.] New Haven has a model man. He bought a two bladed knife for twenty-two cents of a merchant, recently deceased, in 1829 and traded knives with his school-fellows during the term when he found himself with \$15 in money and two old knives. Then ne placed the money in the savings bank and now it amounts to over \$500. Queries—Of what benefit is such a man to the world? Which was the happier, the boys he diddled out of the \$15 or his own miserly self? Was he capable of happiness? How many such souls as his could be accommodated with abundant room in the bladder of a gnat. The only rival he has yet had was the mede! Christian who, in a prayer meeting, praised God for the bladed knife for twenty-two cents of a merchant who, in a prayer meeting, praised God for the cheapness of the Gospel, claiming as evidence that he had been a church member forty years and it had not cost him forty cents. The fervent pastor exclaimed "God bless your mean, miserly old soul," and then was abashed to think he had wasted a prayer on a customer too mean to appreciate it and silently wished he could substitute a more appropriate Saxon verb instead of the word bless.

# Too "Ghoulish" to Print.

The editor in chief of a Democratic newspaper writes the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, told me a day or two ago that a
week before Garfield died he heard—and satisfied
himself that it was true—that the very handsome
metallic easket in which the assassinated president was buried had been ordered that day at the
undertaking establishment which subsequently
furnished it. Considering it a good item of
news, he promptly ordered its insertion, but,
being afraid afterward that it might be considered "phoulish," he suppressed it. In common
with many others, he had a curiosity to know the
inner history of the last days of the dead presicent. writes the New York correspondent of the Phila

COOKS AND GIRLS FOR GENERAL HOUSE WORK SHOULD CALL OR WRITE TO THE V E. A. OFFICE, 19 WINTER STREET. WE CAN GIVE TWENTY GIRLS GOOD PLACES AT ONCE

# DONALD DYKE:

The Record of a Mysterions Case.

BY HARRY ROCKWOOD.

(Copyright, 1882, by Ernest A. Young.)

CHAPTER VI-CONTINUED. "It is an unrotunate circumstance which brings me here, Miss White; but, to begin with, I assure you that every effort that I can put forth shall be employed in the interest of Mr. Raynor. If he is really guilty of this crime I know you would not have him escape justice. And if he is innocent, as I have strong nopes of proving him to be, then it is for his interest and yours that every available fact be obtained. Are you willing to answer a few guestions?"

questions?"
The detective spoke in such a reassuring tone and there was that air of conscious power about him that Bertha was inspired with new hope an

him that Bertha was inspired with new hope and courage at the outset.
"I will any questions which you may ask," she declared, in a firm tone.
"Very well. To begin with, then, how long "nave you been betrothed to Mr. Raynor?"
A slight flush tinged the transparent cheeks of the girl, but she answered in a clear tone.
"For nearly a year."
"Has he visited you frequently during that period?"

"Has he visited you frequently during that period?"

"Yes, sir."

"How frequently?"

"We have been together four or five evenings of each week."

"Then you can account for a greater part of his leisure time?"

"Yes, sir; for nearly all of it."

"Do you know where he spent his remaining evenings."

"Yes; at his home, mostly. He was a member

evenings."
"Yes: at his home, mostly. He was a member of an Odd Fellows' lodge, and usually attended their meeting each Tuesday evening."
The detective hastily noted these facts in his

book. Then he went on:
"Do you know whether he was ever, to any extent, dissipated. Miss White?"
"He was strictly temperate; indeed, he was a total abstainer from the use of intoxicants."

"And his other habits?"
"I know that they are perfect!" spoken with "That is good. I think we can prove that Mr. Raynor had no motive strong another than "That is good. I think we can prove that Mr. Raynor had no motive strong enough to impel him to steal from a faithful and friendly employer. Without a motive it will be difficult to prove him guilty. His singular disappearance and apparent misstatement to your father yesterday morning is the most condemning circumstance we have to contend with."

"Have you no idea of his whereabouts, Mr. Dyke?" Bertha asked, eagerly.

"Not the least."

"And do you not think there is a conspiracy against him?"

believe there is."

"I believe there is."

"Ob, may heaven grant you success! And—if you only will, please try and find him. I—I am afraid he has fallen into peril!"

She spoke in a tone of piteous pleading. Donald Dyke rose and took one of her soft hands in

his firm clasp.
"I will do all in my power—you may be sure of And then, after a few more brief queries, he

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S TRUST.

After the close of banking hours the detective came forth from his apartments carefully disguised. It would have been impossible for his most intimate friend to recognize him. Instead of possessing an attenuated form the marrwho walked slowly down the street seemed quite corpulent, and his face was almost wholly hidden by thick, snow-white whiskers. He also wore a wig of long gray hair, while even his hild hazel eyes were hidden behind spectacles. He walked with the help of a stout cane, and a more benevolent and inoffensive appearing person it would have been difficult to pick out from the passing throng of pedestrians.

been difficult to pick out from the passing throng of pedestrians.

He made his way toward the banking house of Elbridge White, and, just as he arrived opposite the main entrance Jasper Dwight came down the steps and walked briskly down the street. Dyke permitted the clerk to get several blocks ahead, and then started in pursuit, trudging along as though he expected to be late for a train.

He gauged his pace to suit that of the man he was following, and therefore kept about the same distance in his rear.

He kept on thus until Jasper turned down Federal street. Then he quickened his pace, fearing that he would lose sight of the man he was pursuing. But, to his intense relief, when he reached the corner, he saw the young clerk still ahead of him, and evidently he had not yet got very near all destination.

s destination.
Thus the detective shadowed Dwight until the

ments, with saloons and cheap restaurants in their basements.

He knew this was not the regular boarding-ploce of Dwight, for the young man lived above State street. Therefore, Dyke conjectured some secret object for his coming here.

The detective turned about and boldly trudged up to the door by which the clerk had just entered. He entered without ceremony, and walked along the narrow hali which extends nearly the entire depth of the house. Spying a door which stood ajar, he pushed it open and crossed the threshold. He found himself in a comfortably furnished room, which had quite a pleasantly domestic air about it.

When he entered no one was in view, He hastily surveyed the place, and was about to rehastily surveyed the place, and was about to re-

When he entered no one was in view. He hastily surveyed the place, and was about to retreat when he heard the rustle of female garments. As he turned he found himself face to face with one of the most beautiful beings he had ever beheld.

The girl could not have seen more than twenty supports and in form she was as perfectly supports.

The girl could not have seen more than twenty summers, and in form she was as perfectly rounded as a sculptor could have desired. Her face was almost strangely fair, a perfect blonde, with eyes of deep blue, and hair abundant and falling upon her shoulders in heavy, golden braids. She was clad in a light, gauzy material, and seemed to float before the eyes of the amazed detective like a veritable fairy.

There was a little scream of surprise, not unmingied with alarm, and the pink and white face became more white than pink.

"Do not be afraid of me!" said the seeming old man in his mildest tones.

"Do not be afraid of me!" said the seeming old man in his mildest tones.

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" came back in the sweetest of voices.

"I guess I have made a mistake in the house," added the detective, putting his hand to his brow as though in perplexity, and leaning in seeming feebleness upon his stout cane.

"I think you have. Who are you?"
The girl said this in a half-imperious tone, which sounded odd from so petite a being.
"I am a stranger in this part of the city, but I have a nephew who lives here somewhere, and I was sure this was the house," returned the detective.

What is your nephew's name, sir?"

"What is your nephew's name, sir?"

Dyke hesitated an instant, and then responded, fixing his gaze upon the face of the girl:

"His name is Dwight!"

"Good Heaven!"

The exclamation came involuntarily from the girl's lips, and her cheeks grew ashy pale.

"Are you ill?" the man asked, in apparent solictude.

"No-no. But-you-you must be mistiged.

solicitude.
"No-no. But-you-you must be mistaken.
Mr. Dwight doesn't live here."
It was in vain that the girl attempted to hide

her agitation.
"Yes, I was mistaken; but my nephew comes here sometimes—I'm sure of that. Perhaps he lives in the next block. But you must know who he is. Be honest, now!"
"What do you mean, sir?" with a flash of indignation.
"I mean that you're trying to fool me a bit, be-

cause I'm an old man."
"You are impudent, sir—you are no gentleman, and I command you to leave this house."
"Tell me first if Jasper Dwight is here?" "No, he is not."
"I do not believe it!"
"What reason have you to dispute my word?"

ago."
The girl staggered backward, panting with sup-The girl staggered backward pressed agitation.

And, before our hero could suspect her purpose, he found himself staring into the barrel of a small, silver-mounted revolver, held with wonderful steadiness in one white, jewelled hand of the

roll steadiness in one white, jewelled hand of the unknown girl.

"Now, tell me whom you are and what you want," she uttered, her silvery voice having a stern ring which brooked no disobedience.

Donald Dyke found himself once more at the mercy of a frail girl.

This was the second experience he had met with in his present undertaking. The night before he had been trapped by one whom he deemed too stupid to do him any injury. And now he was facing death in the bands of a being so beautiful that one mignt have almost worshipped her.

Yet he was not in the least alarmed. He had no fears of her firing upon him unless he goaded her too far.

too far.
"Would you shoot me, in my defenceless situa-"Would you snoot me, in my detenceiess situation?" he exclaimed, his mild tones sounding
tremulous, as though with fear.

"Answer my question, or you will learn what I
will do, to your cest."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Then the consequences will be upon your own

Dyke's furtive brain was very busy. Of course bad no idea of yielding to this girl, intrepid

ough she was. Is there anyone within hearing?" he asked. "I fear some one else will hear if I tell you my

Whisper it, then." "Whisper it, then."
The detective bent his lips close to the beautiful ace of the girl. She was intent upon what he was about to utter, and did not notice the tealthy movement of his left hand.
"My name is Donald Dyke," he whispered.
At the same instant his hand seized her wrist in arm of iron.

She was powerless to resist, and her weapon was wrenched from her grasp.

A moment later she stood before him defence-less, panting, her cheeks white as death. An in-terval of silence ensued. The detective was first

to speak.
"You need have no fears, for I do not wish to harm you," he said, reassuringly.
"You are kind!" she returned, in an ironical tone.
"I am a detective, and I have a right eo make nese investigations."
"Do you have the right to assault a defenceless

"Yes, in self-defence." "Very well. You have an opportunity to shoot

e now."
"That is not my purpose."
"What do you wish, then?"
"First to know if Jasper Dwight is here."
"He is not." "He is not."
"He entered just before I did."
"I do not deny it."
"Where is he now?"
"I do not know."
"Did he go out again?"

Yes."
Not by the front way?" "No; he went by a rear door."
"And you do not know where?"
"I do not."
"Why did he come here?"

The girl hesitated. "Answer me, or I will arrest you," Dyke said, in "Yes-for complicity in a great crime."

"What crime? You speak in riddles."

The detective watched the expressive countenance of the girl furtively. And he made up his mind that she knew naught of the robbery, whatever her relationship to Jasper Dwight might

answered, evasively.

"Mr. Dwight came here to see me," she responded, her cheeks flushing crimson.

"Are you his wife?"

"No, sir."

"His sister?"

"No."

"His betrothed, then?"
"Yes," falteringly.
"This is your home?" 'It is."
"What is your profession?"

"I am an actress."
"Ah! I grasp the situation. Mr. Dwight is your admirer, and, if I am to judge by the furnishing of this room, he is an ardent one."

To the surprise of the detective the girl drew back, her cheeks flushing, her eyes flashing with an indignant light.
"I am an actress, but I earn my living honor-

ably, and my lover is an honorable man!" she cried, her voice raised to a shrill pitch. Donald Dyke knew now that he had under estimated the character of the girl, for her indignation was "Pardon me: I acknowledge my error." he said.

hastly.

"You had no right to speak to me in that way," she returned, still in an indignant tone.

"I acknowledge that also; but I do not doubt your sincerity now. Do you live here alone?"

"Oh, no; my mother, who is an invalid, is my companied."

"Oh, no; my mother, who is an invalid, is all companion."
"And you support both by your own labors?"
"Yes; she does some sewing, but that does not amount to a great deal."
"Then you must be very popular?"
"I am fairly successful."
"But these furnishings indicate prosperity?"
"Of the past only. We were once in better circumstances, and this furniture is all we have to indicate the fact."
"I understand. Will you favor me with your name?"

name?"
"They call me Mademoiselle Corinne."
"That is your stage name?"
"Of course. The other I do not care to give."
"Very well. I will not require it. You are sure
Mr. Dwight is not within?"

Mr. Dwight is not within?"
"You seem honest, so far as yourself is concerned. But concerning him you appear strangely. I will be frank with you, for if you betray me you can do me no harm. There has been a robbery committed, and circumstances implicate several parties, your lover being among them. You seemed agitated when I told you I saw him enter, and it was plain that you wished to cenceal his coming from me. Now, tell me if you knew aught of this crime?"

The face of the girl grew very pale, and her form trembled perceptibly. And this was her response:

response:

"I know of the crime, and of the partial implication of Jasper Dwight. That was why I did not wishyou to know he came here. I feared you came to arrest him. But, as heaven is my witness, I know he is innocent of the crime. He has taken eath to me that he is guiltless, and I know he is a I know e is-yes, I know it."
The face of Mademoiselle Corinne glowed with

athusiasm.
Donald Dyke began to see that matters were more complicated than he had at first supposed. He had boasted of his ability to read faces, and had said that he placed great faith in the intuition of a woman. And here he found himself compelled, according to his theory, to believe Julian Raynor and Jasper Dwight innocent, while circumstances strongly implicated both.

The detective laid his hand lightly upon the

CHAPTER VIII.

"We have stood here long enough, and you must be weary. If you please we will st down and investigate matters a little further. I do not wish to make an innocent man pay the penalty of another's crime." As Dyke said this he drew Mademoiselle Corinne to a chair. She complied with his request mechanically, and he drew another chair near her own and seated himself in outst safe possession.

ception."
"I am not blaming you. In truth I begin thave a very high opinion of you." "Tnank you."
"Now, once for all, do you know whither Jasper

"No; I do not."
"Did you see him?"
"Only for a mement."
"What did he say to you?"
"That he could not spend the evening with me, and that he was afraid suspicion of the crime you spoke of was being directed upon him."
"And did he pass directly through the house?"
"Yes. I think he went out by a back entrance."
"When you see him shall you tell him of this interview?"
"I think I shall."
"I had rather you would not."
"I will make no promises. And—there, I must leave you now; my mother called to me!"
Mademoiselle rose hastily. The detective had caught the sound of a voice, coming apparently from a room above.
"I will not detain you longer, and you shall not be left defenceless. Here is your weapon."
Dyke handed her the revolver and followed her out into the hallway.
"I may wish to call upon you again," he said, as she started to ascend the stairs.
She made no response, and he turned and opened the outer door. As he did so the quick report of a pistol raug on the air. And the detective felt a sharp twinge of pain in his left arm.
For a moment he staggered upon the threshold. Then he darted out upon the street.
"Treachery, and she an angel in form!" he muttered, scarce heeding the stinging wound. He crossed the street and motioned to a policeman.
"Jack, I want you to ge into this house and help me to arrest one or two of its inmates!" Dyke said.
The other stared in open-mouthed wonder.
"What's up, Donald?" he queried, recognizing

"Bad?"
"No-only a graze. But it was intended for my organ of affection, and I don't care to have that perforated in that way."
"Do you know who fired upon you? I heard the senort."

"By jingoes! How do I know but it was a Cupid's dart?" exclaimed Jack, facetiously.

"Whether it was that or a lead bullet, it missed its mark. But I don't propose to let the shootist try that sort of thing with impunity," was the esponse.
The twain had crossed the street, and Dyke could opened the door through which he had but

There was no one in the hallway; but the odor of burnt powder was strong.

"This way, Jack!" said our hero, running up the carpeted stairs. They reached the summit almost simultaneously. And while they were debating which way to turn, a door opened and Mademoiselle Corinne stood before their astonished gaze. Dyke sprang ferward and seized her arm in a fierce grip.

"Traitoress! You shall pay dearly for that constains that" he cried. arm in a fierce grip.

"Traitoress! You shall pay dearly for that cowardly shot," he cried.

The girl shrank back, her face deathly white, her eyes distended with horror.

"What do you mean? I have fired no shot!"

ed with blood.
"It was not I who fired!" she reiterated, in the

"It was not I who head." She reiterated, in the same resolute tone.
"Then tell me whom?"
"I do not believe one word that you say. The moment my back was turned you tried to take my life. It was a cowardly act, and you shall not be shielded from its penalty because you chance to possess a pretty face."
"I tell you the shot was fired by some one else, there it, and my back was toward you. The

nite a brute."
"That is no proof."
"I can offer you better then." "Present it!"
"There is no empty chamber in my revolver."
"Let me see it?" The weapon was produced, and Jack examined the cylinder while our hero looked on eagerly.

It was as the girl had said. Each chamber ained a cartridge. Their brightness was

Jack's verdict.

Dyke was in a quandary. He would have sworn that Mademoiselie Coriune had fired the treach erous shot; but now he felt convinced, or nearly so, that she did not. He was glad that it had have least to he lieve this fair

turned out so, for he was loath to believe this fair being capable of such baseness. "You say the report sounded in the hall below?" he questioned, loosening his grip upon her arm.

"And did you not look to see who fired it?" "Yes; but saw no one."
"Then this house must be searched?"
"I am willing, so far as my tenement is con-

"I am willing, so far as my tenement is concerned."
"And will you go with us?"
"Yes, if you will promise not to arrest me."
"Yes, if you will promise not to arrest me."
"Very well."
The trio made a quick but thorough investigation of the premises belonging to the girl.
But no signs of the would-be assassin was found.
As they were returning past the door of the room in which Corinne and the detective had held their interview. Dyke's quick eye espied a small scrap of paper upon the floor, near the threshold. Accustomed as he was in his profession to note seemingly insignificant matters, he stooped and picked up the paper. He thrust it hastily into his watch-pocket without looking at it.
Corinne and the policeman saw the manœuvre, but offered no comment.
"I don't see as anything has come of our trouble," said Jack.
"Yes, there has," responded Dyke.
"This girl has been cleared of a very dreadful suspicion."

Thank you, sir!" Corinne exclaimed, warmly. "I would not have had it turned out that you attempted my life in that cold-blooded manner for a great deal. I don't like to get so disap-pointed in anybody, and certainly not in a beauti-

pointed in anybody, and certainly not in a beautiful girl."

The cheeks of the strange girl flushed slightly, and Dyke imaglined that he saw tears glistening in her eyes. But she uttered no response, and the two men went out again into the street.

"A queer adventure, taken altogether," declared the detective, speaking more to himself than his companion.

"Yes; and I'm inclined to believe what I told you is true," returned Jack.

"What was that?"

"Cupid aimed a dart at your organ of affection, and it struck you so hard that you thought it was a lead bullet!"

and it struck you so hard that you thought it was a lead bullet!"

"Pshaw, Jack."

And the two men separated, the policeman chuckling over his own joke.

Donald Dyke made his way rapidly to the banking rooms of Elbridge White. On the way he fished the scrap of paper which he had found from his pocket and examined it. One side was blank. Upon the other was written, in red ink, the single word, "Zest."

What did it mean?

During the entire period occupied by his walk

the single word, "Zest."

What did it mean?

During the entire period occupied by his walk to the banking rooms the detective tried to solve the significance of the singular word.

And just as he reached Mr. White's office a brilliant thought flashed upon his brain.

What it was we shall soon see.

He found the banker alone in the private office. It was long after business hours; indeed, the twilight of early evening had begun to fall. But Mr. White had lingered much later than usual, for the absence of Julian caused much extra work to devolve upon him; and he had hoped also to see the detective again that night, or to get some word from Julian.

"What success today?" he interrogated, as Dyke seated himself.

"I hardly know what to say. I have made some discoveries, but they only bring matters in a worse snarl than ever," the detective returned.

"Tell me what your have learned, please."

urned.
"Tell me what your have learned, please."
"I cannot do so at present, Mr. White.. You
must pardon a degree of reticence in members of my profession."
"Just as you wish. But I am very anxious to learn what progress you have made."
"I understand that. But I am not able to tell you whether it is progress or retrogression at present. I have made one little discovery, how-wer, which I think will prove important."
"What is it?"

"What is it?"

"Examine this!"

Dyke produced the slip of paper.

The banker glanced at it and exclaimed, in evilent agitation:

"This is important!".

"This is the more than the slip of paper.

"This is the more than the slip of paper.

umphant light.
"I thought so. It flashed upon me just as I was entering this building!" he declared.
"Where did you find it?"
"In a house on Federal street."

"It may prove to be an important clew!" You expect some one lost it?"

"Yes."
"Have you any idea whom?"
"I have had no time to get as far as that."
"In whose house did you ind the scrap."
"I do not know. It is a tenement dwelling."
"How came you to enter there?"
"I was shadowing a person."
"Jasper Dwight?"
"Yes."

"Jasper Dwigne."
"Yes."
"That explains it."
"It don't to me!" declared Dyke, decidedly.
"Why not?"
"Doesn't he know the combination sufficiently well not to have it written out for reference?"
"Of course. I never allow it to be written for any purpose."
"Then what use had he for it?"
"I do not know."

"I do not know."
"It could be of use only to one who was not "It could be of use only to one who was not "That is true."
"Therefore, it was doubtless in the possessio

of some one who is not in your employ, or at leas one unacquainted with the combination of you sate lock."

The banker rose and paced the room rapidly for several minutes. At last he paused before the

detective.

"What fact do you draw from this discovery,
Mr. Dyke?" he demanded.

"I draw no certain fact. But we have good
cause how to believe that the money was taken
from your safe by some person not in your em-

"Which leaves us more in the dark as to the entity of the criminal than we seemed to be in identity of the criminal that the beginning."

"Yes; a shrewd game has been played, but it is not yet decided who shall come off victor. I've got to work—that is all.

TABLES TUNNED.

The detective began to fear that there were so many faise traits to follow that, before he had found the right one, he would be too late to catch his game. He did not like to cause the arrest of Jasper Dwight upon the evidence he had already obtained.

btained. His most important reason for making as few

his game. He did not like to cause the arrest of Jasper Dwight upon the evidence he had already obtained.

His most important reason for making as few arrests as possible was the hope of the suspicious parties, by their own acts, leading him to discover the real criminal. By shadowing and "piping" he could gain much which could not be obtained in any other way.

Dyke returned to his boarding-place, and after removing his disguise partook of a hearty meal, of which he felt the need.

Then he returned to his own room and "got himself up" in a different guise. He donned a plain suit of black, with his hands incased in kid gloves and his shirt-trout abiaze with diamond studs. His upper lip was provided, upon very brief notice, with a heavy, jet black moustache, while he wore a wig of the same hue. A black slouch hat completed the disguise, and altogether the transformation was as complete as it had been when he came forth a few hours before as an old man.

Once more he went out upon the street.

The day had been dull and threatening, and now a fine, drizzling rain was falling. The throng upon the principal thoroughfares was much thinner than usual, and pedestrians moved through the mist with hoisted umbrellas, looking like spectres in the gaslight. And each street lamp was surrounded by a small, white halo, which looked weird and strange in the gloom.

Dyke once more made his way to that locality where he had already encountered so many adventures. With a cigar between his lips he walked rapidiy along the street, bent upon reaching a certain saloon of which he suspected Gideon Sykes was the proprietor. He had nearly reached the place in question when a female figure brushed past him, and disappeared around a corner a block distant. There was something in the form and movements of the woman that struck our here as being familiar, and yet he could not recall where he had seen her before.

He quickened his pace and soon reached the corner beyond which the woman had disappeared. There was no street lamp near, and the a

whence the sounds processed: 118 had taken restain a dozen steps when a gruff tone cried out:

"Who is there?"

Dyke made no response, but sprang quickly forward. In another instant he found himself clasped in a pair of powerful arms, which strove to throw him to the ground.

Dyke hastily dropped his weapon into a pocket, and, by an adroit movement, obtained an under hold upon his antagonist.

Light and attenuated though he was, Donald Dyke was a very nowerful man. There was not an ounce of superfluous bulk in his whole body. And now his arms clasped his foe like from bands. Before the unknown enemy was aware of the sort of antagonist he was coping with, our here had lifted him from his feet and hurled him to the ground with fearful power.

Our here placed one knee upon the breast of his enemy, and exclaimed, panting with his effort:

"I was too soon for you, my bird!"

esponse. But at last he asked:
"What have you attacked me in this way for?"
"Because you were in mischief!" was the char-

"Who are you?"
"I am a friend to the weak."
"I was standing here peaceably when you pounced upon me."
"Were you standing here peaceably, too, when that woman screamed for help?" demanded the detective.

detective.
"That is none of your concern."
"I shall consider it so."
"You may wish you hadn't interfered!"
"I take my own risks."

"What do you intend to do with me?"
"Hold you here until you tell me what game you was up to."

"My name is Page." "Now, I'm going to ask you some more ques-ons, and I will allow one minute for you to

"Would you are it I retused to answer you?"
"I don't eare to."
"I thought not. To begin with, where is the woman that called for help a moment ago?"
"I don't know."
"Did she flee when you released her?"
"Who told you I was touching her?"
"Answer me. I am the questioner now. When your turn comes then I will attend to your questions."

"Yes."
"From whom?"
"From me and—others."
"Why does he hide from you?"
"That is more than I know myself." "Are you enemies?"
"We have always been friends. 1 think Minnie has set him against me."
"Minnie has great influence over him, then?"

"She ought to have. They are engaged to mar-Vhere does she live?"

"Yes, she is."
"And her stage name is Mademoiselle Corinne? "I believe so."
"I know where she lives, then. Why do you think she is against you?"
"Because she thinks I am trying to get him into

"And is her theory correct?"
"No. We are pals—that's all."

"Minnie thinks he is an angel!"
"I don't care what Minnie thinks. I asked if he

"as honest?"
"He don't cheat much at cards. He is too hon est playing a game."
"Does he spend a great deal of money?"
"He throws some away betting against odds. A
glass of whiskey will make him stake his bottom
dollar on anything."
"Where is he employed?"
"By Elbridge White, banker."
"Does he receive a large squary?"

Does he receive a large salary? "I can't answer for that."
"Why did you wish to see him tonight?"
"For several things."

"Name them."
"I do not wish to."

which one ignorant of those sciences could not do.
He soon had his foe in a neluless condition again, and for several minutes the twain remained motionless, panting with the violence of their

exertions.
"I was too many for you!" declared Dyke, pres-

Why are you so cursed persistent?" retorted "Why are you so cursed persistent?" retorted Page, impatiently.
"Because I haven't much manners, I suppose. But that don't answer my question."
"He owed me some money."
"For what?"

"He owed me some money."

"For—for—a gambling debt."

"I don't believe you are telling the truth this time. I shall have to ask you the same questions over again, I see."

"I shan't answer them but once."

"You won't, ch! Time—one, ruin—Heavens!"

The concluding ejaculation of our hero was caused by some one seizing him from behind, and forcing him backward so suddenly that he fell prostrate upon the sarth. At the same instant Page leaped to his feet with a shout of triumph.

ceived a telegram from New York, and that his brother was ill. And the banker had received direct evidence that no such telegram had been sent by Alten Raynor, and that the latter had not even been indisposed. All this looked dark for Julian; and yet Dyke, as well as herself, believed him innocent. Her grounds were based upon simple faith in his integrity. She had not given him her love until he stood in her estimation above reproach, above the reach of calumny or weakness. Therefore she was ready to stake her very life upon his innocene, no matter how grave the evidence might be against him.

But Donald Dyke's confidence could not be based upon any such considerations as hers. He must have some substantial theory and some way of accounting for the young man's seeming inconsistency.

Bertha would have given much to know how the detective did account for these things. It is true he had suggested conspiracy. But he had offered no detailed explanation of his theory.

While she was sitting alone and musing thus a door-belf rang.

It was a loud, peremptery peal, and Bertha

For an instant the helpless stranger made no | started to her feet, feeling, somehow, that some-

started to her feet, feeling, somehow, that something important was about to happen. After a brief interval of breathless suspense a servant opened the library door and extended a folded half-sheet of paper.

Bertha seized it eagerly, and spread it open. As she read the few lines scribbled thereon her cheeks grew deathly white and she staggered backward, with a cry of intense dismay.

The communication was as follows:

My Darling—If you wish to see me alive come to me at once. Thave met with a terribic accident, and writing these few words cost me intense pain. The bearer of this is trustworthy.

writing these few words cost life intense bearer of this is trustworthy. Yours in distress,

Twice she read the terrible tidings. She was half crazed by the shock; she could not reason nor even think.

Julian was in distress—dying—and he wanted her! She must not less. "How came you here with Page, Miss Corinne?"
"I was passing through the alley and he caught What did he want of you?"

was, he could not take the place of such a mother as hers had been.

Standing upon the steps outside the door she beheld an old, white-haired man, who leaned upon a cane, and looked keenly into her face through his spectacles.

"Are you ready to go, Miss White?" he questioned, in a mild tone.

"Yes, all ready. How far is it?" she returned.

"Not very distact. I can drive you there in twenty minutes. Come."

She obeyed him mechanically. There was a single carriage in waiting, and the old gentleman assisted her to enter it as gracefully as a cavalier. Then he took a seat by her side, and in another moment they were going at a rapid pace toward Tremont street.

Tremont street.

"Did Julian give you that letter?" Bertha asked, after they had gone a distance of several blocks.

"Yes; it was written in my presence," was the

reply, "He has met with an accident?" "Yes."
"How? Tell me all—I had rather know the worst!"
"I cannot tell you the whole story—it would be a long one. Let it suffice that he is the victim of

"That is what I feared. I never saw you before Are you an old friend of Julian's?"
"No. I never saw him until a few days ago."
"Eut you are his friend now?" "Of course."
Bertha relapsed into silence, her brain busy

with conjectures concerning the strange mystery. She was not only intensely anxious, but she was likewise tantalized by mysterious circumstances, which grew more insoluble each moment.

On, on drove her companion, crossing fremont street and passing down a short, quiet street be-

yond.

At last they drew up before a handsome granite block. A boy was at hand to take charge or the team, and the old man conducted our heroine up the marble steps and into a broad hall, and then up the richly-carpeted stairs.

In another moment she was ushered into a large, lexuriously-furnished apartment.

"Wait here a moment, Miss White, and I will go and inform Mr. Raynor of your arrival," said the old man, turning to leave her alone.

"No, no! I will go with you. I must see Julian now!" Bertha sprang forward, her cheeks pallid with

anxiety. The old man's form interposed betherself and the door, and he did not stand; "No, you shall not go to him until I has formed him of your arrival?" declared the firmly.
"Why, sir?" she demanded.
"Because the shock would be great to him." "He knew I was coming."
"That makes no difference."
"Where is he?"

"Then I shall go to him. You have no right to

detain me!"

"You shall not go, madam!"

Bertha stared, her eyes widening, and filled with a horrified expression.

"Who are you, sir, to distate so peremptorily to me?" she said, indignantly.

"These are my premises. I rule my own house," was the firm response.

"I believe you are imposing upon me. Julian is not here!"

"Suppose that I had imposed upon you?"

"Oh! you could not be so cruel. You look like a kind map."

"So I ar" But necessity compels some un-"So I ar" But necessity compels some un-pleasant th. \_s, you know."
"Is not Juhan here? Have you taken me to the

wrong house?"
"This is the house."
"And Julian?"

"This is the house."

"And Julian?"

"Is not very far away."
Bertna's siender form trembled like a reed in the wind, her countenance the picture of agonized despair. A score of wild conjectures and fears were flashing through her thoughts. Vaguely a sense of horrible suspicion possessed her—a suspicion of treachery. She looked up into the face of the old man beseechingly.

"In Heaven's name, sir, I ask you to take me to Julian if you know where he is!" I shall die if you keep me in such a painful suspense!" she cried, in pleading accents.

The man seized her arm and led her to a chair in his firm, yet gentle manner.

"You are suffering, madam, and I am very sorry for you. But you must compose yourself as much as possible," he said in a tone of seeming solicitude.

Only one thought was uppermost in her mind. "Tell me if Julian is here?" was her only re sponse.

'No, he is not!'
Bertha uttered a wild, agonized cry, sprin
to her feet.

to her feet.

"Be calm, madam?"

"I will not! You have deceived me—you have decoyed me away from my home, and you do not intend to take me to Julian. Tell me where he is, for you must know if he wrote that letter. Tell me, and at take." me, and at once!"
"I cannot tell you, for I do not know."
"You do not know? How came you by that
letter, then? You said he wrote it in your pres-

letter, then? You said he wrote it in your presence."

"I said it was written in my presence. Julian Raymond did not write it at all."

A wild shriek rang through the house, and Bertha staggered backward and would nave fallen to the floor had not the old man sprang and caught her in his arms.

He bore the unconclous girl to a lounge and placed her thereou in his quiet, careful way. Then he rang a bell.

The summons was answered by a neatly-clad Irish girl.

"Is the room ready for our guest?" he asked.
"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Is the room ready for our guest?" ne asked.
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"Lead the way tuther, and I will follow with "Lead the way killiner, and I will consider the young lady. She is ill,"

The old man raised Bertha in his arms and followed the servant up a flight of stairs and into a large, comfortably furnished sleeping apartment. He placed the manimate form upon the bed and then turned to the girl:

"Go and send Roxy here. You need not come again unless you are called."

then turned to the girl:

"Go and send Roxy here. You need not come again unless you are called."

The servant left the room without a word.

Five minutes later a strange-looking, diminutive being appeared in the doorway. She was not more than four feet in height, and with a bent, misshapen form. Her face was small and wrinkled, and illumined by a pair of bright, jetblack eyes, which seemed to scintillate with a baleful, cunning expression.

"Now, Roxy, you can bave some one to whom you can devote yourself all you choose. I want you to remain here and attend to this girl's wants, and see that she don't escape from the room. Do not go out for a moment without locking the door. Tonight she shall be placed in safer quar ters," said the old man.

The hag grinned, showing her toothless gums.

"I'll take good care of her, Mr. Gale—in course I will," came back in a shrill tone.

"That is right—and you shall be paid as you deserve. Now, mind and not let her escape you."

With this warning, Mr. Gale, as he had been called, turned and left Bertha alone with the dwarf. Roxy closed the door and turned the key. Then she set about resuscitating the unconscious captive.

Then she set about resuscitating the unconscious captive.

Her efforts were soon rewarded with success. The slender form of the girl was convulsed by a prolonged shudder. Then she opened her eyes and gazed with a half-horrified, half-wondering expression up into the hideous face which was bending over her.

"Who are you?" she gasped, shivering again.

"I'm Roxy, miss," was the laconic response.

In the meantime Mr. Gale repaired to another apartment, where he remained for nearly an hour. When he reappeared his appearance had undergone a striking transformation. His full beard and flowing locks, which had been almost snow white, were now dyed to a deep black. His hair was also cropped quite close, and his eyes were no longer hidden by spectacles.

He now looked to be a man less than 45 years of age, which proved the fact that his hair and beard had been artificially bleached.

CORNERING THEIR MAN.

Donald Dyke had been attacked so suddenly that he had no chance to resist. But his presence of mind did not forsake him for an instant. He did not lay prostrate for a second after he was thrown backward. Indeed he was upon his feet almost as quickly as was his antaronist.

Instantly he leaped backward, and stood with his back braced against the wall of one of the buildings, holding his revolver ready for use. It was so intensely dark that he could not have seen a dozen men had they stood within ten paces of him. He could hear the sound of retreating footsteps, evidently of two persons.

Still holding the weapon in one hand he started in pursuit of the fleeing men. He reached the sidewalk and was just in time to see two men enter a basement door at the opposite side of the street. CORNERING THEIR MAN.

enter a basement door at the opposite side of the street.

One of them he recognized as Page.

He was on the point of starting in pursuit when he neard a light footstep in his rear. Turning he found himself confronted by a temale figure. It was too dark to distinguish her features. But he was naturally suspicious and raised his revolver.

"Do not fire; I am a friend," said the woman in a low voice.

"Who are you?" our hero demanded.
"Do you not know?"
"I should not ask if I did."
"I am Mile. Corinne."
"Ah! What do you want of me?"

"Page and his companion, who just dodged into e basement opposite."
"Why do you not wish me to follow them?"
"Because it is as much as your life is worth to

So."
Whence did you come so suddenly?"
From a place of concealment whither I fled

'I caught an occasional word."
'And that is all?"

"Did yUFwrite it?" "Because he heard you coming."
"Were you where you could hear what we said

"Would you be willing to swear to this?"
"Yes; I swear to it now, before heaven."
The young man's earnestness was not feigned—
this our hero was sure.
"If it was not written by you, who did write it?"
"I do not know—as heaven is my witness!"
"Who gave it to you?"
"A negro boy."
"What was his name?"
"I believe he is called Duke."
"How came but o give it to you?"

Several things." Tell me what. You know who I am, and that

mean you no harm."
"I fear that you are an enemy to Jasper."
"No, I am not. There are some phases of his tharacter which I don't understand. But I am not his enemy. Somebody is guilty of a crime, and circumstances implicate both Dwight and mother. I hope neither are guilty, and yet I want to find the guilty man."
"Jasper is innocent." building next below this one, looking on to see them play. Duke came in and slipped that paper into my hand. I looked at it, and of course knew its meaning. I did not dare throw it down, and so put it in my pocket. How Duke came by it, or

"By whom is Duke employed?",
"He blacks boots and smashes baggage at the

'He has no regular employer?"

"Jasper is innocent."

"Of course. And so is Julian Raynor; and so are you and I. And yet there is crooked dealing somewhere. I wish we had a better place for talking over this matter. We are liable to interruption here."

The girl was silent a moment. At last she said: "Come with me. My rooms are safer than here."

"How do I know but you mean me treachery?"

"You have my assurance to the contrary—that is all." "Is he well known in this locality?" "Yes-everybody knows Duke."
"Have you seen him since he gave you the pa-

question him."
"Would there be any chance of my finding him in case I should make the attempt?"
"You might chance upon him, and you might not."

"Because it is not pleasant to be questioned about one's private affairs."
"Yery well, then. I have sufficient evidence against you to warrant your arrest. Consider yourself my prisoner."

Dyke let one hand fall upon the shoulder of the

said, in a low tone.
"On her account?" Dyke queried, nodding toward Minnie, who had retreated to the opposite side of the room.
"Yes!" in a low tone.
The detective motioned to the actress to come

stand me. I wish to prove that Page is trying to injure your lover—to implicate him in this crime, perhaps."

"A man named Page."
"I see. And you are in debt to him?"

"Yes."
"Very deeply?"
"Five thousand dollars!"
"Whew! A large sum for a bank clerk, working for eight hundred a year."

"That is so."
"Do you ever expect to pay it?"
"Not much."
"How came you to get in so deep?"
"I kept playing, hoping for a change in the fickle goddess."
"You found her fickleness all in the favor of

"You found her fickleness all in the raver or your opponent?"
"Yos, thus far."
"What are you going to do about it?"
"Heaven only knows!"
"You remember the night I came to the rooms of Sykes, and you entered, disguised as an old man?"
"How do you know it was I?" Jasper asked.
"Because I played eavesdropper. Of course I knew you were disguised when I first set eyes upon you, yet I did not recognize you. I overa heard nearly all of the subsequent interview between yourself and the gambler. I would like you to explain to me some parts of that!"
To the surprise of our hero the young man smiled in apparent unconcern.

smiled in apparent unconcern.
"If Sykes had caught you then you would not have been here tonight," he returned.
"And perhaps you and he would not have lived to rell the story!" uttered Dyke, quickly.
"It is quite probable we would not, if you could

bave had your way."
"This isn't explaining that interview. You

"No."
"Is he is this city?"
"I should not be surprised."
"Do you know anything about it?"
"I do not."
"I had good cause to infer from your conversation with Sykes that you both knew something of this robbery."

weighed in the mind of our nero. Hence his seeming imprudence.

The hour was very late and Donald Dyke want directly to his boarding-place, and retired to sleep and to recaperate.

[TO BE CONTINUED ]

Minnie cast ;, half-suspicious glance at

"What was face wending to do with it?"
"That was you got a chance." with it?"
"That how you done with it, then?"

"I have met him, but have had no chance to

not."
Our hero was silent for a moment. Dwightwatched his face furtively, evidently apprehensive. "Young man, I have taken your word for everything thus far, and I have no doubt that youhave told me the truth. You have been ready to explain all that I required of you. If you will continue doing so, a part of this mystery, to me at least, will be solved. Will you take oath to answering all my questions truthfully?"
The mild eyes of the detective were fixed with searching scrutiny upon the countenance of the bank clerk.

"I do not care to take oath," was his decided.

oung man. Minnie Doyle uttered a sharp cry and sprang

Dwight.

"Ask the questions and see," was the reply.

"I will do so. To begin with, what are your relations with Gideon Sykes, the gambler?"

The cheeks of the young man turned pale. He glanced at the face of the girl, and shrugged his oulders nervously...
"I don't care to answer that question here!" he

this robbery."
"I think he does know about it."

his cross-questioning.

"Now tell me, truthfully, what your relations are to this ruffian who calls himself Page?"

"I have no relations with him at present,"

"What were they in the past, then?"

"He asked me to marry him." "And you?"
"Declined the honor."
"You were wise."

"To learn the whereabouts of Jasper."
"Did you tell him?" "No."
"What did he want of your lover."
"I think he wishes to get him into trouble, in wenge for my refusing his love."
"Did they need to be friendly?"

Dyke mused a moment. A new thought had flashed upon him—something which, if correct, must lead to the solution of the mysterious robbery. What this theory is shall appear as our story develops.
"Pardon me, but will you tell me, in confidence, "Fardon me, but will you tell me, in connence, if your lover ever gambles?"

The apartments were dimly lighted, but our hero could see a bright flush suffuse the fair cheeks of the girl. Sne hesitated a moment. When she replied her voice was tremulous with emotion, "I fear he has, a little-but Page led him into it."

Do you think Jasper owes that money?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Answer me and I will tell you."

"I hope he does not, though it is possible he does."

"My reason for asking was that Fage told me he wished to find Dwight, to obtain money of him."

"It is more ikely that he wished to play cards and get what money Jasper has."

"Is it not possible that Dwight does owe Page money—a small gambling debt?"

"Perlaps—I hope not."

"I hope he does."

"Heavens! You"—

"For your sake and for his. Do not misunder-

"Ah! I thank you, sir."

"If I succeed in my purpose I may fasten this crime upon Jasper's enemies, and thus clear him from suspicion."

Minnie Doyle—otherwise "Corinne"—sprang to her feet and seized both hands of our hero in her own, her eyes filling with tears.

"Oh! establish his innocence, Mr. Dyke, and I will be your best friend as long as you live! You do not know how the shadow of this crime haunts us both, night and day. He meditates fleeing from the city, and only my pleading restrains him." She spoke rapidly, impulsively. Donald Dyke was strangely thrilled by her pleading. For an instant he felt tempted to abandon his purpose, and thus spare this beautiful woman's anxiety. But only for a second-did his honor waver. His answer, spoken in the kindest, most sympathetic voice, was nevertheless very firm. "Ah! I thank you, sir."

voice, was nevertheless very firm.
"If Jasper Dwight is guilty of this crime, he must be proven so. But he shall not suffer for it must be proven so. But he shall not suffer for it if innocent. And ny advice to him is to remain at his post, and face the music. Fight will not help him any, and it will make even me believe in his guilt. Make him stay here. And it will be to his advantage to hold an interview with me."

The girl sank down upon the carpet, sobbing, her form shaking with emotion.

When she had grown more calm, Dyke asked:
"Where is Jasper Dwight now?"
"I cannot tell you," she said, averting her face.
"You will not, you meant?"
She was silent.

She was silent.
At that moment both heard a step near the door, urning, they uttered simultaneous cries of

Turning, they uttered simultaneous cries of amazement.

Jasper Dwight stood upon the threshold, his gaze fixed in amazement upon his betrothed, who was crouching at the feet of our hero. It was evident that he did not recognize the detective, owing to the latter's partial disguise.

It will be remembered that Donald Dyke had come forth upon his present expedition "fixed up" in the guise of a flashy young sport. And he looked the character to perfection.

"Minnie, what does this mean?" the banker's clerk demanded, sternly.

For an instant the girl was too agitated to reply. Dwight strode toward her, and was about to seize her arm when our hero sprang between them.

"Hands off until she has a chance to explain!" cried the detective. cried the detective.

Dwight looked defiant, still failing to recognize

the officer.

"I guess I have prior claims here," he retorted, clenching his hands.

"Nobody has disputed your claim, sir. I only intend to protect the lady from your unreasonable passion until she tells you the meaning of her situation."

passion until she tells you the meaning of her situation."

Minnie had risen to her feet, and now laid one hand upon the arm of the book-keeper.

"This gentleman is a friend to me"—

He interrupted her with a sneering laugh.

"I thought so, judging from your very humble posture as I entered!" he exclaimed.

"Stop! Another insinuation like that and it will be the worse for you!"

It was the detective who spoke. One wiry hand griped the shoulder of the young man, holding him back with resistless power.

"Who are you, anyhow?" Jasper gasped.

"I am Donald Dyke, detective. If you distrust this girl upon such slight cause as this, you are ten times unworthy of her."

The cheeks of the book-keeper grew white as death. His hands dropped to his side, and his form trembled visibly.

"Yes—no other."
"What do you want here?"
"To see you as much as any one."
"What for?"
"To ask you what you know about the robbery of your employer's safe."
The young man recoiled before the piercing gaze of our hero. Minnie Doyle sank upon a chair, watching the faces of the two men, breathlessly.
"I know nothing about the robbery."
"You know there has been one?"
"Of course. Not a man in the country is ignorant of it by this time."
"Do you know that you are suspected of completty in the crime?"
"I—I—feared it."
"Do you believe Julian Raynor is guilty?"
"Yes."
"Would you swear to such belief?"
Dwight did not answer.
The detective's hand flew to his pocket. He produced his note-book, and from between its leaves took a slip of paper.
It was the key to Elbridge White's safe—the magic words which only three persons ought to have comprehended.

"Yes—no other."
"What do you want here?"

magic words which only three persons ought to have comprehended. He thrust it before the gaze of the young man, exclaimining in low significant accents: "Did you ever see that?"
Dwight uttered a low, gasping cry, staggering ackward.
The detective smiled significantly.
"Our up, my boy; you lost it in this house!

CHAPTER XII.

SINGULAR FACTS.

Jasper Dwight leaped backward, freeing himself from the grasp of the officer. One hand flew to a pocket. But Dyke was too quick for him. A revelver was levelled close to the face of the young man.

Minnie Doyle uttered a scream of horror. She leaped to her feet, and in her hand also was a levelled revolver, its muzzle directed toward the breast of the detective.

"If you fire, so will I!" she panted, her beautiful countenance aglow with desperate courage.

It was a striking tableau. The girl was braver than her lover.

ful countenance aglow with desperate courage.

It was a striking tableau. The girl was braver than her lover.

Our hero could not help a feeling of admiration for her fidelity and readiness to defend the man she loved, with her very life if need be.

"I have no intention of doing him physical harm. I only drew my weapon to get ahead of him. I have to guard against treachery." The detective spoke quietly, and the grif was reassured. She lowered her weapon, saying:

"I will trust you, for you are an honorable man." Dyke turned again to the trembling bookkeeper.

"Are you going to own up?" he asked, in his even tones.

"Own up what?" spoken with visible trepidation.

"To the losing of that slip of paper."

"Where did you find it?"

"Near the entrance to this room."

"I don't know how it came there."

"You dropped it, of course."

"Why do you think so."

"Neither your employer nor Julian Raynor comes to this bouse."

The other was silent.

"Tell me the truth—it will be easier for you in the end."

"Well—I lost it. I expect."

the end."
"Well-I lost it, I expect."

was silent, but her face was deathly white. She was silent, but her face was deathly w "Will you answer my questions or go tation-house?" our hero demanded, again fa

mearer.

"Will you go from the room for a few minutes?

Mr. Dwight does not like to be cross-questioned in your presence. I vromise you that no harm will come to him if left alone with me. I will call

plice?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think he has gone to New York?"

Dyke said.

The other stared in open-mouthed wonder.

"What's up, Donald?" he queried, recognizing the voice of our bero.

"I'm shot—that's all!"

boidly opened the door through which he had but just fied so precipitately.

Both officers had their weapons ready for instant use. The detective led the way, and the policeman followed close at his heels. Jack, as he was called, was brave to recklessness and would not hesitate to go into any place whither Donald Dyke would lead.

There was no one in the hallway; but the odor of hyer tower was strong.

she gasped.
"That is false! See?"
He held up his injured arm, showing the sleeve

theard it, and my back was toward you. The would be assassin was in the hall below."
"Why should I believe this?"
"You ought to know by my face that I am not

ained a cartridge. Their brightness was not even dimmed by smoke. "This pistol has not been fired lately," was

"Are you a cop?"
"It makes no difference what I am.

"Hold you here until you ten me what game you was up to."
"I guess you will hold me a while, then."
"I shall not long."
"What will you do?"
"I'll force you to answer my questions."
"How?"
"You will know soon enough."
"You think you can scare me?"
"I think I hold the trump card this time."
"Brag is a good dog."
"Holdfast is better; and if I don't hold you fast enough let me know," retorted Dyke, dryly.
There was another brief interval of silence.
Our hero's brain was never busier than during that interval.

"See here!" he exclaimed at last, in a tone of stern authority, "tell me who you are?"
"I shan't do it!" was the decided response,
"Very well. I will give you one minute, as nearly as I can estimate the period, in which to answer my question!"

As he said this Dyke pressed the cold muzzle of bis revolver against the forehead of his foe,

The stranger shivered. His voice sounded husky as he reconded:

"Would you fire if I refused to answer you?"

ions."
"I think she fied when she heard you coming."
"Who is she?"
"Her name is Minnie Doyle."
"What were you doing with her?"
"I was trying to make her tell rue something."
"What did you wish to know?"
"A secret."

"A secret."
"Tell me its character?"
"I don't like to answer that."

"I will not,"
"It was about -about another man!"
"His name?"
"Dwight!"
"Ah! Jasper Dwight?"
"Yes."
"What did you wish to know about him?"
"What had she to do with iv?"
"She knows where he is hiding."
"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes."
"From whom?"

"Where does she live?"
"A few blocks distant."
Donald Dyke mused a moment. It seemed like a very singular fatality which had led him to discover another acquaintance of Jasper Dwight's. And it seemed that Dwight was pretty severely engaged, if here was another woman who had matrimonial claims upon him, and then a new thought flashed upon his brain.
"Is Minnie Doyle an actress?" he asked.
"Yes, she is."

"No. We are pals—that's an.
"In a crime?"
"I didn't say that. We are chums, and help spend each other's money."
"And other people's money too, I suppose?"
"I didn't say that either."
"I asked the question."
"No, then."
"You are exceedingly honest, of course?"
"Of course."
"How about Dwight?"
"Minnie thinks he is an angel!"

Then be must spend some money that doesn't

"I do not wish to."

"Time: one minute."

There was a moment of death-like silence. Dyke could hear the pulsations of his own heart. At that instant his weapon was knocked from his hand and sent beyond his reach.

His captive had released one of his hands and by a quick blow disarmed our hero.

At the same moment Page made a powerful effort to throw off his assailant.

But Dyke was not so easily overpowered.

For several minutes the two men struggled desperately. Page was a powerful man, and fully sixty pounds heavier than his antagonist. But the latter was strong, wiry, and his grip was like iron. He was also an accomplished wrestier and purilist, and knew how to take many advantages which one ignorant of those sciences could not do.

"The other maintained sullen silence.
"I'm now ready to resume my cross-examination. Are your answers ready?"
"No!" was the laconic response.
"I'm not quite out of revolvers yet. I always carry three. You have deprived me of one, and I will now let you try the same game with another. But I warn you that it may go off next time. I shall keep my finger on the trigger, and your life will hang by a thread!"
As the detective said this another cold muzzle pressed the temple of his foe.
"Tell me what you wanted of Jasper Dwight, tonight."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE TOILS.

Upon the morning following the incidents we have just chronicled, after the departure of the banker for his place of business, Bertha, his daughter, sat alone in the library.

Her beautiful face looked paie and worn, and she even appeared to have lost flesh during the two days and nights of her intense anxiety.

She still held firm to her belief in Julian Raynor's innocence of the crime in which he was so strangely implicated. And yet she realized that no jury in the world would have rendered a favorable verdict upon such overwhelming evidence as nad risen against him.

Still she took hope from the fact that Dyke, the detective, also believed in his innocence; and upon his investigations she based all her expectations of the clearing away of the terrible shadow. Her greatest concern was for the unaccountable disappearance of Julian. When last she had seen him he had told her how deeply he regretted the necessity of going away even for so brief a period, and had promised to return at the earliest possible moment.

Had Julian intentionally practised deception? If he had, what object had caused his departure upon such short notice?

He had always been so frank and honorable in all his dealings hitherto, it did not seem possible that he could have stooped to such base deception now. Julian had declared fairly that he had received a telegram from New York, and that his prother was ill. And the banker had received sent by Aller Raynor, and that the latter had not

hat is sufficient. I think I can trust you.

And if I could not, I should not fear you."

In silence they made their way to the tenement occupied by the actress and her mother. They entered the same nicely-furnished room which had been the scene of their former interview. After both were seated, the detective resumed

"You were wise."
"So I thought."
"And how did he receive your refusal?"
"He was angry at first. Then he pretended to
wish to retain me as a friend."
"What was his purpose in attacking you in the
alley?"

Minnie Boyle uttered a snarp cry and sprang forward, seizing the detective's arm.
"Spare him!" she cried, pleadingly.
"I will do so for the present, upon condition that he answers my questions satisfactorily. You must not interfere, or I shall consider it proper to

"I have no doubt that Page is chiefly to blame.
Do you think Jasper owes this fellow any

wift come to him if left alone with me. I will call you soon."

It was wonderful how readily she obeyed the commands of Donald Dyke. She turned and went from the room without a word of remonstrance.

"Now you can answer my question, Mr. Dwight," said the detective.

"I have frequented Mr. Sykes' gambling rooms," was the low-spoken reply.

"Ah! And have played with nin, to your loss."

"No. I have played with another."

"With whom?"
"A man named Page."

That is so.

were conspiring against Julian Raynor, then."
"I was not."
"What was the meaning of your language, then?" "Sykes is down on Julian "For what?" "I do not know."

this robbery."

"I think he does know about it."

"And so do you."

Donald Dyke said this in a tone of deep significance. But Dwight met his gaze fairly, and in a clear, firm tone responded:

"As heaven is is my witness, I know naught of this crime, more than I have told you! I believe Julian Raynor chieffy guilty."

The detective mused several minutes. Then asked:

"Why, then, did you come to see Gideon Sykes, your face covered by a disguise?"

"Because I wished to avoid recognition by Page."

"And did Sykes comprehend your object?"

"He suggested it. He has promised to help me out of my difficulty."

"I understand. And in return you are to assist him in fastening this crime upon Julian Raynor!"

"In a measure—yes. But he only requires me to tell the truth. I am a party to no conspiracy against Raynor or any one else."

"That will do. Your explanation satisfies me that you are not the man of whom I am in quest. You need have no fears of my arresting you of instigating your arrest. But I want you to promise to answer whatever questions I may in future see fit to ask yon."

"Thank you, Mr. Dyke. I promise that."

"And, !kewise, that you will not lisp a hint of this interview to any living soul."

"You I will do you good night. You can tell."

"I promise that, too."
"I promise that, too."
"Now, I will bid you good night. You can tell
Minnie Doyle that I have promised you security,
and that I am now firmly convinced of your in-

"Now, I will bid you good night. You can tell Minnie Doyle that I have promised you security, and that I am now firmly convinced of your innocence."

"I will do so, and her gratitude to you will be even greater than mine."

"Doubtless. Now, remember my injunctions, and take care that you keep clear of Page."

With this the detective turned and went out into the halt. He met Minnie near the outer door. In the dim light he could see that her face wore a deeply anxious expression.

"Your lover is innocent, and I have promised him security," said our hero, reassuringly. She seized one of his hands in both of her own and impulsively raised it to her lips, exclaiming:

"Heaven bless you, sir. I shall never forget your kindness."

The next instant he went forth upon the street. He walked rapidly along the deserted sidewalk, producing and lighting a cigar as he went.

The geader will think, doubtless, that our detective was not very keen nor very prudent to place so much confidence in the word of so suspicious a character as Jasper Dwight.

We will explain his purpose for so doing.

He had good reason to believe that the young man was not the leader nor prime factor in the plot to rob Elbridge White's safe. That he was to some extent the tool of others he was equally certain. To arrest him now would only cut off the clew which the detective wished to work.

While Jasper was at liberty he was liable to innocently lead our hero to the discovery of the real culpries. It was evident that he, for some reason, outid not betray them.

The detective felt certain that he, for some reason, outid not betray them.

The detective felt certain that he, for some reason, outid not betray them.

The detective felt certain that he, for some reason, he would take the his powers of penetration to their utmost. In expressing to Dwight such perfect confidence in his innocence, he would take the lasting good will of Minnie Doyle. And all this might prove of value in his quest. All this had been carefully weighed in the mind of our hero. Henc

"I do not know."

"You seemed to be, as well."

"I was not. But I knew that missing money was likely to get me into trouble, and of course I wished to get out of that. I think Raynor is the guilty man, but I don't believe he is alone."

The detective found himself more deeply puzzled now than ever.

He began to feel more and more confident that Dwight was not the leader in this affair. Indeed Jasper Dwight was not the sort of man to successfully lead any project. He might serve as a pliant tool in the hands of another, but he would never accomplish so clever a come as this one alone.

"Whom do you believe to be Raynor's accomplice?"

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Congressional blackguardism has reached its highest point. It remained for a Christian statesman from Ohio to clear the ladies' galleries by introducing grossly indecent and obscene language into a political speech.

Butchers say that the reason why meat is still dear is that the supply is not yet equal to the demand. There is less consumption of it, therefore they are not making large profits. It is expected that nothing but good crops can bring the price down.

The rumor of an engagement between Miss Maude Howe, the daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Oscar Wilde, which has been flitting about through the papers East and West for two or three weeks, may, on the best authority, be pronounced wholly false.

A short time ago a French expedition left Rio de Janeiro for the purpose of exploring the basin of the La Plata. The Tobas Indians, however, have very little regard for science, except as explained to them by their own wise men, and therefore they have just butchered the whole company of nineteen men. Verily this is a bad year for explorations in the in-

Pensions paid by the United States in 1862 amounted to less than a million of dollars annually. In 1871 the sum required was more than treble this, and in 1878 it was \$27,137,-000. In 1879 the arrears of pensions act was passed, and pensions gradually rose until in 1880 the amount paid out for persions was \$156,777,000; in 1881, \$50,000,000. In the current year Congress has appropriated \$100,000,000.

When a weekly mail route of 148 miles, time forty-eight hours, and pay of \$2739 annually, can be expedited to five trips a week with \$5460 additional pay, and subsequently a reduction in time to thirty-nine hours, can warrant an additional increase to the pay of \$20,204 per year, it has a suspicious look of an ulterior object when such a case is passed over by the government in its prosecution of the Star routers and a weaker case taken up for the attention of the court and jury.

Copenhagen has just adopted a rather curious liquor law. It provides that the number of licenses shall be reduced from 1350 to 300: no landlord shall be under 35 years of age; female service, except that of the hostess, is forbidden; drink cannot be served to any per-Subscribers. If you cannot send 4, send 3, 2 or 1. SEND AS MANY to any one who is already drunk: a drunken person is to be conveyed to his own dwelling in a cab or covered carriage at the expense of the landlord in whose house he took his last

> People who like to moralize are fond of calling these degenerate days. But Dakota is finding that the way of the transgressor is hard, inasmuch as her strongest efforts have not yet availed to open the way into the Union for her, because one of her counties repudiated its debt some years ago. Now it happens that other sovereign States, while yet in the Territorial chrysalis, saw fit to declare that they would not pay certain bonds which they had issued. And they did not pay them. But when they wished to become States their repudiated debts stood not in their way and hindered them not at all. The Dakota people might declare they have a precedent.

> Commenting on the fact that the total tonnage of vessels lost, under all flags, in 1881. was 1,250,000, or more than the whole steamship tonnage launched in England in 1878. 1879 and 1880, the Philadelphia Press says: "In view of these losses it is not surprising that the steam tonnage built in England this year is 1,000,000 tons against 800,000 tons in 1881. The production of vessels is now so much in excess of the immediate demand that vessels driven from the North Atlantic trade are lowering freight in all parts of the world, so that ships have been taking freight from England to India at \$2 per ton, and the operations of the Peninsular and Oriental Company have been seriously crippled."

The owners and lessees of houses in New York who have let the same for immoral purposes are greatly excited because twenty of their number are soon to be summoned to court, the grand jury having found bills of indictment against them for keeping or letting disorderly houses. The residents of the neighborhoods in which the houses are located have presented complaints with specific charges. Now we shall see whether the public sentiment has been worked up to that degree necessary to suppress the social evil. If it has New York will gain thereby; if it has not, the trial of the cases will only result in a profitable advertisement for the defendants. If this movement is successful in New York a similar one ought to be organized in all large cities.

The causes which have led to the present disturbances in Egypt are admirably stated by a contributor to the Brooklyn Eagle, who resided for several years among the natives there. He concedes that, unscrupulous as Ismail Pasha has been, he has pushed Egypt further on the path of progress than any other Moslem land. For some time, however, Europeans have been reaping the harvests of the labors of the natives. Ismail asked his foreign creditors, whom he could not pay for pecuniary minister his finances, but Europe forced on shares with the native resident the pride in him a host of controllers, commissioners and office-seekers, who superseded the old and capable Arab and Copt clerks, and have since treated them and the with which the city and its suburbs are dotted. other natives rudely. The natural result The politeness and attentions which he refirst known as the "Young Egyptian Party," but recently called the National party. Their place a home-like character which steals away motto is: "Egypt for the Egyptians." Arabi all longings for other scenes and opens the Pasha, who is the head of this party, has se- flood-gates of love and friendship in his cured the confidence of the army, and the peo- heart. ple call for the deposition of the Khedive because he yields to the French and English | tive resident, with all the accompaniments of governments. The writer asserts that "no social intercourse, friendships and loves, it the expiration of the last coercion act."

leading men in the villages, the sheiks, the mudirs-in fact, all the people who influence

### GLADSTONE'S HUMILIATION.

There are few meaner incidents to be recorded in the history of politics than the appeal of the Liberal party for help to the Irish members on Friday night. The government was in sore distress. Gladstone had declared that he would resign unless an amendment to the prevention of crime bill, which Mr. Trevelyan had offered at the opening of the sitting, was passed by the House. He made it not only a cabinet but a personal question. The Tories had sat in their seats for weeks watching that hypocritical and vacillating old man making a record for brutality far blacker than any that could be charged to their own party. They had seen him carry out the most contemptible conspiracy ever concocted in Parliament, which culminated in the expulsion of the Irish representatives, and after he had completed the dirty work which they wanted done, they turned around and slapped him in the face. He saw that they were determined to take him at his word; that they were prepared to stand a dissolution, and he weakened. He went on his knees to the Irish members, whom he had only a week previously ignominiously driven from their seats, and begged of them to save his government. And, to their credit be it said, they indignantly spurned the request and left him to his

The government was beaten by a vote of given them a majority. These the Irish members could have cast. But they preferred to guished strangers and watch the fight on the floor. For once they held the balance of power between the two parties, and that power they exercised with discretion. It was for them the one bright spot in a dull and disheartening parliamentary session. They saw at their feet the man who had thrust their leaders into jail and who had heaped calumny on their heads, and they allowed him to remain there. They refused to lift him up; they left him to be dealt with as he deserved by his allies in the debate on the coercion bill. They taught him a salutary lesson in politics-they showed him his own weakness and helplessness when by a brutal and vindictive course he alienated his natural supporters and sought assistance among his traditional enemies. They made him understand that even an English politician can gain nothing by breaking his promises and playing fast and loose with all parties, and that a man to be successful as a leader

and stick to both. Mr. Gladstone has failed to put his threat before, in the Bradlaugh controversy, be raised of resigning then he fortified himself behind a mere political technicality. Nobody believed he would leave the cabinet or dissolve Parliament if he were defeated, when he made his Friday night speech. He has raised the cry of "wolf" too often already; he has lied and wobbled too much to excite any apprehensions of a crisis. He will never resign until he is absolutely compelled to do so-until he is kicked out. It is his last chance at the premiership, and he will not give it up as long as he can keep his grip on it. Any man of spirit would have thrown up his port- and physical development go hand in hand, folio after the disaster of Friday night. His own party voted against him. The vote was a vote of want of confidence, and he should have accepted it as such. Every pressure that could be brought to bear on the individual members of his beterogeneous following was exercised; the city was scoured and no absentee was neglected, but with all the pressure and all the coaxing the government was igno miniously beaten on a fairly stated and clearly

understood cabinet question. The Gladstone ministry is on its last legs. was a queer combination at best. cohesive element. It was made up of the representatives of the great disaffected. It was an aggregation of Adullamites, whose only bond of union was opposition to the Tories. It has come near the end of its rope, and it will disappear from public life with the respect of no section of the English people and with the contempt of all honest men. Its chief characteristics have been hypocrisy, meanness, deceit, conspiracy and cowardice. And the embodiment of all these qualities, in their highest development, is William E. Gladstone.

# GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE.

Boston is one of the proudest of American cities. That she has ample cause for pride no one who is acquainted with her history and that of the country of which she is an important centre, will wish to deny. Around about and in her midst are many of the landmarks of the earliest settlement of the country. Colonial history has erected its own

monuments to mark the spot with enduring

fame. The deeds of valur and the blood of revolutionary sires have endeared it to all coming generations of men. From the landing of the Pilgrims through the more than two and a half centuries of succeeding time the march of progress, of improvement, of honest and worthy pride has been so stead ily maintained that history scarcely shows an interruption. With an eye always open to the main chance in business matters, decorative art, comfort, science, education and social enjoyment have not been neglected. A stranger sees and pleasurably makes note of these things within the first week of his visit to the city. As an American there is nothing of which Boston is proud that does not appeal to his own feelings of love and veneration for a common country. Bunker Hill, Dorchester Heights and Boston Common belong not alone to Boston, but to America. Plymouth Rock marks an era in the settlement of the new world which is a part of the family history of obedience to the constitution which was writton with its blood.

Boston is justly proud of her historic record, of her present status among the cities of the world, and has good cause to hope for a still higher degree of greatness and importance in the future of the country. The visitor notes public buildings, the varied skill displayed in architecture, the diversified beauty of her natural accompaniments and the prodigality with which she has successfully contributed to the comforts and enjoyments of her citizens That the object aimed at in public education, and designated by the numerous ornate school have passions as strong and sensithe characteristic urbanity which education or curiosity brings him in contact give to the | They are now given over to the tender mercies place a home-like character which steals away of alien magistrates, who are commissioned to

To the stranger, Boston is home; to the na-

who has visited other lands or lived | the American press we find a feeling of stubfeeling of contentment as he sets his foot on Boston's streets; and as all of Boston the masses - are warm supporters of the gravitates to the Public Garden and the shady walks of the Common, he early drifts with the or beneath the dark foliage of the spreading ever green spot of cheer, which he may share with those whose good fortune it is to possess native right to the enjoyment thereof. As insensibly more and more binding until he comes to think he has lived here all his life, and posseses the same right to criticise that he

It would be paradise indeed to him who lacked nothing to make him supremely happy, wanting to bring that happiness to all. Selfgratification is not true happiness. Wealth, luxurious living, the satisfying of all creature desires may bring a pleasurable feeling of contentment born of egoism: but, after all, it is in the doing of good to others and the addition to their comforts and enjoyments, which constitute the true foundation of earthly contentment and happiness. To this cause, doubtless, much of the generous spirit which characterizes Boston's citizens is due. The generous heart is always more happy than the selfish, and the happy of heart know no greater pleasure than that of generosity and kindness towards their fellows.

stranger in Boston visits places of public resort he is struck by one peculiarity which | for unhappy Ireland. grows in character as he feels more and more 207 to 194. Fourteen votes would have at home and therefore more privileged to condemn that which he thinks censurable. He sees on Boston Common an extensive parade sit calmly in the gallery set apart for distin- ground for civic and military displays and sees an equally extensive portion set apart for boys to play at ball. Throughout the remainder of the Common he is met at every turn with placards which tell him to "keep off the grass," and he does not fail to observe that not the slightest attention is paid to the official injuncvion. He sees boys and girls crossing the green in all directions or lolling at length upon the sward. He sees an idleness which, while it may not be born of laziness, must become irksome to the participants. But when he approaches an officer and asks permission for those same boys and girls to play an innocent game of croquet upon the grass plots he is politely directed to the aforesaid notices to "keep off the grass." In other parks of the city he meets the same rebuff. To him it seems inconsistent; and when he reflects that in other cities he has enjoyed the sight of scores of croquet parties on the green sward of their public parks he cannot but feel that one of Boston's grandest opportunities for real must have a policy and a settled plan of action enjoyment is the granting of the privilege to play croquet on the Common and on other public grounds where grass plots are into execution. He has not resigned. Once of sufficient size. It cannot but occur to the stranger, as he takes his stroll a cabinet issue and was beaten on it. Instead | along the winding pathways of the Common and sees the boys at play with bat and ball, the bicycle rider gliding noiselessly along the mall, the small boy with his toy boat on the pond, or, with trousers rolled to hip, wading in its waters, that Boston's authorities have forgotten that there are girls among the residents, and that girls become women who are mothers of the coming generations. Apart from the pleasures which is thus denied those who live in restricted quarters, it occurs to him that the vigor of manhood would be enhanced by additional vigor in woman; that health

#### ileges for exercise upon her public grounds. THE NEW COERCION BILL FOR IRE-LAND.

and that the latter is best attained by judi-

cious out-door exercise, and with the thoughts

comes the wish that Boston may not long re-

main behind her sister cities in recognizing

the rights of women and girls to equal priv-

The Liberal party may expect but little sympathy in this country in the enforcement of its new coercion bill. The bill itself is a harshness of its principal features is not generally regarded as warranted by the condition of affairs in Ireland. The suspension of trial by jury is a proceeding of doubtful expediency at any time under a constitutional form of government. The Irish case is carefully watched on this side of the Atlantic, and it is difficult to make intelligent people believe that the Phoenix Park murders constituted a sufficient excuse for the wholesale proscription of a people, especially as that people had successfully purged themselves of even the slightest complicity with the assassination of Cavendish and Burke. Equally objectionable to a libertyloving people is the clause conferring the right of arbitrary search on petty constables and secret service police. These men are empowered, under the new act, to enter any house in a proscribed district at any time in the day or night to search for arms. Only those who know from their own experience or observation the insolence and arrogance of British officials in Ireland, can understand the amount of personal incom venience and abuse to which law-abiding citizens may be subjected, through spite or

jealousy, under this provision. The manner in which the bill finally went through the committee stage will also condemn it in this country. There was not the slightest excuse for the expulsion of the Irish members on Saturday. Some of those who were "named" for obstruction during the night had been asleep, and had just reached the House of Commons only to learn that they had been selected for suspension. Others had sat through the debates, but had never opened their mouths. The plan was to clear the House of Irish members, and then pass the bill. This was carried out to the letter, even at the expense of common decency and political fairness. Neither the bill, therefore, nor the methods employed to pass it, will entitle the English government to any favora people and not of a State; while Lexington's able opinion in America, nor to any sympathy, foly ground is part heritage of all who live in | should agrarian crimes increase under its operations, as they undoubtedly will;

The leading Irish-American papers point out forcibly and clearly the inevitable results of the new coercion bill. The Republic says: "We are tired of preaching the doctrine of passive resistance," and goes on to show that Gladstone's erimes bill must provoke the pecwith agreeable emotions the grandeur of her | ple to acts of violence. Here is the philosophic way in which it proclaims its sentiments: "We shall not waste much ink in apologizing for crime in Ireland in the near future. The prime minister has passed a bill which must of necessity provoke acts of retaliation. The Irish are human; they buildings scattered throughout the city, is fully | bilities as keen as other races, and attained, he has ample proof in the general they have endured for five centuries all the intelligence which be meets everywhere, and diabolism which a vindictive and bloodthirsty race could heap on them. When they loans, to supply him with three experts to ad- and social a finement alone can give. He finally came to treat for peace on a fair and manly basis, after stating their grievances, Faneuil Hall, in the Old South Church, in they were taken by the throat, bound and Boston Common, the Public Garden, and gagged by a merciless and ruffianly band of the numerous parks and little plots of green | conspirators and cast into the duch, while flying columns and paid spies and informers secured the country, levying black-mail was that the people rebelled, formed a party ceives from all with whom business or pleasure and spreading devastation in their track. send them to jail without trial by jury, to prohibit their meetings, to search their houses at all hours of the night, to suppress their newspapers, and, in fine, to take away what little vestiges of individual liberty were left after

greater mistake can be made than to accept must be nearly akin to paradise. To him And when we come to study the position of Egypt how her internal affairs shall be man-

the cities of Cairo and Alexandria. All the in other cities, there comes a strange born resistance and protest against the new measure. The Daily Advertiser had this to say yesterday: "It sounds very harsh, and yet it is true that the government has demonstrated its weakness when it did not prevent stream and luxuriates amid the beds of flowers | the murder of Cavendish and Burke. These gentlemen stood in the same position elms. Here he feels that in the heart of the occupied by officers in a notoriously city, as in the bearts of its people, there is an and particularly dangerous neighborhood. To let such men remain unprotected and unguarded is like quelling a great conflagration without protecting the goods day follows day his allegiance appears to grow | saved from imminent danger. And if the government could not or did not prevent the murder of its principal agents, what can be said in its defence since it has failed utterly and confessedly in catching the murderers? The government blames the people; but that fact does not palliate the weakness of the government. and it can be paradise only where nothing is | And this weakness is purely personal. An army in the field and constantly surprised baffled, routed, may have excuses; still it has failed, and it will continue to fail, though it he authorized to shoot the enemy on the spot What, then, might be the gain when the repression bill becomes a law for thirty-six

months?" There can be no possible doubt of the failure of the coercion act. No such measure ever succeded. The people are against it; they will oppose its enforcement; they will devise means to defeat its purposes, and we will have the awful spectacle of a whole people banded together to render nugatory the provisions of a statute law which should have the moral But with each succeeding day that the support of the land in order to be potent or effective. We fear there is a dark day in store

HUBBELL. "Who is this Hubbell?" is a question asked very often of late by government employes, referring, of course, to the champton political assessor of the age, Jay Abel Hubbell. The New York Herald, with commendable enterprise, has been looking up the biography of this political trickster, and its "find" is just what might bave been expected. It transpires that one of the contributors to the biography of the Hubbells was Rev. William Arthur, M. A., father of President Arthur. Jay will be 53 years old, September 15. Concerning his family tree the Herald says: "The family is of Bedouin extraction, and its original title was Hubba, as appears by researches of Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, in the Tigro-Euphrates valley. From that region, in some unexplained manner, the Hubbells skipped to Denmark, and from Denmark they went to England on a freebooting expedition. The habit, it will be perceived, is hereditary. "Hubba, the Dane," says the record, "and his band of barbarians, landed upon the shores of Britain about 867. They took St. Edmund, the king, prisoner, but offered him his life and kingdom if he would forsake Christianity and reign under them. When he refused they tied him to a tree and shot at him with arrows, and at last cut off his head." This is pretty much the same kind of treatment which Hubba's representative in this generation proposes for officeholders who do not pay up the assessments. Richard Hubbell, a descendant of this murderous pagan, emigrated from England to Connecticut about 1647, and from him the present Jay Abel Hubbell is derived, the family migrating through Putnam county, N. Y., to Michigan, where he was born."

Jay was educated as a lawver, but retired from that profession in 1871, having made a fortune in mining speculations. He went to Congress in 1873, and has been there since. His achievements as a congressman or spoils man consist of helping Robeson out of his naval scrapes, aiding Michigan to get "unexpected appropriations" for her rivers and harbors and managing the political assessments in 1880, when he said of the Democratic candidate: "The Union soldier Hancock is but the mask which hides the trail of the rebel serpent. The hand is the hand of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob. Hancock chants the sweet music of the Union. but through it all, louder and shriller, is heard the old rebel yell!" The "bosses" of the Republican party are, no doubt, proud of this in educated circles in England, Gladstone unclean benchman, but the rank and file, we believe, despise him.

FIGHTING BRITISH GREED. When England gets a firm grip on a country she never lets go until she either reduces the people to absolute slavery or her hold is broken by force. Wherever she secures a footing there her traders and money-lenders flock. appropriate the best things to be found and gradually work their way into the resources of the country, until they own the land in absolute possession or by the agency of mortgages. British armies and fleets next come in to protect British interests, and finally the national spirit of the people is crushed out, and what was once a free and independent state is reduced to a condition of slavery and serfdom.

The history of England's conquests in every continent is the same. The results are the same. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Oceanica, we find her claws firmly set in the soil, and her system of government identical. Coercion is the rule, brute force the means, and burdensome taxation and iniquitous laws the outcome of her domination over all herforeign possessions. No dependency of Great Britain was ever contented under her system of government. There was always the spirit of revolt, and it was always kept in check by military force or by fraud. The American colonies rebelled and gained their freedom. Afghanistan, which is inhabited by a semi-barbarous people, rejects England's sway and seizes every opportunity to shake off the yoke. The Boers have forced her to concede autonomy; even the Zulus have repeatedly made bold to strike for freedom. Ireland has chafed under the chain for seven centuries, and will never be contented or happy until she has severed the unnatural connection.

And now comes Egypt with a vigorous protest against British rule and British domination over her territory and her material interests. The fair Nile land has gradually dropped into the hands of England just as the young spendthrift tumbles into the toils of the money-lender. She owes the London Shylocks a large amount of money, and the English cormorants have taken advantage of her embarrassing position to swoop down on her rich lands, to fasten themselves and their relatives on her civil service, and to carry away annually, in the shape of interest, salaries, perquisites and the products of the country, as much money as the revenues can yield. She has been slowly sinking into the condition of a dependency of the British crown.

The Nationalists have been chafing for years under this debasing situation. They have seen, as the Irish have seen, the first fruits of the people's toil and industry carried off by the foreigner. They have seen, as the Irish have seen, the spirit of the people growing weaker and more subservient as their burdens increased. They have seen, as the Irish have seen, that the longer this state of things lasted, the deeper they sank in the mire of dependency and debasement. And they at last determined to rid themselves of the voke. to make a bold strike for freedom and Egyptian nationality, and their instincts led them to heed the call and enroll themselves under the standard of Arabi Bey. And every people who are struggling for freedom from foreign rule, every people who by their blood and bravery have shaken off the voke of the stranger, must sympathize with the efforts of the Egyptians to assert their independence and advance the cause of self-government.

England has no more right to dictate to

States. The only reasons for her domineering attitude are that Egypt owes some money to attitude are that Egypt owes some money to her bankers and speculators, and that Egypt is regarded as a debt-ridden, weak military power. Arabi says his people propose to liquidate all their obligations and that they can do this by being left alone to develor their own resources. If England persists in robbing them yearly of the products of their labor, they cannot pay and they propose to change the condition of affairs. They have served notice on the leeches who have been sucking their very life-blood, that they must leave, and a few of the most persistent and arrogant were sacrificed to popular indignation and to the national spirit of liberty. The Egyptians have begun well. We hope they will continue the good work until the last vestige of foreign rule is wiped out.

#### NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

It is so hot in cities on the banks of the Mississippi that the steamboat captains have temporarily stopped lying because the effort is too much for them. Those hair-raising yarns of theirs will keep till fall.

If the patriotic geutlemen who, 106 years ago next Tuesday, affixed their signatures to the Declaration of Independence, could return for a season and view some of the proceedings in the Capitol at Washington, they would wonder at the power of a government by the people, and for the people, to preserve any sort of harmony among the constituents of their official descendants,—[Detroit Commercial Advertiser. mercial Advertiser.

Strikes seem to be "catching." Strikers say that the rent bill is what bothers them the

Two Circinnati lawyers who had arranged for a duel compromised on a big drunk. This probably made them feel worse than the effect of a duel would, as one is conducted in these

The Cincinnati Gazette says: "Our so-called statesmen, when they get into high places, have an aversion for the editors who made them. This is according to an order of human nature, and there is also a moral retribution in it; for prominent editors have foisted a great many shams into high places, furnishing them fame and all the brains they ever had "

General Garfield once said in Congress concerning the system of political assessments that it was a "shameful fact," and that "the practice affords a large so-called electioneering fund, which in many cases never gets beyond the shysters and the mere camp-followers of the party." He took a different view of the matter after his nomination at Chicago.

The preaching of the day would be greatly improved if our pastors realized that the world keeps itself from Christ because of spiritual inactivity or imbecility rather than from mental rebellion. Then there would be more preaching that wins faith, and less to tickle the intellect.—[Golden Rule,

"Can I afford it?" is the pecuniary problem that is puzzling many men who are being asked to run for office.

Sitting Bull draws a pint of whiskey per day as a government ration; and it's pretty hard to convince the settlers in his region that they're not in tough luck, in being born white men. [Somerville Journal. Professor Sumner says the whole philoso-

phy of wages was stated in a few words by a workingman a few years ago, and no economist can improve what he said: "I know when two bosses are running after one man wages are high; when there are two men running after the one boss wages are low;" that embraces the science, theory and practice of the whole subject.

It is said that the wealthy planters of the Sandwich Islands lend King Kalakaua money and really control the government.

It happened at the West Euc. The new neighbor's boy had called on a family across the street and borrowed flatirons, a kettle, broom, soap, a cup of molasses and a ladle "Do you want anything more?" was asked. "No, not today; mother said she would get better acquainted with you this evening, then I could call again tomorrow," was the reply. It is eight years ago this month since Charlie Ross was abducted. His father has not yet

given up the search. "Thought reading" is the latest amusement probably wishes that he could think out the

projects of his enemies in Egypt. Our rural friends are in town in goodly numbers, and we trust they will enjoy themselves

hugely today. A Colorado constable had a warrant for the arrest of a circus man for an alleged assault, but the circus man betook himself to the lion's cage, and safely ensconced therein taunted that constable and invited him in. The constable withdrew with his warrant unserved.

Dr. Loring is an exceedingly fair-minded man, and has distributed the patronage of his office with great impartiality between Demo-crats and Republicans.—[Washington corre-spondence New York World. A correspondent of the Hartford Times anxiously asks, "What is to become of our young graduates?" He says the professions are full, "and if the graduate has all the ability of Webster and Choate combined, by what means can he make people aware of the fact?" If a person has the ability of either of the above-mentioned gentlemen, let alone their

know it. It will stick out so prominently that there will be no hiding the fact. A Norwich woman who is harassed by debt has offered her wooden leg for sale for \$50. Guiteau's brain promises to still remain a

combined talents, there will not be the slightest

need of his using any "means" to let folks

puzzling problem to the doctors. California has four women lawyers. The average number of patents granted women, annually, is about sixty, and most of the feminine inventions relate to the lightening of woman's work.

The mind of Under Secretary Burke's sister, who lived with him, has given way. She has not shed a tear, and sits at the window, exclaiming at every footfall, "He is coming.

"I thought you said you couldn't afford to pay your assessment to the congressional com-mittee this year," observed a friend to a custom house employe, who had just responded to Hon. Jay Hubbell's appeal for cash. "So I did," replied the phlebotomized patriot, "but I've had a streak of luck since the time when I told you so. Last week they appointed me to pass the plate round in our church.— [Brooklyn Eagle.

A son of one of the Siamese twins, who graduated recently from the North Carolina School for Mutes, visited Staunton, Va., the other day. He is described as "a good-look ing young fellow," very bright and well educated. He is both deaf and dumb.

Do not wear your troubles and misfortunes all on the outside like an overcoat, but keep them hidden within, like a ragged-back vest. -[Lowell Citizen.

Conkling is getting rich, as a lawyer. Already over 300 persons have been killed this year by tornadoes. Even loafing has its dangers. A Brooklyn

policeman dislocated his shoulder while yawning and stretching himself the other day. The London News astonished its readers in a late issue by telling them about "A National Drunkards' Conference at Arnolds, Indiana,' which was "attended by 20,000 drunkards from all parts of the United States." John Bull has been fooled the same way that Americans were a few years ago by the Associated Press, which made a similar blunder. The Dunkards, a religious body, are the people

who held the conference. Since the first oil well was opened in 1859 the product of the wells has added \$1,500,-000,000 to the wealth of the United States in the value of the crude oil and its products. Today the product of these wells lights the cathedrals of Europe, the mosques of Asia, the pagodas of Japan and even the buts on Africa's sunny soil. Its exports are over "For God'sisake don't gamble, especially in



The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhea, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only \$1 per bottle or six for \$5, and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of either sex this compound is unsurpassed, as abundant testimo-

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy, whose sole ambition is to do good to others. Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs, A. M. D.

stocks." was the note left by Green, the Phil-

adelphia broker who committed suicide the other day. This is sound advice, but the egotistical chaps who "know it all" will always be numerous at the stock exchanges. Past iron strikes have generally lasted about four months and manufacturers have

succumbed. A party of vegetarians, boarding at a watercure establishment, while taking a walk, were chased by a bull. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing?" exclaimed one a day: see if I don't!"

"Men's night-gowns are made with pockets in them." This in case the wife of a man's bosom calls for a new bonnet in the dead of night he can immediately pull out his pocket-book and furnish her with the funds. A great saving of sleep to the husbands of the land.— New Haven Register.

Westerners are importing Norman horses for breeding purposes.

M. Lenormant is convinced that not Egypt, but Africa further south, is the cradle of the cat as a domesticated animal. Slavers probably brought large numbers of them to this country. This incident in the early life of Judge Underwood, recently appointed a member of the tariff commission, is told: His father, then a Federal judge in Georgia, was asked what his son's politics were. "I don't know," was the nonchalant reply; "I haven't seen the boy since breakfast.'

Scoffing Gentiles in Utah call the Mormon elders "old polygs." When the elders have three wives they are known as "three-ply

polygs." Hon. W. C. De Pauw of New Albany, Ind., proposes to give \$1,000,000 to Asbury University on condition that the citizens of Greencastle will furnish 100 acres of land whereon to erect new buildings.

the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the Garfield Memorial Church in Washington. although many, including the President, were invited. "The dead are soon forgotten." A member of Parliament, in discussing the

Not a prominent government official attended

A member of Farlament, in discussing the question of trial by jury in Ireland the other evening, became excited and exclaimed, "With trial by jury have I lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!" The roar of laughter which followed called the honorable gentleman's attention to the error he had made.—[Court Journal. Out of 869,000 persons engaged in business in the country, 3597 failed during the last six months, with aggregate liabilities of about

\$50,000,000. The Salvation Army of Europe has a yearly income of \$250,000 for the carrying out of it work.

The Watchman thus comments on the Guiteau case: "The murderer goes out into darkness. But the factious spirit that prompted the act is still abroad. Until the public service is rescued from the spoils factors and the atmosphere of public life purified from the tains of corruption, we are not secure against a repetition of the crime which has been tardily expiated on the scaffold."

The fool goeth out in a sail-boat when he doesn't know a boom from a breaker; but the wise man picks up pebbles on the shore and flirts with the girl in a pink dress.—[Detroit

It is estimated that every year there are from 1200 to 1500 railroad employes killed and from 5000 to 10,000 injured in this country. The late Mr. Emerson was once hunting for an article the name of which had slipped his impaired memory. With a twinkle in his eves he said to his daughter: "It is the thing

him his umbrella and all was right. The other day a club man in England was sentenced to eighteen month's imprisonment

that people take away." She at once brought

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the paie, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh neard oo more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite I rescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember, that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists, Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases on Women (96 pages). Address World's Medical Association, Buffale, N. K.

# ONE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

Two Excursion Steamers Collide on the Ohio.

A Full and Graphic Account of the Terrible Disaster.

A Partial List of the Unfortunates -The Cause of the Collision.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 4 .- The steamers Lomas and Scioto collided at Mingo Junction, and it is rumored that over a hundred passengers are lost. The Lomas had two singing societies from Martin's Ferry, composed of the best

people of that place.

The accident occurred at about 8.30 o'clock The Scioto, a side-wheel steamer, running be tween Wheeling and Mattamoras had been on an excursion to Moundsville under the auspices of the Wellsville Cornet band. She had left East Liverpool about 7 o'clock a. m., taking 200 passengers aboard there. At Wellsville above 300 or 400 more got aboard with a band, loading the boat to the guards with a mass of men, women and children. The steamer landed as Steubenville between 9 and 10 o'clock and refused to take any passengers, although several men and boys managed to clamber over the guards. She went on to Moundsville, and returning in the evening had reached a point just above Cross creek on the West Virginia side of the river when she met the John Lomas coming down in the middle of the river. The latter is a stern wheel boat which plies small stern wheel boat which plies between Wheeling and Martin's Ferry, and
had been to Steubenville. Onto, with an
excursion party of about 200 people from the
latter place. It was about 8.30 o'clock ween she
came in sight of the Scioto. The clouds had
mostly blown away, and it was quite light on the
river. The Lomas appears to have signalled first,
according to regulations, with one blast, to pass
on the left. In a few minutes the Scioto
responded with two blasts, and made for the
middle of the river. The Lomas then gave two
whistles, but the boats kept coming closer and
closer together. Orders were given to back the
engines, but it was too late to do any good. The
boats came together with a tremendous crash, the boats came together with a tremendous crash, the Lomas striking the Scioto on the larboard hand side just above the ash-box, tearing into her guards and making a large hole in her hull through which she began taking water at a rapid through which she began taking water at a rapid rate. As may be unagined, the confusion on board was terrible. The number of women and children was especially large, and as the boat began to settle at once, the scene was heartrending, parents looking for their children, hushands for their wives and wives for their husbands, while prayers and cries filled the air. The officers, be it said, to their credit, tried to keep the people cool, with the usual result in such cases, that nobody paid much attention to them. The boat began going down at once, and in three minutes there were five feet of water in the cabin and three on the lower deck. At least fifty of the passengers immediately jumped into the river, and their example was contagious. Many followed them at once like a flock of sheep, while others, more cool, made their way to the hurricane deck, where there was safety as long as it would hold up under the weight. There were a dozen or fifteen men laying drunk on the lower deck, and all were doubtless hurried into eternity without warning. The river seemed black with human beings and debris of all kinds. It will be days, at least, before the full extent of the disaster is known. There were three boats on the Scioto, and they were at once lowered. In the excitement the first was overcrowded and swamped, but it is believed that none of the inmates were entry, and aid good work in rescuing passengers. The Lomas was not much damaged by the accident, and after landing her crowd on the West Virginia shore she returned to help those on the hurricane deck of the Scioto. It required the greatest care in doing this work, first, to avoid turning over the Scioto to the Lomas, which might have been fatal. Four trips were made, and those on the boat were finally landed safely on the Ohio shore. The number of women and children

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER. A Graphic Description of the Horrors Witnessed at the Wreck-Thrilling Experiences of the Passengers on the Ili-Fated

MINGO JUNCTION.O., July 5 .- When Ileft Wheeling this morning the general beltef was that the nagnitude of the disaster, which took place here last night, had been greatly exaggerated, but I have changed my opinion. I have no words in which to describe the horrors of the scenes which which to describe the normal of the scenes which I have since witnessed, and while it is impossible at this writing to tell the exact number of lives lost, it can be safely asserted that the number will be largely in excess of that anticipated, and may reach 100. When I arrived at Mingo Junction, which is a small scattered village of only a few hundred inhabitants, I found the depot surrounded by an immense crowd of the same of whom had come to look for misslage of only a few hundred inhabitants, I found the depot surrounded by an immense crowd of people, some of whom had come to look for missing friends and others simply attracted by the fascination which scenes of horror have for all. As the train stopped, one dead body, that of C. E. Striger of Hammondsville, which had just been recovered, was lifted into the baggage car, and the whole car surged and shifted to get a glimpse of the ghastly remains. All was confusion; nobody seemed to have any authority; there was no recognized leader, and the large crowd, which could have been employed in rescuing the victims from their graves, stood around and talked of horrors which none but those who had passed through them could appreciate. From the station down to the river, a distance of about half a mile, the route was lined with people, some returning and others going to the scene of the disaster. On the way, a couple of hundred yards from the river, is a farm house, in the yard of which, laid out on benches, with faces uncovered and eyes staring blindly and stonily into the sun, lay the bodies of six more victims. No one at this time seemed to recognize the unfortunates, and they lay for hours while the crowds of the curious flocked around and gratified their passion for the horrible by gazing upon the drenened and lifeless forms. Shortly after I arrived, the coroner, Mr. Shannon, who, with his assistants, and been at the river bank, came to the farm-house, and behind him was borne in the rade, but kindly hands of his assistants, the body of a young girl. Evidently she had been both young and beautiful, and her attire now sadly disarranged and her blonde tresses dishevelled showed that she had been gently reared and tenderly cared for. But now the blue eyes were wide open, the lips parted, the face ghastly and distorted and her whole appearance such as to cause the beholder to turn away with a shudder. There was no mark of violence visible. She was only drowned. From the house down to the river the way lies through a d

The Scene of the Tragedy at once burst into view. The wrecked steamer lay about 100 yards from the shore with head up stream and pointing toward the Ohio, toward at once burst into view. The wrecked steamer lay about 100 yards from the shore with head up stream and pointing toward the Ohio, toward which she was moving when struck. The water was sweeping over her lower decks, and had been three feet deep in the cabin. The shore was lined with people and the river dotted with boats going to and from the wreck, while others were engaged in grappling for the dead. In the cabin the scene was pitith in the extreme. On every side, scattered just as they were left, were girls' hats, bonnets and trinkets, just where their owners had fiung them in the first agonizing moments. Chairs were broken, tables upset, doors wrenched from their hinges, and everything indicated the scene of terror and confusion that ensued when the boats were struck, and the terrible cry, "She is sinking," was first heard. Almost instantly the boat sank. The water rushed in with tremendous force, flooding the cabin to a depth of three or four feet, and causing the utmost consternation. Women and children were shrieking out in their terror, while men were bursting open doors and windows in the attempt to find a way of safety from the whelming flood. The upper windows were broken out, and those on the hurricane deck pulled their fortunate neighbors through the vacant spaces. In the midst of all this confusion the cry "Fire" was heard from some one on the lower deck. In a moment all semblance of order was lost and the crowds on the hurricane deck, who were then in absolute safety, jumped into the river in a vain attempt to save themselves, But for this it is slitogether probable that but little if any loss of life would have occurred. A fisherman named Brown, who is made of the stuff that heroes are, was riding on the rollers in the rear of the Scioto when she was struck. As she sank he ran his skiff to her side and grasped by the hair a woman who was sinking. He succeeded in the nerve and bravery they manifested. Some of them saved as many as five or six people, and none of them received anything for their se

Jumped to Her Feet and Sprang Overboard Without a second's hesitation young Jessup folor boots, and as the lady rose to the surface he caught her. After a terrific struggle, during which he swam over half a mile, he succeeded in landing her safely on the shore. Mr. Prosser, who lives in West Virginia, opposite Wellesville, spent the afternoon looking for some sign of his son and Daniel Malone, both of whom were on the ill-fated boat. Late in the evening he found his son's umbrella in one of the state-rooms, but so far has discovered no other trace of the missing by. No one was more frantic than Captain the surface of the Scioto, whose lattle son was lost.

and during the whole afternoon it was necessary to have him guarded in order to prevent him from throwing himself into the river. Late in the evening the body of the noy was recovered and taken to his almost crazed parent. About the middle of the afternoon Mr. Morgan, who lives in East Liverpool, visited the wreck looking for his wife and a niece, both of whom were on the boat. He found his wife's bonnet and the basket which contained the dinner of the two, but nothing else could be learned of them, and they are undoubtedly drowned. Last night it was rumored that the cash box had been stelen, but this afternoon Mr. Nudland, the manager of the excursion, stated that when the boat was sinking he seized the box, sprang overboard and swam to shore, when he threw it in a barrel of water that was standing there and found it today unharmed.

Wilson Hubbard, first engineer of the Scieto, was at the hoat and readily gave his version of the accident. He said that he was at his post when the Lomas first sounded her whistle, and answered it promptly. He insists that he was backing his engine when the Lomas struck the boat, that he had seen it was impossible to pass and was taking this means to ward off the danger, but that from bad steering or some other causes the Lomas came down head on and struck the Scioto on the bow, crushing in the side as if it was paper. When the boat sank, which was within three-quarters of a minute after she was struck, he jumped into a boat, but it, was so was within three-quarters of a minute after she was struck, he jumped into a boat, but it was so overloaded that it was swamped, and all were thrown into the water. He was afterwards picked

ip and landed without further damage. The gen-The Testimony Obtainable Here was that the Lomas was to blame for the collision, but at the same time it is undoubtedly true lision, but at the same time it is undoubtedly true that the Scioto was overloaded. Many persons who had been on the boat informed me that it frequently dipped water, and that the officers were continually moving the passengers about in order to keep the boat balanced. As near as can be ascertained, there were nearly, if not fully, 500 people on board, and even the lower deck was crowded, so that when the waves swept over it many were washed into the river and sank at once. It is said in further explanation of the disaster that the tiller rope of the Scioto had been broken and hastily patched, and it was probable that this was the reason she did not reply more promptly to her helm. His opinion is that had not the boat been so outrageously overleaded there would have been no accident, as from the best testimony obtainable there was plenty of time after the whistle was sounded for the boats to have crossed safely. The following have been recovered from the wreck: Dave Tago, Wellsville; Stewart Pipes, Wellsville; Harry Beadman and Carrie Beadman, Mattie Shields, East Liverpool; Cecil Spriggs, Hammondsville; Evan J. Buck, East Liverpool; Mrs. Belle Brandon, Wellsville; Joseph Connor, Wellsville; Miss Sallie Kiddy, Wellsville. Missing—East Liverpool, Columbus V. Armstrong, Lewis Harper, Charles Davisson, Harry Leithe, John Christy, Eugene Farmer, J. G. Thombson, Maria Booth, Lincoln Wright, Benjamin Stebbins, Lincoln and Tommy Beardman, Stephen Kent, M. Emesling and wife, David Fryed, Kenith Wood, E. D. Duffy, Arthur Hoogland; Wellsville, James Museman, Sam Hunter, Daniel Thomas, David Hogg, Eddie Thomas, Sarah Riddley, Edward Smith, John Tomlinson, Wilson Paul, John Christy, Daniel Hogg, Eddie Thomas, Sarah Riddley, Edward Smith, John Tomlinson, Wilson Paul, John Christy, Daniel Hogg, Eddie Thomas, Sarah Riddley, Edward Smith, John Tomlinson, Wilson Paul, John Christy, Daniel Hogg, Eddie Thomas, Sarah Riddley, Edward Smith, John Tomlinson, Wilson Paul, John Christy, Daniel Hogg, Eddie Thomas, Sarah Riddley, Edward that the Scioto was overloaded. Many persons Hogg, Eddie Thomas, Sarah Ridley, Edward Smith, John Tomlinson, Wilson Paul, John Christy, Daniel Hogg, Eddie Thomas, Sarah Riddiy, Edward Smith, Ellis Booth, G. C. Thompson, Maria Booth, Thomas J. Bailey, A. Woods, F. Kermech, J. Hart, D. C. Shannon, John Presser, Charles Elliote, William Kiddy, Welleville; Miss Dray, East Liverpool; A. E. Houghton, M. C. Stevenson, John Grounds, Lewis Harper, Charles Leith, C. B. Armstrong, A. W. Ewing, Wellsville. The total loss will probably exceed 100. The crowd on the boats was certainly not less than 500, and probably numbered 600 or 700.

His Story of the Collision-The Lomas Responsible in Not Obeying the Signals of

the Scioto. PITTSBURG, July 5 .- The pilot of the Scioto was off the river for some years, and was keeping a saloon in Wheeling. His account of the disaster is in effect as follows: The collision occurred just at the foot of Mingo island. The night was not exactly a moonlight night, as the sky was partially clouded. When we first sighted the Lomas she was passing the island, while I was hugging the Ohio side of the river at the point and had Clint Thomas with me at the wheel. Being the descending boat, the Lomas had the first whistle, which she should have given when distant 800 yards. This she did not do, and I remarked to Clint that I wondered if she ever was going to signal. Just as I said this the Lomas blew one whistle, signifying that she wanted the Ohio shore. At that time we were about 400 or 500 yards apart and I did not think I could make the Virginia shore in time. So I answered with two whistles and the Lomas responded with two. When I blew two whistles I signalled below for the engineer to reverse his engine, which was immediately done. The Lomas, instead of bearing off to the Virginia shore, curved in toward the Ohio shore, and struck the Scioto about ten feet from the stern. We were then about 250 feet from the shore, and slightly quartering with both wheels backing. Our boat commenced sinking immediately, and in two or three minutes it settled to a depth of two or three feet. The Lomas landed her passengers as quickly as possible and came to our rescue. the foot of Mingo island. The night was not ex-

# FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The Captain Reported Bging from Grief. PITTSBURG, July 6.-Five more bodies were reforty men went down with skiffs and a cannon from East Liverpool, and are doing good work. A great many bodies are lying in the engine room and under the boat, and want of necessary appa-A great many bodies are lying in the engine room and under the boat, and want of necessary apparatus prevents their recovery. Grappling tools, diving belis, etc., are on the way from Pittsburg, and when the wreck is raised at least thirty to fifty bodies will be found. The missing are increasing. Every hour brings people hunting for absent ones, and gives names not given before. The dead as soon as they are recognized are moved promptly to their homes. The friends of the lost ones are cutting through the state-room floors and despoiling the boat generally in their search for bodies. The boat will probably not be raised until tomorrow. The number lost is now estimated at seventy-five, but as the passengers were from widely-separated places, and many from the country, the full extent of the disaster cannot be ascertained for some time. Some think the number lost will reach 125 or 150. It is reported that Captain Thomas of the Scioto is dying of grief and remorse.

One Hundred.
PITTSBURG, July 7.—Five more bodies were re-

covered from the wreck today. It is now certain that the total loss of life will exceed 100. The steamer was not raised today, but a diver went steamer was not raised today, but a diver went down and explored every part of it. He found no bodies, and believes there are none in the wreck, they having been washed out by the current. Some of those recovered today were found at a distance of two miles below the scene of the collision. It becomes clearer and more conclusive every day that whiskey was at the bottom of the collision, some of the officers of the Scoto and many of the passengers being almost helpless from intoxication at the time. There is a rumor to the effect that a party of girls were in the pilot house of the Scioto, and one of them answered the signal of the Loubas and did it wrongly. David Alexander, one of the pilots of the steamer Scioto, who was at the seen of the Scioto, who are at the wreck, with the steamer Welcome toward recovering the dead bodies is about all that could be done under the circumstances. As to where the blame should rest, Alexanderfdeclined to express an opinion, further than that from his netimate knowledge of the river at the point where the collision occurred he thought the Lomas had no right to whistle for the right side, as she is reported to have done. Captain Thomas of the Scioto, is insane at the loss of his

Still Searching for the Victims PITTSBURG, July 8. — The bodies of seventeen more of the victims of the steamteen more of the victims of the steamboat disaster were recovered today, making thirty-eight in all. About sixty persons are still missing, but some of them may turn up alive. None of the bodies were found in the wreck of the Scioto, but were taken from the river at different points, some of them seventeen miles below the scene of the collision. Two or three thousand anxious people have lingered round the wreck all day looking for missing relatives or friends. It was discovered today that an English family, lately arrived from the old country, whose names are not known to their neighbors, embarked on the ill-fated boat and have not since been heard of. Citizens of Wellsville have organized a committee and will prosecute the search for bodies. They have called upon the City Council to appropriate money to pay the expenses. A boat will be procured for Sunday, provided with new skiffs, etc., to gather bodies found where railroad communication cannot be had. Boats are at work towing the wrecked Scioto to the shore.

A New Shipbuilding Enterprise. NEW YORK, July 8 .- Capitalists from Boston New York, July 8.—Capitalists from Boston and New York have purchased the tract of land at Bay Ridge, on the shore of New York bay, for the purpose of establishing ship yards for the building of iron and other vessels. The officers of the company are: Waldo Adams of Boston, manager of the Adams Express Company, president; William B. Dinsmore, secretary, and Henry Crask, treasurer. The cash capital is \$1,000,000.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., January 31, 1879.
GENTLEMEN-Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and most say they afforced me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf.

THOMAS G. KNOX.

TARRED AND FEATHERED.

The Jurisdiction of Judge Lynch Enlarged.

The Green Mountain State Taken Into His Circuit.

Paul Ellis Gently Choked for a Criminal Assault.

On Thursday night, at about 10 o'clock, says a despatch from Rutland, Vt., to the New York Sun, from fifteen to twenty men surrounded the house of Timothy Coakley, a well-to-do Irish farmer in the town of Shrewsbury, a mountain town a dozen miles east of Rutland. The leaders of the party called at the door and explained that they wanted Paul Ellis, whose reputation was not the best, and whom they charged with attempted criminal assault on the fourteen-year-old daughbegin working for Mr. Coakley the next day, and had just arrived there. In opposition to the wish of Coakley, but on the assurance of one of the leaders, who is a justice of the peace, a number of men crowded into the house and tied a rope around Ellis' waist. The entire mob grasped the rope, which was over thirty feet long, and dragged the map out of the house and down the road to a spot over half a mile from the house. Here a halt was ordered, The rope was shifted from the man's waist to his neck, and the other end thrown over the limb of a tree. Whether Ellis was actually hanged, or was, is hard to determine at present. He says that he was pulled up a number of times and threatened with death unless he acknowledged the attempted assault. The lynchers, who Talk Freely of Their Exploit,

and seem proud of it, said they only threatened. what he thought was his dving prayers, and adwhat he thought was his dying prayers, and admitted a number of petty thefts, all the while begging most piteously for his life. At length he was treated to a coat of tar and frathers, and, more dead than aive, turned loose in the woods. Among the party of lynchers, besides the justice of the peace, were a number of wealthy and influential farmers; in fact, every farmer of wealth within a radius of many miles being among them, and the father of the zirl, Charles Gleason. Investigation, in which every prominent actor was interviewed, including the victim of the lynchers, makes the attempted assault somewhat questionable. Gleason, the father of the girl, is a very poor farmer, owning a mountain farm mortgaged for more than it is worth, on which a precarious living only can be made. A tumole-down rookery of a house shelters the father, two girls, and two boys. The mother is railying from a recent confinement at her brother's, in Boston, for they are too poor at home to furnish proper food and treatment. Forty rods from the house is the district school, with twenty or more pupils, and windows and doors wide open. The alleged attempt occurred on June 19. That morning Ellis was at Gleason's house when the latter left for Rutland. Gleason owes Ellis money, and Ellis savs he tried to borrow more, but was refused. Gleason admits that he was trying to get money to pay his taxes with, but denies asking Elis for it. On the other hand, he

Charges Ellis With Having Stelen \$5 while he was in the house. After Gleason left the girl commenced churning, and she says that it girl commenced churning, and she says that it was while she was at this work that Ellis attempted to assault her, but she ran into the house. Ellis says that she asked him to neip her churn. Three times Gleason visited the house where Ellis boarded, once meeting him, and each time threatening his life and displaying a large knife. On Thursday Gleason came to Rutland and purchased tar. The lynching was talked of on Wednesday night, but a sufficient crowd could not be got together, and it was put off until Thursday night. In the whole town of Shrewbary only two families were met with who sided with Ellis—the Coakleys, where the abduction took place, and one other. Ellis occasionally gets drunk, but is a first-class man on the farm. He gets high wages, hoards a little, and always has money about bim. Saturday he turned up in Rutland, and, although somewhat sore from being hauled a half mile over a rough road, is in seemingly good condition. The justice also was in town, and the two met. High words followed, and Ellis was arrested, charged with drunkenness. His trial occurs this morning, in which some of the facts may be brought out. The people of Rutland, as well as Shrewsbury, uphold the lynchers. This is on account of the poor character of Ellis and the wealth of those engaged in the lynching. Ellis has two brothers here, who have the respect of the community. The local daily newspaper, after giving some meagre facts in relation to the case this morning, came out with a stinging editorial atricle demanding the punishment of those engaged in the outrage. was while she was at this work that Ellis at-

# A PECULIAR "CASE."

A Man Hugs His Grandmother and Breaks

(San Francisco Chronicle.) There is a "case" on the practice book of a weltto constitute a warning, and is, besides, an into constitute a warning, and is, besides, an in-teresting surgical example of "the discohesive yielding of the flexions in old age," as the doctor has it. Some months ago a young man arrived in Oakland from Montana. He proceeded at once to the house of his parents. The door was opened by the young man's grandmother, then nearly 70 years of age, and for whom he entertained a most commenda-hle affection. The young man as a great favorite his parents. The door was opened by the young man's grandmother, then nearly 70 years of age, and for whom he entertained a most commendable affection. The young man was a great favorite with the oid lady; when he was a mere child she had made much of him, and had sympathized in his boyish troubles and had furnished him the sinews of war for many a youthful frolic. He had been a good and grateful grandson, and naturally, as they had been parted for several years, the greeting was an effusive one. But the old lady failed to realize that her favorite was no longer a budding stripling. The full-grown, bearded man before ner, with brawn on his shapely limbs and toiltoughened muscle on his sinewy arms, was thirty pounds heavier and more than a little stronger than the boy whom she had kissed and sent to bed for the last time eight years before. And on his part the young man did not realize that "gran'ma" was no longer the vigorous lady whom he had played with rompingly as a merry schoolboy in their far-off Eastern home. To his glad, grateful, grand, filial breast he caught her aged form, and hugged her tight with the warm impulsiveness of impetuous youth. Had she been the usual sweetheart there might have been no worse result than a fractured section of the whalebone or a momentary cessation of not too necessary inspiration. As it was, the old lady said, simply, "Oh my!" and sank back upon his shoulder in a "dead faint." When she recovered from that she complained of a grievous pain in her right side. A physician was seat for, and his examination showed that three ribs had been dislocated by the "grand filial hug," and that the situation was a critical one, owing to the old lady's extreme age and to the fact that she was rather portly, and bandaging would, therefore, be deprived of nuch of its effectiveness. The old lady has been under medical treatment ever since, and is not at present suffering much pain. Her disconsolate and unreasonably self-reproaching grandson is her most devoted attendant.

Two Pennsylvania Wretches Knock Down BRADFORD, Penn., July 6 .- Two dissolute characters named J. D. and Julian Rhodes are under arrest for the murder of their mother. The two brothers got into a quarrel over some insurance money paid over to their aged mother, who was in the room. Words were succeeded by blows. The old lady tried to separate the wretches, who turned upon her, knocking her down and dragging her all over the floor. When picked up life was extinct.

A Wilmington, Vt., man extinguished his twenty-third bear last week. A Rutland, Vt., widow of 64 summers has just captured her seventh husband, a comely youth of 74.

F. S. Putnam wears through Hartford streets an umbrella hat attached to his shoulders by wires

Gilford, N. H., can boast of a young lady who yokes the oxen, and of another who runs the mowing machine.

Alarge number of Portuguese laborers are being imported into the northwestern part of Vermont A large number of a charactering part of Vermont to work on farms.

General Tom Thumb went blue fishing the other day at Warsham, and landed ten fish whose combined weight was greater than his own.

Roger Hodgkins, driver at one of the Packard yards, Bath, Me., drives a horse that will chew tobacco. He has renamed him "Jumbo."

It was an astute mail clerk who interpreted the following direction, "Chorm, Vt.," as "Shoreham, Vt.," and sent the letter accordingly to that post office.

office.

The Portland (Maine) city government is considering the advisability of appointing a female city physician. There are three women doctors in that city.

A Johnson, Vt., man recently fell into the river, which was filled with a log drive, and floated along under the logs for fifty rods before he discovered an opening.

Selectman Omau of Pittsfield was driving along the shore of Onota lake recently, when he saw a large black snake, which he says was fully five

feet in length and as large around as a man's arm. A large bull-head was squirming near it on the ground, with which the reptile seemed to be playing as a cat does with a mouse.

What De Voe, the New Jersey Prophet Has to Say About It. De Voe, the New Jersey weather prophet, has this to say about July:

The month of June is at its close, and it will be

this to say about July:

The month of June is at its close, and it will be long remembered on account of its frequent and heavy thunder showers. About nine inches of water fell in this section, and an unusual number of houses, barns and trees have been struck by lightning. During the past six months as much rain has failen os usually falls during a whole year, therefore many have come to the covelusion that our rainfall for the rest of this year will be very light. This is a wrong impression, for more rain will fall during the month of July in this vicinity than has failen for the same month during the past ten years. The thunder showers will increase in force, and they will begin on the first day of the month. From present indications the Fourth of July will be a delightful, cool day, just warm enough to be comfortable, and no showers. The warmest days will be the 3d, 9th, 15th, 23d and 29th. The cool days will be the 4th, 6th, 12th, 19th and 27th. Thunder showers will occur about the 1st. 3d, 8th, 15th, 24th and 31st. The people need not fear Vennor's frost; there will be more danger of getting sunstruck, especially about the 15th. The rainfall for the month will be about eight inches. There is no indication of any cold storms during the mouth. The thunder showers will advance from the northwest, and the temperature raises rapidly, it shows that a belt of showers is advancing, and it will make its appearance suddenly; so that pleasure seekers should bear this in mind, and act by faith and not by sight, and seek a place of safety. About the 9th unusually heavy showers will occur at Long Branch. The people of lowa will not be troubled with any cyclones during July; but these unpleasant and destructive storm belts will enter the western part of New York State, and as they approach the people should remember to throw every win-

SERIOUS ACCIDENT. Three Boys at Lewiston, Me., Fatally In-

jured by a Powder Explosion. LEWISTON, Me., July 9 .- Early Wednesday three pounds of powder exploded in the house of Mrs. Knowies on Hammond street alley, probably fatally injuring her two sons, George and Joseph Knowles, and Richard Laghton, the son of a were playing with powder which they found on the fireworks grounds last evening. The powder was probably a cannon charge. The house was badly damaged.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Nine hundred and twenty-seven Mormon immigrants, arrived in New York on the steamer Newada last week.

Newada last week.

The assessed valuation of real estate in New York City is \$1,035,203,816, an increase of \$58,468,617 over last year.

William Edwards, a well-known lawyer of Detroit, Mich., has been arrested for forging Judge Hapd's name to a note for \$900.

Two colored boys shot Denson Caldwell while he was sitting in his yard in Concord, N. C., inflicting a dangerous wound. The boys were arrested.

Charles Lunt, 13 years old, son of Aaron Lunt, late of Charlestown, Vt., died of lockjaw at Haverbill Thursday, the result of wounding with a toy pistol a week ago.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad has organized a savings bank system and building fund by which its employes may obtain loans to build homes. The company guarantees the system.

H. J. H. Plant, of the tirm of Plant & Co., clothing merchants, St. Louis, Mo. disappeared on Tuesday. It is said that business troubles may possibly account for the disappearance.

The Boston built keel week Crister.

1880, with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. While Emma and Sallie Lee of Lincoln, Neb., aged 18 and 13 years, were heating curling tongs, their clothes caught fire and both were fatally burned. The mother and another daughter were slightly burned while endeavoring to rescue them. The Highland Junction Railroad and Bridge Company, whose bill for the bridge over the Hudson at Cornwall, Governor Cornell vetoed, say they will build the bridge anyhow, as they long ago secured the passage of another bill to the same effect.

effect.

Joseph Pichette lost his hat from a passenger train on the Worcester & Nashua railroad near Worcester. He jumped from the train after the hat, receiving a fractured skull and other severe injuries, necessitating his removal to the City Hospital.

injuries, necessitating his removal to the City Hospital.

James and Ernest O'Grady, belonging to a gang of horse thieves, were arrested in a cave three miles from Glen Falls, N. Y., Thursday, after a desperate encounter, the thieves firing several shots at the officers. Other members of the gang are being closely pursued.

A line is to be constructed from St. Jerome, Que., to a point on the Canadian Pacific railway near Lake Temiscamingue. The owner will be the old Montreal, Ottawa & Western Railway Company. The line will be 200 miles long, and work will be commenced immediately.

E. Cowlee, editor of the Leader, Cleveland, O., Wednesday, brought his difficulty with Bishop Gilmour to a focus by commencing a suit for damage, based on a letter published by the bishop in the Press of last Monday evening, which alleged cruel treatment of his daughter on the part of Cowles.

The National Music Teachers' Association, Friday afternoon, at Chicago, elected the following officers: President, E. M. Bowman of St. Louis; secretary, W. F. Heath of Fort Wayne, Ind.; executive committee, A. A. Sloan, Robert Bowman, E. E. Holt, with a large number of vice-presidents from every section of the Union.

A few days since a band of Mexican revenue officers crossed the Arizona line fifteen miles into the territory in alleged pursuit of contraband goods. They raided a ranch near Arivaca, killing the ranchman and pillaging his property. It is believed that, while the raid was conducted by revenue officers, the real object of the invasion was pillage.

over sixty corn canneries in the State of Maine annually put up nearly 12,000,000 cans. An exchange has made an estimate of the cost at which corn is prepared for the market. The farmer is said to receive three cents for the corn contained in the can; the tin and solder costs three cents, and the remaining four or five cents goes to the manufacturer for putting up and marketing. The can contains twenty-six ounces of corn, so that farmers raise from 1000 to 3000 cans per acre, the average being about 1500, giving it a cash value of \$45. There are several factories in Massachusetts, but Maine is said to put up one-third of the corn canned in the country. third of the corn canned in the country.

The Latest Thing in Cuff-Buttons. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris Voltaire writes that a young Nihihst called upon the chief of police in St. Petersburg a short time ago, and on being admitted to his presence avowed himself a member of the revolutionary party, and stated that he had been sent to warn the Emperor stated that he had been sent to warn the Emperor that if he granted a constitution he need foar no conspiracy, but that if he persisted in his reactionary policy nothing could save him. At this point in the interview the police officer seemed anxious to call in assistance, but the young Nihilist stopped him and added, "I do not wish to be subjected to the indignity of torture. In coming here I have sacrificed my life. I could have killed you, but we do not commit murders uselessly." With these words he stepped back a few paces, and knocked two large buttons with which his cuffs were fastened against his forehead. The buttons being full of an explosive substance burst, and inflicted such wounds on the young man that he expired in a few moments, leaving no trace as to his identity.

Watermelon Sugar.
[Rome Courier.]
Mr. W. W. Seay of Rome, Ga., one of the best

Mr. W. W. Seay of Rome, Ga., one of the best chemists in the State, is experimenting with water-melons for the purpose of extracting sugar. His experiments so far, in a small way, induce him to believe that a fair lot of melons contain an average of 7 per ceut. of saccharine matter, or pure sugar. He estimates that on one acre of good land suited to their growth 34,500 pounds of melons would grow, and these would produce at 7 per cent. of saccharine matter 2415 pounds of sagar, and worth, at ten cents, \$24150.

IP you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have fro-quent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's Gold-en Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

A Synopsis of the Week's Events on State Street-Stocks Becoming More Active, with Prices Ruling Firm. STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, }

The past week has been rather a short one in

financial circles; the Stock Exchange held no session after their adjournment on Saturday last until Wednesday, and although the banks were open ou Monday, but little business was done. For a short time past rates for money have ruled slightly stiffer, and there has been a little more running around than has been usual of late in shifting of loans and searching for accommodation. This has not arisen from any scarcity of money, in one sense, or from any sudden or greatly-increased demand for accommodation, but from the banks expecting a call from the Treasury Department at Wa-hington as to their condition, etc., about this time, and have been preparing for it. Now that this call has been made as to their condition on July 1, the banks have nothing more to expect on this score for some time to come, and it is probable ness in the money market will rule. The week closes with good business paper ruling at 5 per cent. discount. While ranging from 41/2 @ 51/2 per cent., prime corporations notes and acceptances are quoted as held at 4 per cent., with but limited transactions at any price; collateral loans on call range from 4 @ 41/2 per cent. lateral loans on call range from 4 @ 4½ per cent.

and up, according to the nature of the security.

Note brokers are doing a fair business to parties other than the banks at 5 @ 6 per cent. Country banks are taking good local paper at about 5½ @ 6 per cent., while savings banks are taking good morgages at 4½ @ 5 per cent. per annum, and loaning their surplus funds on call at 5½ @ 6 per cent. The rate for balances between banks today was 5½ per cent.

come o'er the spirit of the scene," and appearances would indicate that the market is on the eve of the long-promised, long-looked-tor bull movement. A leading feature of the market has been its general exceeding strength, in the face of exceeding dulness; it has been noted for its quick railies, subsequent to occasional declines, and also that many of these downward reactions was not responded to by the whole list, but was generally confined to a few stocks under manipulation. This was particularly noticeable on Wednesday, when Louisville & Nashville and Denver & Rio Grande were the weak spots, the general market suffering to a comparatively slight degree, and on Friday, when, during the morning hours, prices were weak and drooping, followed at about moon by a quick permanent rally, closing strong at more or less of an advance for the day. This improvement, together with renewed activity, were prominent throughout today and prices closed at about the best figures made, and showing, when compared with the opening prices, an advance of 44,613/s per cent., and in Louisville & Nashville an advance of 44/s per cent, from 673/s 071/s. The other most prominent stocks were St. Paul & Denver, 1% each; Cleveland, Columbus & Indiana Central, 11/4; Northern Pacific, preferred, 11/s; and Pacific Mail, 1 per cent.

Private information from reliable sources report that St. Psul & Omaha, Missouri, Kaneas & Texas, Texas Pacific and Central Pacific will see much higher figures before the present rise is over. But notwithstanding the bullish indica-

of the water. Should active hostilities be engaged in, it would be difficult to say what the effect on prices would be. It would not be at all improbable that at first they would settle off, owing to sales of American securities now held abroad and shipments of gold from New York. In fact it is reported today that while London is not doing much in our securities, the inclination appears to be to sell. Whatever the first effect may be, however, this country can hardly fail to be againer in the end.

The bill spoken of by us last Saturday as having passed the House, granting authority to the secretary of the treasury to issue \$200,000,000 of 2 per cent. interest-bearing bonds, has excited considerable discussion of the ability of the government in floating such a loan. It is argued that while the 3½ per cents are selling at 100½ @101 ex-interest, it would be impossible to place a 2 per cent. bond, redeemable at the pleasure of the government at par, although it is stated that several prominent bankers and syndicates stand ready to take them at this figure. It is generally believed, however, that money is to be worth much more than 2 per cent., and, indeed, more than what it is now quoted at, before the year is out. The good feeling now being exhibited among New York stocks is also felt among our "home productions" by increased activity, improved tone and general strength of prices. This afternoon there was even a collection of brokers in the "gulch," a previous happening of which the memory of man goeth not back to (?). I was to be sure an "Atchison crowd," as this was the principal stock dealt in, sales having been made as high as 90%, and closing, so far as a closing price was obtainable, at 90'45 bid. Predictions are freely made that the price will reach par in a short time. The rise is based on the exceedingly favorable crop reports from Kansas, atong the line of the Atchison road, and upon large purchasing orders for the stock received from Chicago. Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon sold after the board at 72.

Severnment Bonds.

NEW YORK, July 10-10.20 a. m.—The following are the opening bids for government bonds today as compared with those of Saturday:

compared with those of Saturday:

Bid Bid
July 8. July 10.

Continut 6s.r100½ 100½ US Cur6s'96.130 130

US4½\*\*\* 91... 114 114 US Cur6s'97.130 130

US4½\*\*\* 91... 114 114 US Cur6s'97.130 130

US4½\*\*\* 118% 118% US Cur6s'99.130 130

US4.; 1907.c. 118% 118% US Cur6s'99.130 130

US4.; 1907.c. 118% 118%

here has been a light trade, owing to the holi-t the market is in a satisfactory condition and e firm. Factories on all lines are running on

cite has been in good demand. The retail demand is good.

COFFEE.—The market for R os has been firm, with a fair demand, Mid grades have been in fair demand, and the market is steady. We quote sales at 1½c \$\overline{B}\$ in for fair cargoss; Wocha, 27@28& \$\overline{B}\$ is for fair cargoss; Wocha, 27@28& \$\overline{B}\$ is, and 11½c \$\overline{B}\$ is for inferior and orime.

COPFES.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 28c \$\overline{B}\$ is; and Boits and Braziers' Copper at 30 \$\overline{B}\$ on Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 20c \$\overline{B}\$ is. And Vellow Metal Roits at 22c \$\overline{B}\$ is. Ingot Copper has been quiet at 1\$\overline{B}\$ 134 \$\overline{C}\$ is to CORN.—The market for corn is firm, with light receipts and higher prices at Chucago, and prices have advanced 2@3c \$\overline{B}\$ bush, We quote sales of No 2 and high mixed at 92@93c \$\overline{B}\$ bush; steamer mixed and yellow at 91@92c \$\overline{B}\$ bush; and no 2 rade at \$\overline{B}\$ is bush; To arrive from Chicago Corn is ansettled and prices are nominal: \$0.001c is saked for high mixed and No 2 corn is held at 91½c \$\overline{B}\$ bush.

DRIED APPLES.—The demand for Dried Apples high mixed and No 2 corn is held at 911/9c #bush. DRIED APPLES.—The demand for Dried Apples continues very light and prices are entirely nominal. We quote sales since out last of Southern quartered at 40/4/9c # h; New York Guartered, 40/60/9c # h; New York Guartered, 40/60/9c # h; do sliced, 41/9/60/9c # h; h; do sliced, 41/9/60/9c # h; h; do sliced, 41/9/6c # h; do common to good, 10/213c # h.

DRUGS.DYES AND CHEMICALS.—There has been very little change and trade has been moderate. We

day.

OYEWOODS.—St Domingo Logwood has been in moderate demand, with sales at \$2.024 \$1 ton. A lot of 50 tons Mexican Fustic has sold at at \$29 \$1 ton. Lima Wood is quiet at nominal prices. In Sapan Wood nothing has been done. Lima Wood is quiet at nominal prices. In Sapan Wood nothing has been done.

EGGS.—The market has ruled firm, as receivts have been light, but the demand is not active, and larger supplies would be likely to cause a decline. We quote sales of Eastern at 20c 署 doz; New York and Vermont, 19½20c 署 doz; Canada, 19近19½c 署 doz; P E Island and Nova Scotta, 112019½c 署 doz; West ern, 17½2018½c 署 doz; TEED.—The sales of Shorts have been at \$18 50@ 19 50 署 tork Feed and Middings are scarce and prices are nominal. Cotton Seed Meal is quiet at \$31@32 ætton.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad has organized a savings bank system and building fund by which its employes may obtain logns to build homes. The combany guarantees the system.

H. J. H. Plant, of the tim of Plant & Co., clothing merolemis, St. Louis, Mo., disappeared on possibly account for the disappearance on possibly account for the disappearance on the possibly account for the disappearance of 4½ per cent., from 67½ 671½. The other possibly account for the disappearance on the possibly account for the disappearance of the disappearance of the Oseego, N. Y., theseag, against the crack centreboard boats of the Oseego feet by thirty seconds over a first the very continuation of the possibly account for the disappearance of the oseego feet by thirty seconds over a first the very continuation of the possibly account for the disappearance of the oseego feet by thirty seconds over a first the very continuation of the possibly account for the disappearance of the oseego feet by thirty seconds over a first the very continuation of the possibly account of the disappearance of the ose of the ose

measurement goods; to Sydney 20@224/9c & foot for measurement goods, and 20@224/9c to Adelaide for measurement goods; and to New Zealand ports 25c for measurement goods; and to New Zealand ports 25c for measurement goods; and to New Zealand ports 25c for measurement goods. By steam to Liverpool—Provisions, 12s 6d; butter and cheese, 20s; cotton, 4/9d; leather, 30s; sack flour, 10s; measurement goods, 10s 0d/0d/15s; grain, 4d. Rates to London—Flour, 2s 0d; measurement goods, 15s 0d; sack flour, 15s 0d; grain, 4d; butter and cheese, 25s 0d; provisions, 20s 0d. Glasgow—Grain, 2d; provisions, 10s 0d; sack flour, 6s 3d; barrel flour, 9d. Coal freights from Philadelphia rule at \$1 35 0d 40; Baltimore at \$1 35 0d 140; Alexandria and Georgetown, \$...0\(\varphi\). New York at \$1 15 \(\varphi\) ton—FRESH MEAT,—There has been a fair demand at steady prices. We quote the sales as follows; beef hindouarters choice, 144/26154/9c \(\varphi\) to common to good, \$260c; Mutton, extra, \$201c; common to good, \$360c; Spring Lamb, choice, 12\(\varphi\) 15/9c \(\varphi\) to common to good, \$260c; Mutton, extra, \$201c; common to good, \$260c; Common, \$460c; \$260c; common to good, \$260c; \$2

good, 8@9e W fb; do common, 4@9e W fb; do workester county choice, 10@12e W fb; do do common, 7@ 0e W fb.
FRUIT.—There has been small. We quote \$2.70

Bid Bid July S.July 10.
Content of Carl 100½ US Curds 36. 130 130
Content of Carl 100½ US Curds 36. 130 130
US Curds 36. 130 130
US Curds 37. 130 130
US Cur

@...c R gal, Tar continues quiet and sales have been confined to small lots at previous prices. Rosin and NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of Soda has been in

RYE—The market is dull and prices nominal. We quote at 90292c % bush.

SALT.—No receipts the past week have been heavy. There continues to be an active jobbling demand for liverpool coarse, sold to arrive at \$1 6021 75 % had in bond. Trapani commands \$17521 87½ % had, in bond. Trapani commands \$17521 87½ % had, div paid. SALTIETRE.—There has been a good demand for Saltpetre, and sales have been at 544654c % but now held higher.

SEEDS.—Calcutta Linseed continues quiet; sales have been nominally at \$2 052 10 % bush. Western laxseed is steady; sales have been at \$14061 45 % bush. Grass Seeds have been at \$14061 45 % bush. Grass Seeds have been quiet and sales have been confined to small lots. Prices are nominally the same.

We quote the sales of Straits at 221/4@221/2C fix—We quote the sales of Straits at 22442222926 % b: and Emaiss at 23426 % b.

TIN PLATES.—The market is quite firm for Tin Plates, with a good jobbing demand, and sales have ranged from \$5.2528 % box, as to quality WOOL.—Sales include Ohlo and Pennsylvania X and XX fleeces at 40442c. Michizan Wool is scarce and quiet, with sales of good and choice lots of X at 3826 406 % b. In combing and delaine selections very liftle has been done. We quote prices at 45248c % b. but quotations are for the most part nonmai. Pulled Wools are quite steady, with sales of choice Eastern and Maine at 4524c, but super have been largely in the range of 34240c. Best California pulled ranges from 40245c % b.

SATURDAY, July 8.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Were quiet, but firm when sound; sour flour, however, rather weak We quote: Flour—No. 2, \$2 \$30\$3 60; superfine, \$3 65.94 50; common Minnesota, \$4 75.00 40; clear, \$6 90.08; Western shipping extras, \$4 55.00 25; St. Louis common to fancy, \$4 75.00; patents, \$7.00 25; city mill extras, \$6 20.06 65; Southern bakers and family brands, \$5 50.07 75; Southern shipping extras, \$5 75.06 675. Rye flour—Superfine, \$3 65.04 10. Corn meal—Western, etc. \$4.04 50; Brandywine, \$4 50. Rye feed, \$26.027; wheat feed, \$14.08 for coarse, and \$26.025 for fine.

COTTON.—Spots 1-16c higher; sales, 579 bales; middling uplands, 12 15-16c; do Guif, 13 3-16c. Futures were very boyant, closing firm at 18.04c for

8714c; August Care Space Seller the year. 84c. No 2 mixed oats weak; July, 6214c; August, 5214c; tentember, 4854c.

GROCERIES — Rio coffee was quiet but firm at 914c for fair cargoes; Maracaibo in good demand and firm; 2400 bags ex "Avila" sold on D. L., quoted 814c/318c. Rice quiet and unchanged. Grocery molasses quiet, but refining stock more active; here and in Philadelphia 1800 hhds altogether seld, at 30c for 50-test. Raw sugar was steady but quiet, at 714c/37sc for fair to good refuling; sales, 1000 hhds and 780 bags at 73-16 dord of one of the fair to good refuling; sales, 1000 hhds and 780 bags at 73-16 dord of one of the fair to good refuling; sales, 1000 hhds and 780 bags at 73-16 dord of one of the fair to good refuling; sales, 1000 hhds and 780 bags at 73-16 dord of or fair to good refuling; sales, 1000 hds and 780 bags at 73-16 dord of or centrifura; refined quiet; hards, 914c/31015c; standard "A." 9694/se.

SUNDRIES.—Rosins quiet, common strained, \$2; good strained, \$2.074c. Spirits of turpentine steady at 46c on the spot, in yard; jobbing lots, 47c; 200 bbis sold, to arrive Monday, 454cc Refined netroleum for export firmer at 7c; home trade lots, 344c; crude certificares higher at 5344c/364c. closing 564c/3656sc; August, 574cc; September, 593cc; October, 615cc; November, 637kc. Hay quiet, and only choice timothy is steady. Straw dull. Medium to prime timothy hay, 70c/90c; shipping grades, 55-66c. No. 1 rye straw, 60c/36c, Hops quiet but steady, in sympathy with the London markets; State crop, 1881, 30c/36c; Lastern, 25c/32c; crop 1880, 20
25c. Ocean reights steady and moderately active; grain to Liverpool by steam, 4d; bacon, 17s 6d(20c); cheese, 228 6d(20c) steam, 4d; bacon, 17s 6d(20c); cheese, 228 6d(20c) steam, 4d; bacon, 17s 6d(20c); cheese, 228 6d(20c) steam, 4d; bacon, 1804/sd(44c); do from Philadelphia to Elsinore for orders, 4s 3d; naphtna hence to Bordeaux 4s.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.1

GLOUCESTER, July 8—[For the week past.]—There have been 102 fishing arrivals, as follows: From Western Banks, 24, with about 1.200.000 pounds codfish and 30,000 pounds hallbut; 25 from Georges, with about 330.000 pounds hallbut; 25 from Georges, with about 330.000 pounds hallbut; 4 from the Banks, with 200,000 pounds hallbut; 4 from the Banks, with 200,000 pounds hallbut; and 49 from mackereling, with 14,000 barrels of mackerel. Total receipts, 1.520.000 pounds coddish, 253,000 pounds hallbut, and 44,000 barrels mackerel. The market for sait codfish is firm at following prices; Large Georges Cod. 26 Fatt; medium do 0. 54 57 ½; large dry cured Bank Cod. 25 25 Fatt; medium do .54 57 ½; large dry cured Bank Cod. 25 25 Fatt; medium, 24 50 Fatt; large shore Cod. 25 25 Fatt; medium, 24 50 Fatt; large shore Cod. 25 25 Fatt; medium, 24 50 Fatt; large. We note last sales, out of nickle, with barrel, at \$5 peobarrel for rimmed, and \$4 rer barrel for plain. Halibut Heads, \$3 Fatt; Cod Tongues, \$8 Halibut Fins, and Napes, \$4 25 Fatt; Cod Tongues, \$8 Habit. Tongues, 30 Fatt; Ins and Napes, \$4 25 Fatt; Cod Tongues, \$8 Habit. Tongues, 30 Fatt; Ins and Napes, \$4 25 Fatt; Cod Tongues, \$8 Habit. Tongues, 30 Fatt; Ins and Napes, \$4 25 Fatt; Cod Tongues, \$8 Habit. Tongues, \$8

## FIGHTING ACROSS FENCES.

The Union Left at the Battle of Stone River.

Bragg's Desperate Attempt to Crush It Back.

Artillery Fire Which Annihilated Whole Regiments.

[Detroit Free Press.]

We have seen the right of the Federal army in the first day's fight at Stone river driven back on the centre and defeated -the centre driven back and rallied and saved by the gallant Rousseaunow what of the left?

Bear in mind the plan of battle. McCook on the right was a pivot. He was to hold his ground, and the centre and left were to advance—the left sweeping through Murfreesboro. Hold fast to one end of a stick and sweep the other over the nd and you have Rosecrans' plan. But Bragg had exactly the same plan, only on his other flank. Breckenridge, on his right, was the end of the stick to be held down, while his centre and left were to make the sweep. Bragg had the greater

momentum, and success was his. The left began its advance early in the mornning, and a part of the troops had already crossed Stone river and begun skirmishing when the battle on the right opened. The disaster to McCook checked all further advance on the left. With the right gone and the centre gone the left would be lucky in holding its own. Indeed, it most reinforce the hard-pressed right. It was holding its ground under the fire of clouds of sharpshooters and dozens of pieces of artillery when the mighty new centre was beaton back. When that avalanche struck the Federal wall and was broken it slid down along the lines until it reached the left, and there it rallied for a new move. Rosecrans was there in person. He saw it coming, and he prepared for it. No private soldier was more exposed that day. He rode where

Batteries Had Found It Too Hot to Stay. He dashed into and out of showers of bullets unburt, while scores fell to rise no more. When the storm burst upon the left it came with a roar and a scream and a rush which carried the Centederates past its flank and into the rear. Then brigades could have fallen back without stigma, and companies might have run over each other without reproach. The left was assailed from front and right, and a tremendous effort was making to burst through the spot where it joined the centre. But there was no falling back—no confusion. When it was known that the Confederates had bassed the flank the Federals simply swing back and faced to the left and fought on. General Hazen with his Second Brigade had a a scream and a rush which carried the Centedswing back and faced to the left and fought on. General Hazen with his Second Brigade had a position behind what some Federal writers have termed the "Burnt House." It was a brick farm house which had been knocked to pieces by Loomis' battery to clear a sweep for its guns. His lines ran mostly in the cover of the woods, with an old cotton field in front, and the last regiment rested on the Nashville railroad. Some of the companies had the rail fences for cover, while others were flat on their faces behind the oaks and cedars.

others were flat on their faces behind the oaks and cedars.

The Confederates soon appeared on his front, their artillery posted in the edge of the woods and firing too high to do injury to the men hugging the ground. First came a thin line of skirmishers, and then a division broke cover and advanced in splendid order, flags flying and the ground trembling under their treac. They marched straight down on Hazen's thin front, but they never reached it; as they halted to fire their first volley

that further advance was impossible. In five minutes they were falling back to reform and try it again, but again the result was the same. The fire of the Confederates was so high that the lines a quarter of a mile in rear of Hazen lost three men to his one.

cure no his one.

Cruft had moved up with Hazen. He had a more desperate toe in his front, while his lines did not have as good cover. After some sharp lighting he gained the fence which then and yet skirts the edge of the cotton field, and here he waited for what he knew would not long be delayed. When the Confederates came out of the woods it was with a determination to walk over waited for what he knew would not long be de-layed. When the Confederates came out of the woods it was with a determination to walk over him. Had they epierced his lines Grose's brigade must have surrendered, for it was already fighting on front and flank. Standart's battery was on the knoli-just in rear of Cruft's centre, and the mement the gray lines broke cover they were in point-blank range of grape and canister. It was hurled into them with awful vengeance. The flags of three or four regiments went down time after time, and every discharge opened lanes through which the Federal infantry could see the cedars behind, but the one battery was not suffi-cient to check them. The ranks spread out to cient to check them. The ranks spread out to Under instructions from the officers the soldiers held their fire until the line was hardly a stone's throw away. Then it was delivered with such effect that every fourth man went down. There was a momentary panic, but the living leaped over the dead, to close up, shoulder to shoulder,

In the Rush the Fence was Gained.

Here for five or six minutes took place a combat seen but once again during the entire war. The Federals held one side of the fence for half a

The Federals held one side of the fence for half a mile, the Confederates the other. Guns were rested on the rails and discharged at men little more than a foot from the muzzles, and the bayonet was used over and over again on both sides all along the line.

"We tried to tear the fence down," said a Confederate officer to me, "but your men jabbed us with the bayonet and struck us with clubbed muskets. I had that left hand on a rail, in the act of climbing over, when a Federal smashed it out of shape with the butt of his musket, and at the same moment the man next to him jabbed his bayonet at my head and took my hat off. The smoke settled down like a fog, and of all the screaming, yelling and cursing I ever heard in a charge, that fight for the fence heat it. Some of our men who mounted the fence were pulled over and made prisioners, and men were shot at such close range that their clothing was set on fire. It seemed to me as if we had been there an hour when the recall ble w, but I afterwards ascerained that it had not been fitteen minutes since we left the woods. We could not carry the fence, and we had to fall back."

Cruft joined the centre with his right. If he could be routed the centre could be flanked and driven. He realized this and he prepared for a second onslaught. While the Confederates were reforming, his regiments replienished their cartridge boxes, some of them were advanced or retired to secure better cover, and hundreds of the soldiers

Protected Their Front with Logs and Sods. In twenty minutes they were ready. So were the Confederates. Driven back to the cover of the woods by Cruft's terrific fire, with General Chalmers wounded and a dozen lesser officers killed or out of the fight, the Confederates massed for a second attack. They knew that the right had been driven and the centre was hanging by its teeth. They were told that if they could break Cruft the fight would be won, and they were told that one desperate dash would break his lines. This information was answered with cheers. Hundreds of men threw off their overcoats and hats to make ready. Scores who had been slightly wounded took their places in the ranks for another advance. The fire of the battery was to be avoided this time by a rush. Looking down over the muddy and blood-stained field from the edge of the cedars the spectacle was appailing. Three hundred dead lay as they had fallen, and an equal number of wounded were crawiing to and fro to seek safety in the depressions. Beyond them was the fence and its blue-coated defenders—beyond woods by Cruft's terrific fire, with General Chalnumber of wounded were crawing to and fro to seek safety in the depressions. Beyond them was the fence and its blue-coated defenders—beyond the fence the battery which had created such havoc. The men could be seen standing at the leaded guns and making ready for the coming advance.

Readed guns and making ready for the coming advance.

At the boom of a single field-piece from the gedars every piece of Confederate artillery on that front opened fire for about five minutes, and then the gray lines moved forward with a rush. The Federal battery opened on them, but they advanced so swiftly that they were soon out of the fire, and then the second terrific struggle for the possession of the fence began. Volley after volley crashed into the advancing lines, but the lines broke up into groups and mobs and pressed forward.

but the flankers had scarcely passed in when they were destroyed. In spots it was torn down a most to the ground, but not a Confederate passed brough the gaps. Right there, face to face, bayonet to bayonet—the one would not retreat—the other could not advance. It was a fierce riot of blood and carnage. Not a prisoner was taken on this line in that second advance. The bayonet and the clubbed musket took the place of powder and bullet, and the cry for quarter was answered by a thrust or a blow. Whenever the Confederates wavered they were encouraged by fresh troops, but that simple fence, laughed to be corn by engineers as a defence, was a bulwark which perhaps saved Rosecrans on that day. After nearly baif an hour of close and deadly dighting the Confederates failed to carry it on a single spot, and were rolled back to the woods. The two Federal regiments had fired an average of fifty-five rounds per man, and during the influence sent to the rear to replenish their cartridge boxes. most to the ground, but not a Confederate passed

It was the Mineteenth Ohio and the First Kentucky which now moved to the front. The ground in front was covered with skirmishers and sharp-shooters, and the regiments had scarcely swung into position before they were ordered forward with the bayonet. It was a gallant but an illadvised movement. With a yell and a rush, Kentucky leading and Ohio supporting, the Federals as hechaeres the field at a charge havenets and

would not obey the recall until they had swept

Here They Came Under the Confederate

and of a sudden were charged in turn and hurled back in great disorder and with heavy loss. The Confederate body which swept these regiments

back in great disorder and with heavy loss. The Confederate body which swept these regiments back secured a foothold between Cruft and Hazen and opened such a cross-fire on both as obliged either to fall back. In this movement both brigades were severely handled, and one of the "novelties" would have been captured, so great was the loss of horses, had the retiring men not drawn them off by hand. Cruft and Hazen, after such fighting as is never seen twice in a campaign, and after winning victory over and over again, were crushed back to the pike in 2 mob, but to rally again and renew the fight with all their former desperation.

When Breckenridge struck the Federal left he found Gross there with the Forty-first Obio, One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, Ninth Indiana and Sixth Kentucky. They were under cover of the fences and cedars just beyond the cleared ground. It was just such a position as Cruft held, except better cover for the Federals. The Forty-first Obio was down in front along the fence, and when the attack ran down the lines the Buckeyes were in for it at once. A whole brigade advanced straight upon them; and here, too, there was a fight over the fence—a conflict which did not end until the cartriage boxes of the Forty-first were half empty. Some of the men had fired thirty rounds in twenty-five minutes. Lelp was company, but before it came there was another rush at the fence, beaten back as the first had been, and yet it left the Onioans without ammunition.

For the Second Time in That Fight,

as on the first day with Greusei's brigade, was seen the curious spectacle of a regiment holding seen the curious spectacle of a regiment holding its ground without a cartridge to fire. The Confederates could not be rolled back to the wood at this point. They could be flung back a few hundred feet, just outside of the cloud of smoke, but they would raily and push roward again. Beyond them was the One Hundred and Tenth Illinois, similarly situated, and a courier went back to Grose with the information that the two regiments were out of ammunition. The Ninth Indiana were in reserve. They were ordered down to relieve the front and they moved on the run, cheering and yelling under a Confederate artilery fire which killed thirteen men while the regiment innoved across a space of thirty rods.

But Grose had to go. When Cruft was pushed back Grose had to follow to save his flank. In this retrograde movement the Sixth Kentucky, Confederate, swept across the field to push thein with the bayonet. The Sixth Kentucky, Federal, was in the rear. The lines were dressed, and then came the commands:

"Halt—about face—fix bayonets!"

It was Kentucky against Kentucky. Both sides knew it. The Sixth Confederate also halted and dressed and fixed bayonets, and the charge was made by both at the same time. They met under the oaks—in the cedars—in the glades, and for five minutes a bloody whiripool sailed round and round, carrying life after life with it. Then the mob fell into lines, the lines drew away from each other, and 150 dead men were its ground without a cartridge to fire. The Con

Left in the Woods to Attest the Ferocity of the Grapple.

When Grose fell back he had to change front to prevent the Confederates from sweeping around to his rear. He had characterized the previous fighting as terrific, but the climax was to come. Throwing the Thirty-sixth Indiana forward into fighting as terrific, but the climax was to come. Throwing the Thirty-sixth Indiana forward into the dark woods to protect his flank, followed by the One Hundrea and Tenth Ohlo, he found the forest literally swarming with Confederates. The Federals broke their lines and took to trees. Indian fashion, and for ten minutes the conflict in this spot raged with such fury that Rousseau, in the centre, heard it above the roar of his cannonade. Of the nearly 700 men lost by Grose in that battle, the greater part were killed in that spot of wood inside of ten minutes. Of the seventy-four officers in that total, forty were killed or wounded right there. One company in the Ipdiana regiment was commanded by five different officers in fifteen minutes. The Federals were gradually pushed back out of the woods, but this was their salvation. As soon as they had retreated beyond the batterles, waiting for the movement, the artillery opened with such effect that the Confederate advance was checked right there, nor did it ever recover sufficiently to pass it.

pass it.

More than nineteen years after that battle I looked over that piece of forest to note the de-structiveness of the artiflery fire. The Federal battery at that point consisted of fourteen guns, some of them of large calibre, and they were massed to cover a front of about half a mile. Round shot, shell, grape and canister were freely

The Range Was Not Beyond What a Navs Revolver Would Carry

and kill a man. Imagine, if you can, the effect of fourteen pieces of artillery turned loose on the strip of forest, hurling into it every missile of death used in war. At least 150 pounds of metal per five seconds, or 1800 pounds per minute, were hurled into those woods for twenty minutes—say thirty-five tons in all. Cedars as large as a man's leg and twenty feet high were torn up and hurled along. Oaks as large as a man's body were splintered as if struck by lightning, and many of them were cut clean off just above the ground. The fire which Magruder's men received from the funboats in Turkey Bend at the battle of Malvern Hill was no comparison to it.

"I was over the ground two days after the strip of forest, hurling into it every missile of

Hill was no comparison to it.

"I was over the ground two days after the fight," said a farmer living in the neighborhood, "and it was the most awful sight man ever saw. All the dead were torn to pieces, and scores of the pieces were resting in the tree tops. That tree self have taken half a dozen grapeshot from the trunk. In that crotch up there, full fifteen feet trunk. In that crotch up there, full fifteen feet from the ground, rested a mass of puip and cloth which had once been a man. The tree was best smeared with clots of blood and dabs of burnt fiesh, and the smell in this piece of woods would have driven a dog away. I could have picked up a hundred heads, arms and legs between here and that cedar, and in spots it looked as if a dozen men had been torn to pieces in a body."

The Confederate advance was checked, but yet they remained in such close proximity that a

The Federal Line Had to Be Retired

It was noon now. Overhead the dark clouds were sailing away and the sun was shining down on the dark and bloody woods—the carnage of the cotton field—the dead on their backs on the cold od, but he had driven the Federal right and centre, and he was now preparing to roll a wave against the plucky left which should overwhelm it at the first dash.

A TRUE FRIEND. Promising a Dying Man the Best Funeral Ever Seen in Leadville.

[Exchange. The sun was sinking behind the snowy peaks of the Rockies, gilding their glistening tops with rosy light, as poor Dave York was borne by the rosy light, as poor Dave York was borne by the boys to his cabin. He had been terribly hurt by a blast in the mine. They carried him into the rude hut, and laid him on a pile of soft bear-skins before the fire. He was suffering intensely, but he bore it like a hero. There they left him with his partner, Dan Hamilin. Dan sat beside the injured man and held his hand, while the tearsilently flowed down his sunburned cheek. The sun went down. The room grew dark, and the dancing flames in the fireplace made the shadows leap up and down on the wall. For a long time the two partners were silent. At last the injured man spoke.

man spoke.

"Dan, I'm going over the range," he said.

"No, no, old pard; don't say that; you will scoop the pile yet."

"No, Dan: no. Old Death holds four aces to my two pairs. I must pass in my checks. Old pard, we're worked together, gambled together, got drunk together and fought together for four long years. I the ward to part."

drunk together and fought together for four long years. It's hard to part."

"You bet it is, pardner."

"But it has got to come, old man. Dan, you've stood by me always. We've accumulated quite a little pile. There's no one on earth has so good a right to my share as you. It's yours, Dan, when I am gone. But, Dan, promise me one thing."

"Anything, old pardner."

"Gimme a bang-up funeral!"

"I will, old pard."

"See that there's a good pair of flyers on the hearse. Of course, you'll race going to the cemetery. I never was beat in a race while living; don't let 'em get ahead of me at my funeral."

"They shan't, Dave."

"And, Dan, see that there's plenty of liquor at the grave."

the grave."
"I'll have a barrel, Dave."
"And in the fight at the cemetery see that there is at least three men killed. I don't want any

"I'll kill the men myself."
"And, Dan, don't you think it might give tone to the thing to lynch the undertaker?"

"It might."
"And you will do it?"
"We will, pardner. And after we've got the "We will, pardner. And after we've got the ceremonies at the grave aitended to, we will come back to town and have a dance and the biggest drunk ever seen in Leadville. You shall nave the best funeral ever seen in these parts."

"Dan, yer a true friend. Good-by, old pard, I'm goin! Good-by, good.—"

Dave York had gone over the range.

Brudder Gardner's Rules for Life.

Brudder Gardner's Rules for Life.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Honor yer fader and your mudder, but doan' end de ole man any money onless you have good security. Come down liberally to creet churches; but if you have any brick to sell ask de contractor full price. Do yer dooty by orphan asylums, but don't board any orphans fur less dan \$3 a week. Love your naybur as thyself, but see dat he returns yer shovel and spade an' rake in good order or make him pay de retail price. Be honest, but doan' let a grocer imagine dat you buy a quart box of strawberries expectin' to git ober a pint an' haif. Obey de law, but doan' clean out yer alley onless yer naybur does. Be seen often ag church, but doan' argy dat de preacher knows de aige ob de world an' de area of Heaben any better dan lots of odder folks. Support de cause of eddecation, and yit remember dat some of our biggest foels am people who have been stuffed full-of-it.

CURIOSITIES OF DEATH.

The Mere Act of Dying Seldom a Painful Process.

Some Interesting Experiences and Scientific Experiments.

Life Marked by the Same Phenomena With Which It Began.

IN. S. Dodge.1

A physician of nearly forty years' extensive practice in Massachusetts stated, as the result of his observation, that, at the time of death, there was never any unwillingness to die. This remark being made in the presence of Rev. Dr. Addison of Trinity Church, Washington City, called from him the rejoinder that he believed it to be true; and he cited, as an illustration, the case of a young man, in the full possession of all his powers, physical and mental, struck at his hotel, but a few hours before, with a mortal disease, and informed that he could not live till night, who accepted the inevitable, as if prepared for it by some subtle process of nature, with entire calmness. Death is so dreadful to those who look on that it is natural to transfer the feeling to the one dying. But in all cases where acute pain is not wearing out life, a careful diagnosis will show both the approach and presence of death to be both the approach and presence of death to be positively pleasant—as pleasant as the approach and presence of sleep. Of course this does not include violent death. And yet capital punishment, wounds received from casualties or in battle, drowning, starving, freezing, or being torn by wild beasts, cause, when productive of death, less pain than is usually supposed. Dr. Adam Clarke, the commentator, was recovered from drowning. He states, "All my views and ideas seemed instantly and entirely changed, and I had sensations of

The Most Perfect Felicity that it is Possible, independently of rapture, for the human mind to feel. I had no pain from the moment I was submerged; a kind of green color became visible to

merged; a kind of green color became visible to me; a multitude of objects were seen—not one of which, however, bore the least analogy to anything I had ever beneld before."

Captain John Vaughan Graham of the royal navy, who went down in the George, and was resuscitated after more than three hours' manimation, states that he "had no sense whatever of suffocation. He saw the shun shining through the

suscitated after more than three hours inabiliarition, states that he "had no sense whatever of suffocation. He saw the shunshining through the water, and had a dreamy feeling that he should see it no more. But he felt no fear, nor any desire for rescue. He had a delight in groping at the bottom of the water, and a feeling of anger towards those who drew him out. There was no pain, and the reminiscences of all the events of his life produced pleasurable sensations."

Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, gives the following account of being seized by a lion, and of his sensations: "Starting up and looking half around, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly, close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was

No Sense of Pais nor Feeling of Terrer,

No Sense of Pala nor Feeling of Terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operations, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking around at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessering the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him. His gun missed fire, and the lion immediately left me."

It is not quite certain that dying at the stake is intensely painful after the first scorch of the flames. If it were it is hardly possible to account for the endurance of some of the English martyrs. Bisloop Hooper lived in the first forty-five minutes, and died with perfect calmness. His legs were charred and his body blistered before the pile was entirely ignited—the wind blowing the flames aside, and the fire being twice re-fed with fargets. Ridley at first struggled in agony, but afterwards. aside, and the fire being twice re-fed with fargots. Ridley at first struggled in agony, but afterwards became quiet, as if the sense of pain were gone. Robert Smith, being well nigh half burned, and clustered together like black coals, suddenly rose upright before the crowd, lifted up his arms, as if in defiance of his enemies, and clapped his hands together. Indeed it is not certain that excessive bodily pain does not end towards death in positive pleasure.

Nearly all the Martyrs, Whether Catholics or Protestants,

succumbed at first, and afterwards were either patient or full of rapture. It is recorded of Theodosius of Bythinia, who was so exquisitely tortured for his religion that he nearly died, that, when asked how it was possible to endure such torment, he replied: "At first I felt some pain, but at once there stood by me a young some pain, but at once there stood by me a young person who wiped away my sweat and so refreshed me with cold water that I no longer suffered."

The groans and sereams of the wounded and dying on the battle-field are well enough in poetry, but have no existence as a matter of fact. An exclamation in an ordinary tone of voice, upon first being shot, a request made to a comrade to be helped out of the way, and a sigh or two, long grawn, as the breath leaves the body, sum up the noise made by the dying from wounds received in battle.

noise made by the dying from wounds received in battle.

The mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a painful process. It is true that some persons die in a state of bodily torture, as in the case of tetenus; that the drunkard dying of delirium tremens is haunted by terrife visions; and that the victim of that most horrible of all diseases in hydrophobia, in addition to those peculiar bodily sufferings from which the disease derives its name, may be in a state of terror from the supposed presence of frightful objects, which are presented to him as realities, even to the last. But the general rule is, beyond all doubt, that both mental and bodily

Sufferings Terminate Before the Scene h

Finally Closed. During the frightful days of the French revolution, when heads fell by scores every day, and the very gods seemed athirst, there was a popular the very gods seemed athirst, there was a popular belief that sensibility remained for a longer or shorter time after decollation. It was said that a blush suffused the cheek of Charlotte Corday; that the eyes of Mme. Roland, which were large and expressive, opened as if with a sense of surprise; and that the lip of Philip Egalite curled in unmistakable scorn when his head was held up to the multitude. Analogy between this reputed retention of sensibility in the trunkless head and the locomotion of fowls, after their heads are off, was attempted to be shown. Recent experiments. attempted to be shown. Recent experiments however, indicate the idea to be a fallacy, as the

however, indicate the idea to be a fallacy, as the following account proves:

"M. Bonualout had ready near the guillotine, under which two Arabs were to be executed, vessels filled with pulverized plaster, placed on a low table. His friend, associated in the experiment, was provided with a small speaking trumpet and a sharp pointed probe. At the instant the first head fell it was placed in one of the vessels containing the plaster, in order to arrest hemorrhage. The speaking trumpet was then applied to the ear of the head and the man's name shouted through it, but there was neither motion of the eyelds nor corrugation of the brow; the eyes were dull and motionless, the complexion coloriess,

The Expression of His Face Not Indicative of Pain.

Neither were the muscles contracted upon being pierced with the tube. With the second head the results were the same. The syncope induced by the section of the large arteries instantly produced death. It was the old belief handed down to us from the grim creeds of the middle ages, that religious faith alone disarmed death of its terrors. There is no doubt that a firm reliance on God as our Father, which is the great truth taught by Jesus, gives equipoise to the mind. It does so alike in health and sickness; but it neither creates nor removes the fear of death. That fear, happily, is independent of religious moods or faiths. At the decadence of the powers in old age; upon a sudden attack of a fatal epidemical disease; after the occurrence of a sudden death to a relation or acquaintance; or when discovery is made of a mortal disease within the system, the influence of religion to calm the feelings cannot be denied. But it is rarely perceptible when death is actually impending. Whether it comes to the old, who are ready.

Like ripe fruit to drop pierced with the tube. With the second head the re-

Like ripe fruit, to drop
Like ripe fruit, to drop
Like ripe fruit, to drop
Like the mother's lap,
or to the Lefevre of Sterne, where the soldier,
after the tongue is silent, "looks first at his son
and then at my uncle Toby;" to those who retain
all their faculties, or others who make no sign,
the dread is removed and the change welcomed. In Regard to the Premonitions of Death

there is ample room for scepticism. The disease of and order his tomb; the salutation of Wolsey to the abbot of Leicester, dramatized by the great master; the prediction of the renowned confessor, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel; the whining cant of Foote, when Weston died, "soon shall others say, 'Poor Foote!" the last picture of Hogarth, which he entitled "the end of all things," adding, 'this is the end,' and a hundred like records of eld biographers are to be regarded as merely curious coincidences, if not old wives' fables. John Hunter said upon this subject, with his usual terse clearness, "We sometimes feel within ourselves that we shall not live; for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." His own case was one of the marvels of which he and order his tomb; the salutation of Wolsey to communicate the intermented the brain. His own case was one of the marvels of which he offered this rational explanation. He was aware that he had long labored under disease of the heart, and that the disorder had reached a point at which any sharp agitation would bring on the crisis. On the 16th of October, 1793, the beard.

with whom he had a difference, was to meet, and Hunter prepared to keep his promise. He was aware of the risk he ran, if, as was likely, he should be opposed; for he had no control over his temper, and he expressed his fears that a dispute would prove fatal to his life. Arrived at St. George's Hospital, he found the board assembled, and entering the room

Presented the Petition of the Young Men and proceeded to urge the propriety of their being admitted. In the course of his remarks be made some observation which one of his colleagues speaking, retired from the table, seemed struggling to repress his emotions, turned into an adjoining room, and fell dead upon the floor.

There are many versions of the premonition said to have been received by Thomas Lord Lyttleton. That which seems to be authentic is by William Russell, an organist, of Guilford, whose company was much courted on account of his musical talent, and who was a visitor at Pitt Place on the night of Lord Lyttleton's death. It is as follows:

"My lord dreamed that Mrs. Amphlett, mother flatly contradicted. Hunter immediately ceased

Place on the night of Lord Lyttleton's usass. It is as follows:

"My lord dreamed that Mrs. Amphlett, mother of a lady he had seduced, appeared to him and predicted his death at 12 at night on the third day following. Lord Lyttleton was at this time in a very bad state of health in consequence of his excesses and was subject to nervous hysteria. On the foretold third day he had a party of friends to dinner. He was in a state of some agitation, and told the story of his dream. The guests sat late over their wine. Lyttleton referred constantly to his dream, until, during his temporary absence from the table, they determined to set forward the clock. Upon returning one of them said.

"Yeu Have Luckeved the Chost, My Lord;

"You Have Jockeyed the Ghost, My Lord; It's Past 12."

He went immediately to bed, sending his valet for some mint water. During the servant's absence the clock of the parish church pealed the true midnight hour, and upon his return he found Lord

Lyttleton dead.

In this case the reaction from a state of fancied security to that of dreaded danger no doubt caused the very catastrophe his friends had endeavored to forestall.

security to that of dreaded danger indouts caused the very catastrophe his friends had endeavored to forestall.

In old age life is singularly marked by the same phenomena with which it began. The circulation first announced existence; it ceases last. The right auriele pulsates first at birth and stops only at death. Reason loses its faculty of association; recollections take the place of judgment; the senses vanish in succession; what has been the prevailing passion, though concealed since childhood, is now unveiled; and the thoughts of adolescence, bounded by the old limits, confused and incapable of judgment or will, dwarf the man to his second childhood.

With incomparable skill Shakespeare makes Mrs. Quickly describe not only the maunderings of old age, but the prognostics of death, in her account of Falstaff's death.

"A made a finer end, and went away as if it had been any christom child. 'A parted even just before twelve and one, e'en at turning of the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way;

For His Nose Was As Sharp As a Pen, and

For His Nose Was As Sharp As a Pen, and 'a Babbled of Green Fields.

'How now, Sir John,' quoth I; 'what, man! be of good cheer.' So 'a cried out, 'God! God! God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with such thoughts yet; so 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the ned and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone."

For centuries it was customary in England to jerk the pillow from under the head of dying persons to hasten their departure. In Holland, when a child is departing life, persons shade it by the hands from the parent's gaze—the soul being supposed to linger in the body as long as a compassionate eye is fixed upon it. The custom of placing a feather near the lips, to ascertain whether the breath has really left the body, is as old as our race. Shakespeare represents Prince Henry as having been deceived when he carried off the crown from his father's pillow:

By his gates of breath

By his gates of breath There lies a downy feather, which stirs not; Did he suspire, that light and weightless down Perchance must move.

Perchance must move.

In Devonshire, England, when one is dying it is customary to unfasten every lock and boit in the house, as well of trunks and chests of drawers as of doors and windows. The reason assigned is, that the parting soul may both take leave of all familiar objects and also have free egress from its house.

"The Passing Bell" was Universal in all the cathedral towns of England up to the beginning of the present century. Its dicates its meaning—the bell was tolled when the soul was passing from this lite. An old canon of the Church of England is express on this subject: "And when any person is passing out of this life 'And when any person is passing out of this life bell shall be tolled, and the minister shall not a bell shall be toiled, and the minister shall not then be slack to do nis last duty." At Dewsbury, in Somersetshire, the passing bell has been toiled for many centuries on Christmas eve. The popu-lar and probably true explanation of this strange custom is that it is the devil's knell—he having died when Christ was born. In many parts both of Great Britain and the United States there is a superstition preserved in the distich:

Happy is the bride the sun shines on; Blessed is the corpse the rain rains on. Blessed is the corpse the rain rains on.

It is a curious but well established fact, that at all the hours from 10 in the morning until midnight deaths more rarely occur than from midnight until 10 in the forenoon—the latter being 45 per cent, more than the former—and that more deaths occur from 5 to 6 o'clock in the morning than during all other hours of the day.

Within seven or eight hours after death a rigidity comes upon the body. It is not confined to the external muscles, but is manifested in the great or lesser blood vessels, and in the hear. The duration of this rigidity is ordinarily from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, when it entirely

passes away. When the Body is Greatly Emaciated or weakened by disease, or distorted by longcontinued pain, it comes on sooner and is more evanescent. The researches of physiology fail to

continued pain, it comes on sooner and is more evanescent. The researches of physiology fail to account for it. It seems like the final act of life, and has been supposed to be the last effort of muscular power. The analogy it presents to the coagulation of the blood has led to the belief that it was dependent upon that. Neither of these solutions is now regarded satisfactory. The peculiar beauty of the human face in death, that "rapture of repose" to which Byron alludes in the "Giaour," improves as the rigidity passes away from the body, and is most perfect three days after death.

It was for a long time a popular superstition that the countsnance preserved in death the impress the mind made upon it in dying. Such is not the case. Neither anger nor ferocity, as might be supposed to exist where death came from assassination; neither fear nor anguish, where it occurred from the torture of the rack, remains upon the features. The same repose of countenance, the same indication of miacid rest, steals over the last sleep. Leslie, the royal academician, speaking in his autobiography of having been frequently ordered to make drawings of the dead, and of the reluctance with which, in every case, he entered the room where the body lay, says that the faint indication of a smile which always lighted up the features of the dead, as he sat at work, so attracted him that

He Invariably Felt Reluctant to Go Away. There is no doubt that causes wholly uncon-nected with the state of mind or feeling at the nected with the state of mind or feeling at the time of dissolution contribute to beautify the features. Antomarchi's cast, taken from the face of Napoleon after death, is handsomer than any bust or portrait of him. Humboldt's head, wrought in marbie by the sculptor from the cast taken after his death, is not only more grand than other numerous busts during his life, but looks like a man of 60 rather than 91; and Lockhart remarks that there never was modelied a more majestic image of repose than the body of Sir Waiter Sout presented a few hours after death. In each of these cases death added to the beauty of faces of fine proportions without any relation to metaphysical causes. It is so always. The faint smile which steals over the face after consciousness has ceased, and that tranquil repose of the death to which, in comparison, even the sleep of an infant is agitation, are parts of the unfathomable mystery that surrounds us.

[Detroit Free Press.] A wealthy Peasant, who felt that his hours were numbered, called his sons around his bedside, and began:

"James, you are the eldest, and I bequeath you "John Henry, you have been a good boy, and I bequeath you my good name."

The third son showed up, and the old man kindly

remarked:
"Andrew Jackson, you are my youngest, and I bequeath you the care of my grave. Good by, my dear sons. Each of you press my hand for the last time, and then skip back to the field, for this is glorious weather for corn."
"But, dad, you are worth \$20,000!" they pro-

"But, dad, you are worth \$20,000!" they protested in chorus.
"That is true, boys, but I have tried to make an equal division. I have let fall the honor to you, and all the money to the lawyers. They would have got the sugar, anyhow, and in the getting would have left you nothing, and proved your mother a fool and your father a lunatic; besides, I die happy and full of peace. Bury me just to the left of the old cow shed, and pay for my tombstone on the monthly instalment system."

The lawyers were of course dissatisfied with the

Heating Beds by Steam.

A curious novelty was announced the other day in connection with some new houses which are being erected with all the modern improvements. being erected with all the modern improvements. It must be a strange brain that originated the idea of heds supplied with steam pipes for steam heat instead of slats, so that the tenants of these domiciles can warm their beds at will. This must embody the modern notion of the warming-pan, so dear to the hearts of our grandnothers; but can any one imagine a more enervating process than the general adoption of this idea. The Russian peasant who sleeps on the stove is a sort of illustration of the effect of this application of heat. Perhaps the next thing we shall hear of will be refrigerating pipes, justical of slats, for summer beds. THEY WILL TALK.

People Whose Tongues Have Made Them Trouble.

Weak Points That a Detective Has Noticed in Criminals.

Men Talking Themselves Into Jail-A Clever Trick.

end of the piazza of the Manhattan Beach Hotel re-

[New York Mail-Express.] Detective Robert Pinkerton sat at the business

cently, watching his officers in the performance of their duty. The policing of the eastern half of Coney island has been in the Pinkertons' hands ever since the place was changed from a sand-hill into a summer resort, and twenty or more officers are constantly on duty. This duty censists principally in watching the pillars of the piazza, to see that nobody sneaks off with them, and leaning occasionally against the railing, to make sure that it is still solid. The only objection to police work at this end of the island, so the officers say, is that there is nothing to do. Occasionally an unlucky dog strays upon the premises, and is immediately chased off. At long intervals a suspicious person or a pickpocket is warned off or locked up; but these are the only incidents that mar the beautiful white page of the Coney island police blotter. Considering the number of arrests made, and the Considering the number of arrests made, and the amount of money for so far paid for the support of the police force, it has been estimated that each arrest costs in the neighborhood of \$4000. This estimate, bowever, is not official. Detective Pinkerton was not watching his officers doing any actual duty the day spoken of, but was only noting how effectually they might do it if there were anything to do. A reporter noticed that Captain Hotchkiss, who has charge of the police force was not the same officer who graced that position last year, and inquired what had become of the latter, who was known by a good many people to be One of the Best Officers in the Detective

"If you will promise not to interview me," said

Mr. Pinkerton, "I will tell you where he has gone, and what he has goue for. I don't like to be interviewed. And I was thinking only this morning, that if everybody would think about it for five or ten minutes before saying a word about anything, and then say just as few words as possible, about one-half the trouble in this world would be avoided. What would you say if I should tell you that one-half, perhaps three-quarters, of all the people we arrest in the course of a year could not be arrested at all if they knew enough to keep their mouths shut? Of the other half, after they were arrested, if they had sense enough to keep quiet, 50 per cent, could not be convicted. But it is human nature. People must chatter, as if their tongues were hung on swivel joints. Many a man has taked himself into a halter, and a great many more have talked their way into State prison. It ought to be a criminal offence for any man to open his mouth unless he has to. The very man you were asking after is working up a case in which half a dozen men are in trouble because two or three of them talked too much. I could tell you a hundred instances, inside of an hour, where criminals who were just as eafe as you and I are put themselves in prison by talking too much."

The reporter, of course, was anxious to hear the and what he has gone for. I don't like to be in-

too much."

The reporter, of course, was anxious to hear the stories. Under all circumstances a detective's stories are interesting, but when told in such a pleasant place and when pointed with such a useful moral they become absolutely charming.

"Understand," said the detective. "I do not blame these people for talking. They were born with a desire to talk, and they will

Talk as Long as they Live, if they Hang for it. In some cases strong influences are brought to bear upon them to make them talk-so strong

bear upon them to make them talk—80 strong that they cannot possibly resist them. Any man can be made to talk if he is properly treated. Even you or I, if we were in trouble, could be made to tell all we knew if we were properly approached. It would take time, money, skill and perseverance, but with plenty of these we would give ourselves away' just like the rest. It is human nature and we couldn't help it."

"Hero is the case that Captain—is at work at," he went on. "It is a queer story in itself. when a survey a way just have the rest. It is human nature and we couldn't help it."

"Here is the case that Captain —— is at work at," he went on. "It is a queer story in itself, but I will only give you the outlines of it, to illustrate the point I am making, that people talk too much. By the way I am talking a good deal myself. But that is only another illustration of the fact that we can't help it. One of the wealthiest firms in Mobile loaded an American bark with liquors and other valuable goods, insured them well, and started the bark for New York. She was out three days when a fire was discovered in her hold. Efforts were made to put out the fire, but they failed, The flames gained headway, smouldering in the hold for several days, till the bark grew too hot for her crew, and they deserted her, putting off in small boats and reaching the shore safely. But when they left the vessel to be burned, as they thought, the fire was smothering itself out. It had so little air in the hold that when the bark was boarded by

This Excited Suspicion and the Whole

Cargo was Examined.

It proved to be fraudulent all the way through The firm had put together a lot of worthless stuff The firm bad put together a lot of worthless stuff, insured it for a large sum, shipped it for New York, and had it set on fire. But how the fire was started was the mystery. The sailors swore the hatches had not been opened, and they certainly could not have been opened without the sailors knowing it. There is no other way of getting at the hold of a ship, and we began to think that some electrical contrivance had been used. But the captain and mate, who were both arrested, soon began to talk, and then it was easy enough to find out all about the case. When the mate was given to understand that the captain had made a confession he was in a hurry to tell all he knew, to get out of the scrape himself; and with the mate's contession to show the captain, there was no difficulty in bringing him out. The thing was so well contrived, if these men had not given it away it could never have been found out. How do you think they got at the hold without raising the hatches? In the cook's galley, under each of the tour feet of the stove they put a round block of wood, as if to raise the stove. Under one of these blocks was a hole opening directly into the hold. Under the hole was a lot of inflamable stuff, well soaked with turpentine. One day, while the the cook was out of his galley, the captain and mate raised the stove, took away the block, dropped a lighted match through the hole, and the fire was started. These two men, you see, not only talked themselves into prison, but put their employers in a pretty scrape."

"Alaking a criminal talk, whether he wants to or not," Mr. Pinkerton continued, "is not usually a fair thing. insured it for a large sum, shipped it for New

But in Some Cases It is Justifiable There was Bucholz, for instance, who killed old Schulte out at Norwalk two or three years ago. We made him talk, though he was a bright fellow

We made him talk, though he was a bright fellow and pretty well posted. It was a clear case of making him come right down to it, whether he wanted to or not. That was one of the cases where it was justifiable, or we would not have done it. There was no more doubt that Buchold had killed the old man and robbed him than there is that you and I are sitting here. But there was no proof of it that would stand in court. So we set out to make him tell us what we wanted to know, and we succeeded."

"How did you manage it?" the reporter asked him. him. "It is one of the neatest things in detective

with is one of the neatest things in detective work," said Mr. Pinkerton, "to make a man talk freely when he has every inducement to be silent. Bucholz, you remember, was a pretty well educated young German, with no friends in this country. He had killed this old man and concealed his money somewhere, and was spending some months in jail, waiting to be tried. It was positively necessary during this time for him to have some one to talk to about himself. He must have it. We knew this; and as there was no one in the jail he was likely to become intimate with, it was our business to furnish him with a friend. We had a young German on the force, not long in the country; very quiet, but very bright—just such a man as Bucholz would like to have for a companion. We had him committed to the Norwalk jail on a false charge, and he became acquainted with Bucholz. The murderer immediately began to cultivate his acquaintance, but our man pretended to be reserved, and

Would Not Have Much to Say to Anybedy. This made Bucholz all the more eager, and he fairly begged the detective to be his friend and confidant. The detective reluctantly consented confidant. The detective reluctantly consented after a while, and Bucholz told him where most of the money was buried. He never actually confessed the murder, but he put us on enough clews to convict him. If he had known enough not to talk there was not the first particle of legal evidence against him, and he would be free today, instead of being in State prison for life. He knew how dangerous it was for him to talk, for he often said to our man while they were in Jail together, 'If you should turn out to be a detective and give me away I would drive a knife into your heart, and then get up in the court-room and acknowledge the whole thing.' But, though he knew the danger of talking he could not keep quiet."

"Do the people you capture eften tell enough to convict themselves?" the reporter asked.

"Just about six times out of ten," Mr. Pinkerton replied. "Not that they acknowledge their guilt—not by a good deal. But while they are protesting their innocence they talk and talk, and let fall enough to give us some clews, and then they are gone. In fifty cases out of every hundred there is not a thread left for a detective to take hold of, and if the suspected persons could keep quiet the

mystery would never be solved. But they can't. Nine hundred and ninety men in every thousand can no more live without takking than they can without eating. When I meet a man who knows enough to keep his mouth shut, no matter what influences are brought to bear upon him, I always feel as if I should like to nave him for a detective, for he would make a good one. They talk about people drinking too much and eating too much; why,

If They Could Only be Stopped from Talk-

too much we would have a new world. Not that I ought to complain, for they give me a great

too much we would have a new world. Not that I ought to complain, for they give me a great deal of assistance with their talk. It is this faculty for what they call 'chin music' that helps the detectives and you interviewers along. When you go to interview a man and he won't have a word to say, you know as well as I do that you feel more respect for him than If he were willing to tell you everything he knows. But there are very few men who won't talk."

The sun had shifted its position while they were talking, and made it necessary for the two to move their chairs; for even at Coney Island in a backward season, the sun sometimes gets pretty warm. In making the move the detective accidentally ran against a middle-aged man who was walking up the piazza. The middle-aged man nodded and went on.

"Talking about giving yourself away," said the detective, "did you notice that man? He is about the worst instance of a give-away I have seen this year. He used to be 'a little off,' as they say, just a little crooked, and I have had occasion to arrest him more than once. But he has been living a good life for more than ten years, and I do not think there is anything wrong with him now. He has reformed his morals, but he has not reformed his tongue. He is always getting himself in trouble by talking too much. Last season he varied the programme a little and begran writing letters. Talking is only a misdemeanor, but writing a letter is nothing short of a felony. When a man says anything, he may possibly be able to get out of it, it it should ever be desirable. But when he writes it in a letter, there it is in black and white,

Always an Unimpeachable Witness Against Him.

But about this man. He was 'walking around on his uppers' two years ago, not able to get anything to do and very hard up. He wrote a very thing to do and very hard up. He wrote a very decent sort of letter to an afternoon newspaper, describing his circumstances and asking for work. A friend of mine in the city, who employs about forty clerks, pitied the man and wrote him a letter, teiling him to call upon Mr. So-and-so, at such a place, and he would probably find employment. He signed the letter 'Mr. K.,' and the man to be called upon was himself, though he did not say so. This man called and was given a clerkship. All last summer he kept up a correspondence with his unknown benefactor, not knowing, of course, that he was identical with his employer. The place did not please him, and he kept writing to his friend now badly his employer treated him, how small the wages were, and how he was treated like a menial. The employer rather enjoyed the letters at first. But of course this state of affairs could not last long and the man was discharged. I don't know how he came by enough money to come down here, for he is as hard up as ever. I could tell you just about a thousand such cases—but it would,'t do any good. Von and Land every. tell you just about a thousand such cases—but it wouldn't do any good. You and I and every body else would keep on talking and writing letters just as much as ever. There goes the gong you'll have to run to catch the train."

. THE CENIAL SHOWMAN. How Artemas Ward Amused Himself and His Boston Friends.

tNew Haven Union.]
The late Artemas Ward (Charles F. Browne) enew what he was about when he courted the company of actors and journalists so assiduously. He took from them much more than he gave, good companion as he was, and it was the actors who taught him to give expression to his irresistible flow of spirits in a succession of practical jokes of a harmless sort, yet comical beyond measure by their very oddity and unexpectedness. "Come in here!" "come in here!" said he one day in Boston to the companion walking with him. "Come in here; we will have some fun." It was a Boston pie-bakery which they entered—a place where pies were a specialty—where pies and nothing but pies were sold, wholesale and retail, all the livelong day. Browne approached the counter, behind which the proprietor of the establishment was standing, and asked, in his bland, instinuating voice, "Have you any pies?" "Pies." "Pies!" repeated the man, still more dumfounded. "Of course—pies! Have you any pies! "Pies!!!" gazed the shopman once more, gazing at Browne as if hethought him an escaped lunatic, "Oh, well, if you haven't who taught him to give expression to his irresisti-

Have you any pies! "Pies!!!" gazed the shopman once more, zazing at Browne as if hethought him an escaped lunatic, "Oh, well, if you haven't any pies, I'll inquire somewhere else; come Jack!" and he marched his friend out of the shop before the astonished saiesman could recover his wits.

Artemus delighted to fillip the sedate respectability of Boston, while loving the place sincerely. One day, in the early afternoon, having a lecture to deliver that evening, some of his friends concluded that he would not be able to talk so well at night if he kept on talking in front of the bar at the Parker House. They accordingly insisted on an immediate adjournment, and Artemus, suspecting the game, determined to revenge himself. He locked arms with two gentlemen very well known, indeed, in the city—one a manager of the leading theatre, the other a public officer, high in the confidence and books of the Commonwealth, and walked off with them along the city's most crowded thoroughfare. Acting as if he was in their custody and needed the care of his companions, and making his voice conspicuously lond. in their custody and needed the care of his companions, and making his volce conspicuously loud. Artemus began: "Gentlemen, you are probably aware that the noble red man, the incomparable savage of our plains, forests and mountain fastnesses, whom I have studied closely in his native wilds, has various modes of expressing the emotions which swell his generous bosom and of giving voice to the ceremonial traditions inherited from an immemorial ancestry. His cries and his dances are equally peculiar, and he has a particular sort of a whoop for each particular occasion. The scalp dance, the war dance, the bear dance, the dance of skulls, each has its appropriate halloo, and so has the feast of the moon, the harvest feast and so forth. But no verbal description, gentlemen, can give you an idea of these vigorous cries. They must be heard to be appreclated; and to him who has never heard them they are startling as the reveitations of a life-time. In illustration of what I have said, gentlemen, I will now proceed to give you an imitation of the yell of a noble savage, as, tomahawk in hand, he springs exultant from his ambush upon the astounded foe."

Thereupon Browne executed a startling and tremendous war-whoop, which made people turn for blocks around and drew upon him the attention of thousands.

"I will now give you," said Artemus, after regaining his breath, "a faint imitation of the warrior's cry as he returns to his wigwar, the scalp of his slain enemy dangling in gory ghastliness at his helt."

Another war-whoop; and thus the scamp set up

at his helt."
Another war-whoop; and thus the scamp set up his game for a mile or so, until his friends got him at last to his hotel.

The Wrong Verdiet.

A fresh anecdote of John T. Raymond, never before printed, is related by one who was a mem-ber of his dramatic company and who is now in before printed, is related by one who was a member of his dramatic company and who is now in this city, says the New Haven Union. It was in 1877 that Raymond, as the immortal Seliers, was doing the western country. At Evansville, Ind., the house was filled, and the audience, the critics say, was en rapport with the actors. The playwent along swimmingly until the denouement was reached. This, it is well known, occurs in the jury scene which closes the drama. At every village a new jury is obtained from the populace. Leading persons or the place are sometimes honored with a position in the box, and it was so at Evansville. The collection was one of the finest ever on the stage—doctors, lawyers, and such like. The foreman was a six-foot Kentuckian and a judge, too. He had for years adoined the bench, and was never known to quall in public. It was from his mouth that "not quilty" was to be received, and he had been duly cautioned as to his lines. As soon as the verdict is rendered Sellers throws up his hat, hugs the accused and performs many wonderful side plays, after which the curtain descends. At Evansville Raymond did his prettiest, gyratug before the judge like a madman and "fixing the jury" in his inimitable manner. When the case had closed and the jury were expected to return the cut-and-dried verdict of "not guilty," the foreman—this six-foot Kentuckian and a judge to boot—was attacked with stage-fright and startled everybody by shouting: "Guilty."

"What?" inquired the disconcerted Sellers.

"Guitty."

"What?" inquired the disconcerted Sellers.

"Guitty," said the forgetful foreman, thinking he was doing himself and the Evansville party proud.

In vain Raymond giggled; the verdict was himself and the lay couldn't go In vain Raymond gingled; the verdict was plainly "guilty." Therefore the play couldn't go on as it was laid down; there was no chance for hat-throwing or hugging. The audience was not slow to eatch the mistake, and a wave of hearty laughter began to sweep over the parquette. At last Raymond, seeing things to be in a desperate strait, began to "fix" the jury again, and button-holing the big foreman, whispered the proper verdict in his ear. Whereupon the big six-footer middly stammered out:

mildly stammered out.

"Not guilty."

The hat went up, the lucky accused was congratulated, and the curtain rung down amid the laughter and applause of the audience. The big Kentuckian, however, was never again foreman of

Interesting to Fishermen

A Charlotte, N. Y., fisherman has invented a "bite alarm" to let a sleepy fisherman know when he has a bite. Fastened to the rod is a ball with a spring attachment, which is connected with the main hine by a piece of rubber. When a bass or perch nibbles at the bait the rubber is stretched, loosening the spring and firing a cap, which awakens the angler. The angler will still keep his pocket pistol to go off at regular intervals, whether he has a bite or not.

A Shot at St. Louis.

Bhot at St. Jouis.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A Chicago newspaper reporter who was walking along a road in the neighborhood of Concord, N. H., over which the famous Jumbo had just passed, observed the footprints of the huge animal in the mud, and taking out his notebook entered the following memorandum of a society item for the journal with which he was connected:

"It is understood that Miss B. of St. Louis, who eloped a fortnight ago, is making a pedestrian tour of New Hampshire."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The glowing Ruby should adorn Those who in warm July are born; Then will they be exempt and free From love's doubts and anxiety.

Conveniences of an Advanced Civilization [Denver News.]

Much attention is being paid to arbor culture in Colorado. This having to take a miscreant twenty miles to find a tree to hang him on consumes too much of the valuable time of the citizens of Colorado. The people of Colorado seem determined to surround themselves with all the luxuries and conveniences of an advanced civiliz-

When I Was Young.

Life went a Maying
With Nature, Hope and Poesy,
When I was young!
O, the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love and Liberty,
Ere I was 0/4!

Real Misfortune.

A lady, whose husband was the champion snore

of the community in which they resided, consided to a female friend the following painful intelligence:

"My life has not been one of unalloyed delight. I have had the measles, the chicken pox, the choiera, the typhoid fever and inflammatory rheumatism, but I never knew what real misfortune was until I married a burglar alarm."

Summer Cometh. [Carl Spencer.]

Carl Spencer.]
Now comes the sudden summer,
The beautiful fierce summer,
Out of the tangled roses
And wilding berry vines;
We mocked and called her sleeping,
We quail at her outleaping;
Lo! through the jungle roses
An eye that burning shines.

Come night. O night the charmer,
With thy soft breath disarm her;
O morning, stay thy music,
Wake not the leonardess;
On all winds gently blowing
Play airs like waters flowing,
And bind in suare of slumber
Her fearful loveliness.

The Real Need of the Community. [Exchange.]
The agent of an accident insurance company

introduces in his advertisement the picture of a hat with the blade of a pair of shears, that fell hat with the blade of a pair of shears, that fell out of a window, sticking upright in the hat. He says that the wearer of this hat was insured against accidents in the company for which he is an agent; but how that prevented the shears from falling into his hat the agent fails to show. Moreover it was the height of the hat that prevented the shears from hurting the wearer of the hat after they struck. A society to prevent women and children from chucking shears out of ugner windows, or one for the encouragement of high hats, would seem to be the real need of the community. Soft Shineth the Moon.

(Harper's Monthly.1

One poor heart by sore sorrow branded,
Cold shineth the moon tonight!

Alone in her grief she thinks of the sea
So treacherous, though smiling and smooth it be,
She remembers well that tiny boat
Which then they saw so merrily float
Chrough bright moonlight
To deep midnight.
To be found on the morrow stranded!
One poor heart by sore sorrow branded;
Cold shineth the moon tonight.

On one still'd heart, through a casement streams

Soft shineth the moon tonight!

Away to where shall be no more sea.

To where for the weary peace shall be;

Supported by more than earbhly bands—

And beckoned by more than buman hands—

Gone to her rest;

Supremely blest;

Humbled to lowest abasement seeming,
On one still'd heart, through a casement streaming,
Soft shineth the moon tonight!

A Plea for the Defence.

[Oll City Blizzard.] When a man who was going to marry a woman backs out and is prosecuted by the woman for consequent damages to her affections, the state of consequent damages to her affections, the state of the man's health ought to form an important element in arriving at a just conclusion. A Brooklyn woman seeks to recover money from a Newark man for breach of promise. The man says that his reasons for not marrying her is the decayed condition of his health. One lung is gone and the other is going. This we consider ample grounds for the man to break the engagement. A man with two lungs often stands a mighty poor show with his wife when it comes to talking, and when one lung is gone the poor fellow hasn't the least show in the world.

Shylock to Antonio. Shylock to Antonio.

'Criswell's 'New Shakespeare."

Signor Antonio, many a sime und oft
In der Rialto you haf abused me
Aboud mine moneys, und said dot
I took more interest in a year
Den der brincipal vas coine to!
Still haf I borne all dose mit
A patient shrug;
For, vat you call tt? sufferance?
Vas der badge uv all our tribe.
You call me bad names—
Misbeliever, cutthroad, son uv a gun,
Cheep Shon, und so on.
Vell, den, it vas now appeared
Dot you need mine helup!
You come to me und you said,

You come to me und you said,
Mister Shylock, old poy, I vould
Like to borrow dree dousand ducats
Till next Saturday! Fox said so!
You, dot haf booted me
Two, dree, six, several dimes,
Und spurned me from your threshold
Like a dog! Moneys is your suit, den?
By goodness, you haf more cheek
As a book agent! Should I not said:
Haf a dog money?
Do a son wa agun

Said this: Fair sir, you spit on me on Vednesday last, You spurned me on Thursday, On Friday you told me to vipe off

My shin off; Anudger time you call me Old Stick-in-der-nud; Und. now, for dose dings I lend you—a fife-cent nickel, Und took a mortgage On your old paid head!

Earning a Living. (Anon.)
Of twenty-three young men who recently stepped across the threshold of life from an Eastern col-lege, and went forth upon the trackless ocean of lege, and went forth upon the trackless ocean of life to battle with relentless fate, and win renown or a glorious death in the arena, eleven are clerking in auction stores at \$14 a mouth, one is running a fish boat, two are learning the housepainting trade, one starved to death before ne had been out of college a week, one is driving a team on a street contract, two are tramps, and the others are living with widowed mothers, who are their only support. Fact is, when old life grappies its hooks into a man's collarit shakes all the arena and ocean and battle business out of him so quick that in six weeks, if he is alive, he knows more in a minute about the price of pork and flour than he can tell you about a Greek roos in six months.

in six months. [Witten for The Sunday Globe.]
Where the crimson glow of sunset
Rested on a cottage fair.
And the gently wafted zephyrs
Breathed a whispered angel prayer
Underneath the emerald woodbine
In a cool, refreshing bower.
Dick and Jennie sat together
Playing checkers all the hour.

But the auburn lashes slender
E'er concealed her laughing eyes,
And whene'er his hand would wander
Nearer then a blush would rise,
And 'twas certain something other
Than the checkers moved the twain
And their movements plan betokened
Love presided o'er the game.

Finally, in Jennie's corner, Stood her only man at bay

Finally, in Jennie's corner,
Stood her only man at bay.
Battling nobly for deliverance
'Gainst the enemy's array.
Ah, 'twas but a useless struggle,
Pressed the foeman fierce and nard,
Till at last the only outlet
For escape was closed and barred.

Half caressingly, her fingers
Rested on the checker then.

Rested on the checker then,
While, exultant, Dick bent over,
And surveyed his conquering men;
And his hazel eyes grew softer,
As his gaze upon it feli—
"Jamie, darling, tis a captive;
Mayni't have the hand as well?"

Mayn't I have the hand as well?"

O'er her crimson cheeks the blushes
Chased each other in their play.
And the checker-board, unheeded,
Slid upon the grass away;
When the dying rays of glory
Barhed the landscape, as the sun
Slowly sank behind the mountain,
Game and Jennie bota were won.

—[George W. Hills.

(Chicago Tribune.]
"I should smile."
As Bertha Redingote spoke these words she lay coquettishly in a hammock that had been swung coquettishly in a hammock that had been swung between two giant oaks that reared their tall heads aloft on the broad lawn, at the edge of which stood her father's stately residence. A little foot, enumeshed in a silken stocking, whose delicate texture displayed to advantage the trim ankle within, peeped out from beneath a fleecy white dress, while the laughing eyes and fair forehead of the girl were surmounted by a coronal of sunnity-gold tresses of which any hair store might have been proud.

"So you like ice-cream?" said Harold McIntyre, bending ever the hammock and looking tenderly

"So you like ice-cream" said Harold methyles, bending over the hammock and looking tenderly into Bertha's blue eyes.

"I should smile," said the girl again, getting ready to put on her slipper and start.

"You are right," said Harold. "Ice-cream is a good thing. Perhaps some day next week f will buy you some."

"You are right," said Haroid. "Its-oream is good thing. Perhaps some day next week I will but you some."

The look of happy expectancy faded from the girl's face. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Then minutes to six," replied Haroid.

"Then," said Bertha, "if you start right aways you will get home in time for suggest."

THE GARFIELD EXPENSES.

Physicians of the Late Presi-

dent Roughly Handled

In Discussing the Bill in the

Senate for Their Payment.

The Proposed Measure Amended and Finally Passed.

WASHINGTON, July 9 .- President Garfield's doc-

tors were handled without gloves in the Senate

last Wednesday. For weeks and months past a bill

proposing to appropriate \$120,000 for the pay-

ment of the expenses of the illness and burial of General Garfield has reposed

in the possession of Judge Taylor, chair-man of the special committee appointed to

audit these expenses. One item of \$85,000 in

this bill was designed to pay the physicians. There was a minority report from the committee, protesting against the payment of the sums recommended, and Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, fortified with vouchers for whiskey, wines and cigars furnished on the funeral train to Cleveland's proposed to fight the majority report. Junga Tay-

fortified with vouchers for whiskey, wines and cigars furnished on the funeral train to Cleveland proposed to fight the majority report. Judge Taylor, knowing that Mr. Blackburn was heavily loaded with cruel facts, and carried big guns, was afraid to bring his report before the house. After consultation it was decided that the Senate should insert a clause in the general deficiency bill to pay the troublesome expenses. The Senate committee on appropriations accordingly tacked an item to the bill creating the first and second controllers and treasurer of the United States a board to audit claims and issue certificates to be paid by the secretary of the treasury. The sum of \$75,000 was recommended to be appropriated for the payment in full of all claims, and not more than \$52,000 of this sum was to go to the doctors. As soon as this item was reached trouble began. Objection was made that the item was not germane to the bill, and considerable time was spent in discussing the point of order. It was finally decided in the negative by a vote of twenty to nineteen, the Democrats generally voting gaginst allowing the clause to be considered. Then followed

heard in Congress for many years. The medical

men were handled without mercy by several sen-

ators. It was charged that they had butchered

men were handled without mercy by several senterors. It was charged that they had butenered the President, and the sad story of the lingering illness in this city and at Elberon, with its concomitants, the various surgical operations, the pus cavities and other details of the case were related, to show that the proposed appropriation for the doctors was too great. The debate was as repulsive as can be imagined. Mr. Vest of Missouri began it. He directed his remarks against the medical treatment of President Garfield, and particularly against Dr. Bliss, and declared that he should discuss the case freely, conscientiously and openly, "iff anything was established by human testimony it was that the late President was, I will not say, butchered, a victim of malpractice. The treatment had been to open a pus cavity and the wound had never come under notice." Mr. Vest suggested that a probate court be established, in which a suit might be brought against the Garfield estate to settle the debts satisfactorily. Such a court, he said, would never entertain the enormous fees proposed to be paid to the doctors. Mr. Vest had read from the desk Dr. Boynton's letter describing how Dr. Bliss came to be retained. He considered \$53,000 altogether too much for the physicians, and declared that if Dr. Bliss was allowed \$100 a day it would be a very large sum, amounting to about \$8000. He declared that the life blood of the

it would be a very large sum, amounting to about \$8000. He declared that the life blood of the President was peddled out to affect the prices of stocks in Wall street, and said that it had been stated in the public prints, and not denied, that Dr. Bliss' son had been

In Communication with Wall Street Brok

field memorial windows. Following is an abstract of President Hopkins' address:

"One year ago today! Who does not remember the scenes of that Fourth of July, and of the two days preceding? Who does not remember the darkness and chill of that eclipse into which our commencement passed so suddenly from the brightest sunshine of hope? One year ago today, and today it is the heart that should speak. It is only the tribute of our hearts that is called for in response to a heart that beat warmly for us, but now is still. Certainly no further blography or encomium of President Garield can be needed for his own sake. Probably, I think I may say certainly, no equal number of spoken and published tributes were ever called forth by the life and death of any man within so short a time. The chosen orator of the nation has spoken, grandly spoken. The archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the English Church, has spoken. The most eloquent pulpit orator of France, Father Hyacinthe, has spoken, and repeat his discourse. Ambassadors, senators, the pulpit, the bar, frienciship, administration, patriotism has spoken, and no words of mine, were that my aspiration, could reach the height of those already uttered. Nor is anything more needed for the general public. The excitement, wonderful as it was, and long-continued, is past. When President Garfield, as he lay on his bed of suffering, was told how intense and extensive the sympathy for him was, he said, This cannot last. No one man can long hold the attention of the nation." But it did last. For seventy-nine days the tension was not relaxed. Every day the beating of his pulse was felt from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Everywhere there was the anxious look, there was secret weeping, prayers went up, and there was the constant alternation between felt from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Everywhere there was the anxious look, there was secret weeping, prayers went up, and there was the constant alternation between hope and fear. And not only did it last in this country, but throughout the civilized world. In England and on the continent, as I can testify, the daily and eager inquiry among all classes was for the health of President Garnield. It did last as long as the life of the heroic sufferer lasted, and then it reached the culmination. The cities in this land and in other lands were darkened by tokens of mourning. In every town through which the body passed from Elberon, to lie in state under the dome of the capitol, the people gathered in crowds and stood with uncovered heads. As he lay under that dome the long procession passed to view his face for the last time. There, too, at the appointed hour, while the city held its breath, the stricken wire was alone with her dead. On the day of the funeral business was suspended, the people gathered in their places of worship, there was a

Hushed Sympathy Throughout the Union; to this the Atlantic was no barrier, and it has been estimated that not less than 300,000,000 of people were reached by the shadow and touched by the spell of that hour. Every State was present at Cleveland by its representatives. Twenty governors of States, each with his staff, were present. Side by side with those of the Union, the Queen of England laid her floral tribute on the bier. And so, with an attendance of 60,000 people, his body was borne to its final resting place. But nothing violent or intense can last always. The tomb had received him and the gloom became less. There were rifts in the clouds. The waters began to return to their accustomed channels. The government, as only such a government could have done, moved on without a ripple. The period of mourning appointed by the army and navy passed away, and the second great historic scene in the drama of our historic life came to a close. But though the general course of nature, after storms and floods, may be as before, yet how often is it found not only that hopes are blighted by harvests destroyed, but that here a field and there a garden, that before had been green and fruiful, or beautiful and fragment, have been swept by a desolation from which they can never recover. And so it has been here. Ours is not the desolation of the home; but our most illustrious graduate, a member of the board of trustees, whose interest in the subject of education was special, and who greatly loved and honored the college, has been taken from us at a moment when we hoped for inspiration from his zeal and guidance from his counsels, and that his annual visits here, where he had arranged that bis sons should tread the same path trodden by himself, would make the college conspicuous throughout the country. Be it then that all has been said that can be said, all that is demanded by the fame of President Garrield, or by the general public, it has yet seemed to the trustees most fit that at this their first meeting since his death, at this first gathering of the alumni since then, there should be some commemorative service in which we may place ourselves by the side o people were reached by the shadow and touched by the spell of that hour. Every State was present then, there should be some commemorative service in which we may place ourselves by the side of those more deeply bereaved, may look for a little at that in him which so fixed the attention of the world, may recognize his love for the college, and, possibly, may gather from his career some lessons for our own guidance. I have spoken of the intense and extended sympathy there was in connection with the sickness and death of President Garfield. That sympathy made him the conspicuous figure in the opening of a new chapter, perhaps I may say a new era in the history of our race. There was never anything like it. There never could have been up to that time that quick and diffusive element in human nature which symbolizes human sympathy, or so lent itself to man that such sympathy had been possible. For ages the gambols of electricity in the clouds had awakened the thunder, its bolts had smitten the earth, it had satreamed up in long lines in the aurora, but it had waited a Franklin, a Henry, a Morse, a Field, so to tame it and bring it under the yoke of science to man that its slightest whisper should outleap the thunder, and that the long wires for the instant taneous transit should become bands of steel to

Bind and Hold Fast in Amity nations whom the oceans had separated. Up to that time such sympathy could not have been. Then it could be, and through it new possibilities of the union of the whole race through common sympathies in one brotherhood were revealed. When a new era is to be opened there is needed previous preparation. There must be first the essential condition. There must be first the essential condition. There is then needed the right man to stand at the opening, one in whom the elements shall be incarnated, and who shall illustrate its spirit, and not more signally was Luther fitted to stand at the opening of the reformation, or Washington at the opening of a new era of civil liberty, than was Garfield to stand at the opening of this new era in that movement towards brotherhood which had been originated nearly nineteen hundred years ago. How well fitted he was then to stand will appear in part if we look at the number of points in himself or in his career at which he touched our common humanity or some one of its phases. In this he was without a parallel. There were first his early struggles. In these, and perhaps it was the only point, he had an advantage, not common to all. For some, for the many, early poverty is a misfortune, but in this country, or at least in this part of it, a poverty with no taint of low vice or of vulgarity, an incident of human life having often in it a heroic element, and inherited by one who had the strength to face and overcome the obstacles it brings, is an advantage, especially if he is to enter political life. When party capital was to be made Linoften in it a heroic element, and inherited by one who had the strength to face and overcome the obstacles it brings, is an advantage, especially if he is to enter political life. When party capital was to be made Lincoln was the rail-splitter, Garfield was the canal boy. This could not have been among an ignorant people, or one where society was stratified by caste or class distinctions, as where honest labor was first honored. But among the intelligent people, permeated by the idea of liberty and equality, the coming from a log cabin of a barefooted boy, barefooted because of poverty, was a delight, and the more so as they saw it to be a legitimate result of free institutions by means open to all. In those early struggles President Garfield resembled President Lincoln, but his struggles were more steady in their aim, and more diversified in their means, and so were more adapted to awaken a wider sympathy. President Lincoln was a rail-splitter, but he was not a carpenter or a schoolmaster. He did not aim at high literary culture, and sweep the floor and make the fires and ring the bell for his tuition. But these tibings President Garfield did. He did them cheerfully, faithfully, as a means to an end, pushing them behind him as the swimmer pushes the water that bears him forward. In doing this he conferred a benefit upon the whole people by giving new emphasis to the truth that high aims ennoble all legitimate means for their attainment. This truth Christianity teaches in connection with the higher aims and deeper struggles that pertain to a future life, but we need to have it taught also, and illustrated in connection with political and social life. With this truth practically accepted, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable of self-government; with it ignored, we have

Only One Chance for a Weman.

Only One Chance for a Weman.

According to theorthodox creed of islam, women and the mane product means for their attainment. This truth Christianity tacches in connection with the higher alms and deeper struggles that pertain to a for illustrated in connection with the higher alms and deeper struggles that pertain to a for illustrated in connection with the higher alms and deeper struggles that pertain to a for illustrated in connection with the higher alms and deeper struggles that pertain to a for illustrated in connection with the higher alms and demanded alms. He turned to look at life. With this truth practically accepted, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have greeple self-respecting, stable, and demanded alms. He turned to look at the involuntarily excisined: "How were a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored, we have a people self-respecting, stable, capable or self-government; with it ignored and the modulation of the self-garded and demanded alms. He under a self-government, with it ignored the self-government in the content of the self-government in the content of the self-government in the content of the self-

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

An Eloquent Address in Memory of James A. Garfield

Delivered by Rev. Dr. Hopkins at Williams College.

The Lessons to be Learned From the Life of the Late President.

WilliamsTown, July 4.—A. V. W. Van Veckten of Albany presided at the Williams alumin meeting today. J. M. Barker of Pittsfield was elected to President Garfield's place on the board of trustees, and about \$3000 additional was subscribed to the Garfield memorial windows. Following is an abstract of President Hopkins' address:

"One year agotoday! Who does not remember the scene sot that Fourth of July, and of the two Garfield Memorial Fund.

WILLIAMSTOWN, July 9 .- The trustees of Wiliams College have voted to give Professor Hewitt endow the professorship with the Garfield memorial fund, instead of using it to establish a chair for some leading political teacher, as was first intended. of Chicago the chair of ancient languages and to

### AMERICAN ORATORS.

The New York Sun Sums Them Up in

Answer to an Inquiring Correspondent. A correspondent having written to the New York Sun to ask who is the greatest orator now living in America, that lively journal devotes a column editorial to the answer, in which it thus column editorial to the auswer, in which it thus refers to the foremost speechmakers of the country. Beginning with Wendell Phillips, it says:

Mr. Phillips' speech is like silver-plated steel. He is one of the surviving veterans of a war in which his words counted for as much as the bullets of ten years after. Three cenerations have listened to the eloquence proceeding from the remarkable larnyx of this old man, but we are not aware that he has ever provoked a yawn. If the only test of the great orator was the ability to say a given thing in the most graceful way possible, perhaps we should be inclined to look no further than Wendell Phillips; for words come to his lips with the promptness and easy carriage of invited guests. But it is not only necessary to say a thing in the right way; the thing thus said must also be the right thing to say. It is proper to record the fact that Mr. Wendell Phillips has not unfrequently lent his voice to propositions that will no more hold water than a colander.

. . . Let our correspondent go to hear Bob Ingersoll by all means, if he gets the chance. This terrible fellow is a bland, grandfatherly gentleman of 50 or more; and when he hoists his spectacles above his rosy round face, and with his hands in his coat tail pockets begins to tell a good story—few can tell a better—he does not look at all like a man who is hungry to make a meal of the saints and the prophets. Colonel Ingersoll's characteristics are a vicorous vitality that permits great physical exertions upon the platform, a jolly and not over-nice vigorous vitality that permits great physical exer-tions upon the platform, a jolly and not over-nice humor that accompanies him to the threshold of the most awful themes, an unbounded admiration for Mr. Blaine and Shakespeare, and

A Very Unfavorable Opinion of God. Mr. Blaine himself is a pleasing and not self-conscious speaker; Mr. Conkling is effective and dignified, if selt-conscious; Senator Frye of Maine can, when there is occasion, put Stentor to the can, when there is occasion, put Stentor to the
blush, and Colonei Tom Ochiltree's peculiar intonation is well known throughout the far Southwest. It must be said that in Congress the
days of luscious oratory seem to be over.
... Neither branch of Congress at present
affords an orator whom we can conscientiously
commend to our correspondent as a model for
him to form his style by. Senator Zeb Vance of
North Carolina is a fair example of the old Southhim to form his style by. Senator Zeb Vance of North Carolina is a fair example of the old Southern school of rhetoric, but in his style our friend, we think, will find less to copy than to avoid. Among the Northern senators, not many are so ready as Mr. George Frisbie Hoar to begin a set or at the school-book flourishes. And when Mr. Frisbie Hoar's oratory is at red heat, when the flush of earnestness has ascended to his brow, when one arm is slightly extended while the other hand rests on the pit of his stomach, and he gazes impressively at the Senate through his gold-bowed glasses, then we get a fine idea of how Mr. Pickwick may have looked when he rose to an important point of order. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher is an able orator—one of the ablest now living in America. There was a time when his utterances carried the weight of unquestioned sincerity and moved men as did the words of few other public speakers. People still go to hear him. He is a born mimic, a wonderful actor. Joseph Jefferson is not more an artist on the stage than Beecher in the pulpit. His power, so far as it depends on intellectual and physical qualities. Is said to be little impaired by advancing years and an accumulating load of remorse. . . . Another pulpit orator of very different fame is Rev. Phillips Brooks of Boston, one of the most eloquent of the Protestant Episcopal clergy. He is a

He talks faster than any other public speaker we know of; more rapidly, indeed, than the pencil of the swiftest stenographer can follow. Mr. Brooks the swiftest stenographer can follow. Mr. Brooks speaks distinctly, and his nimble tongue enables him to put a great deal of matter into a half hour's discourse; nevertheless, the habit of extremely rapid utterance is not a good one to cultivate. Mr. Richard O'Gorman of this town is one of the best speakers we have ever heard. His delivery is as chaste as Phillips', while it has a peculiar glow and richness of its own; and the cadences of his voice are music. Few orators now using the English language unite so perfectly those different qualities without which speech is extravagantly florid, monotonously dry, or sonorously unimpressive—the earnest conviction of the man of reason, the fervor of the man of imagination, and the severe self-criticism of the man of cultivated and chastened taste. On the whole, we should advise our correspondent who is in search of a model orator to study the rhetoric and enunciation of Wendell Philips; to borrow, if he can, some of Colonel Ingersell's homely vigor and humorous audacity, to analyze the platform art of Beecher, and select with discrimination; to acquire, if possible, the earnestness and the fancy of O'Gorman; to go to the masterpieces of Evarts for sustained flow of language and the niceties of digital gesticulation; to throw in, perhaps, a dash of the Calvinistic vehemence of John Swinton, and to pay particular attention to the strong Bible English of Judge Jeremiah S, Black, if he succeeds in combining in his own style the several merits of these orators, to the exclusion of their faults, and then schools himself to open his mouth in public only when he has something worth saying to deliver, he will not have to go far to find the greatest American orator. speaks distinctly, and his nimble tongue enables

# A CREAT MUSIC HALL.

Chicago to Have a Building Which is to Cost a Million Dollars. is a project on foot in Chicago erect a magnificent music and art hall in this city. It is proposed to expend upwards of a million dollars upon it. N. K. Fairbank is at the head of the movement, and he is said to be supported by a number of prominent capitalists. The site selected for the location of the talists. The site selected for the location of the 'enterprise is the block on Michigan avenue running from Monroe street southward to the brick building occupied by the Pullman company. This property has a frontage on the avenue of 275 feet and on Monroe street of 172 feet. It has also the advantages of a forty-foot alley on the west. Mr. Putnam of the firm of Thomas & Putnam has been quietly engaged for the past two weeks, as the representative of Mr. Fairbank, in negotiating for possession of the property. He has not been as successful as he could wish, however, for the property owners, having got an idea that something was on foot, raised the prices on him. Unless they come down from their high figures a site will be sought for near by. These property owners got together and fixed a their high figures a site will be sought for near by. These property owners got together and fixed a value on their land of about \$800 a foot and a strip of eighty-eight feet owned by the United States Mortgage Company is held for \$88,000. Of course the capitalists will not listen to any such figures, and a new site will be found in preference to paying the amounts demanded. The new Music Hall, it is expected, will be completed within two years.

Only One Chance for a Woman.

# THE LADIES' BAZAAR.

The Intricate Question of Modern Life.

How Can Women Meet Its Demands Upon Them?

Suggestions, Seasonable and Other wise, Concerning Apparel.

A writer in Our Continent says that the first problem which confronts us in a view of woman's work is, How can we deal with the complexity of modern household life, and not be overwhelmed by its endless and varied duties? The writer of the article speaks only of the women who find their orbit in "gracious household ways," who have reached that crowning excellence of womanhood to which all experiences contribute and in which all other excellences are swallowed up by becoming the animating breath of a home, the centre of a home life. A woman may go out into the world and take part in its manifold duties, she may be teacher, lecturer, preacher, journalist, lawyer, physician, or she may give time and energies to some business which she carries on capably and successfully; she may bring to any one of these, or of many others, enthusiasm, fitness, capability, intelligence, education; she may love her vocation and find in the work that it brings large and varied enjoyment; and if in connection with this work she has also a home wherein she is the loved and loving home-spirit, under whose deftly ordering hard the home life glides deftly ordering hard the home life glides on happily and well, then she may feel the measure of her happiness full. But if she has not this and if the ascending spiral of her developing life never reaches the round of the home she will always feel that her life has not reached its best and most blessed completion. Not one woman in ten thousand, whatever she is and whatever she does, but that feels her life in the work-a-day world with its rights, its privileges and its duties subsidiary to the life she lives, or will sometime live, in the inner home circle. Home is the native land of the woman's heart, and whenever she is not a dweller therein she longs for the distant good, as the soul of the exile yearns for the country of his nativity. But it is not necessary that she should be always there. She may travel far and wide in one of the professions, in a congenial business, and she will find herself broadened, strengthened, improved by so doing. And the woman is so exceptional that it is almost impossible to find her who does not teel her love for her native country and her loyalty toward it strengthened by every such excursion into the realms round about her.

But it is of the woman who does not thus go abroad, who devotes her life to this home land that the writer in Our Continent speaks. The kitchen must be under her supervision, the making and repairing of much of the clothing goes under her eyes, perhaps through her hands.

abroad, who devotes her life to this home land that the writer in Our Continent speaks. The kitchen must be under her supervision, the making and repairing of much of the clothing goes under her eyes, perhaps through her hands, the rearing of children, physically, mentally, morally, cannot be left wholly to others. "The house, however plain, must be neat and orderly, and this requires either muscle or the oversight of muscle, and that eternal vigilance which is the price of good housekeeping. Economy and thrift allow neither waste or neglect, and a thousand things demand almost bourly attention. Who is equal unto all these things?" And farther than this she must be "intelligent, companionable, attractive. She must know something of the latest discoveries in science, and much of the passing literature, unless she would crift away from ordinary converse. She must not be unfamiliar with the popular operetas, or unable to discuss the brilliancy or stupidity of the last novel. Then she has relations with neighbors, friends, philanthropic societies, literary, business and church associates and the interests of society at large. Cook, decorator, costumer, needlewoman, housekeeper, mother, wife, friend, student, woman of the world—all those modern life demands in one." Such is a brief resume of the demands made upon the brain and heart and muscle of the wife and mother, the homekeeper, by the life of the nineteenth century. How can they all be met? How can she discharge them all and go on living healthfully and happily to that late evening of her days which she ought to attain? Is it possible for her to live through this constant outlay of nervous strength and continue in the possession of her physical and mental powers to the end of a long life? It seems scarcely possible. Then where is the remedy?

Can it be found in groater simplification of the conditions of life? Modern civilization must have some answer to the problem which it has enlarged and made so much more intricate. A partial answer is found conjointly in t

pine of the modern higher education. It gives them larger comprehension and greater execu-tive ability. So that the ordering of the house-hold will require less time and thought, less im-mediate supervision to gain even better results. It enables her to bring a surer insight, a keener power of analysis upon all the multitudinous questions that come before her in her varied duties

to home and society, so that their problems may be solved more quickly and with greater surety. Unseasonable Suggestions.

Trade and fashion are never idle. Their inces ant movements are not stopped by the summer hegira to seaside, mountain and country, nor do they stop one instant to survey the lovely summer tolets which they have created; indeed, even before these have been taken from their hiding-places in trunks and closets, before the summer season has scarcely opened, trade and fashion have begun to busy themselves concerning next winter's modes, and the thrifty, economical and enterprising purchaser can already begin to invest in some of the supplies necessary for next winter's wardrobe. Merchants have already, in many cases, placed their orders for winter goods with the European factories, and from them has proceeded many a hint as to the colors and fabrics which are to find favor when the winds of winter again begin to blow. In Harper's Bazar they are reported as having given the following opinions: "Merchants who have already placed their orders for winter goods at the European factories say that self-colors will be used in preference to figures. In the way of trimmings they announce that the reign of embroidery has only just begun, and that it will be used next winter in greater profusion than at present for trimming woollen dresses. Polka dots will be enlarged to great balls that resemble embroidery, though they are wrought by machinery. These balls are shaded with a deep hue like a shadow in the lower part of the round figure, and, though most often of 'a darker tint than the surface of the dress, are also in different shades, contrasting with the dark color of the ground. The "plumetis" or feathery chenille embroidery introduced this summer in nuns' veiling, will also be repeated in came!'s hair and in other woollen fabrics that are not twilled. For silks, gros grains and heavy taffetas are suggested instead of the satin lustrous goods that have been worn during the past three years; the latter, however, will by no means go out of fashion. Taffeta silks are the favorite of the summer season with Parisiennes, and will probably be in vogue here for the autumn and winter. About brocaugs opinions differ; they are condemned in advance by come merchants, while others, especially those who cater to gay tastes toilets which they have created; indeed, even before these have been taken from their hiding-

Seasonable Suggestions.

Some philosopher who understands the deep mysteries of the art of adornment, some preacher mysteries of the art of adornment, some presenter of the gospel of good gowns, gave in an epigram the key to all the intricacies and labyrinths of the subject of dressing, when it was said that the dressing which is nearest perfect is that which is most suitable. The woman who will bear this in mind, if she possesses taste and skill, need never be dressed other than elegantly, even though her income may be a moderate one. To have income may be a moderate one. To have the quick appreciation of, not exactly the fitness of things, but the fitness of fabrics

cloth with trammings of coarse lace makes a very pretty costume.

Dark-colored flannel suits, made with single of donble-breasted basques and skirts with diagonal pleated drapery and deep kilt flounce, with full draping in the back, are the favorites for mountain and steamer suits. All the stitches in them must be firm and strong, so that the drapery cannot be disarranged by any amount of rough usage. There may also be a Mother flubbard cape and a belt of the flannel for use or ornament.

Varieties.

Zephyr linen in fine checks and stripes promises to be largely used in summer suits. They may be made with paniers and gathered waists, or with a

made with paniers and gathered waists, or with a long polonaise falling over a skirt trimmed with flounces or puffings.

Redingotes are largely worn. The shape which is most admired is long and almost plain. A model made of silk is leng, reaching almost to the bottom of the dress and buttoned down the front. The lower button-holes are made farther apart than the corresponding buttons thus interrupting the plainness with pretty little folds. There are trimmings of lace on the pockets, sleeves and about the neck. A unique deceration is a large monogram of the wearer embroidered in the lower left coiner of the front. The costume of which this garment is the principal part is especially suited for a travelling dress.

An exceedingly pretty pelerine, with a graceful and becoming effect, has one of the ends slightly sloped and then gathered together like a lichu on the shoulder, where it is fastened with a large bow.

A pretty style of coiffure is the hair bow. The A pretty style of coiffure is the hair bow. The back tresses are tied tight and low and the ends are rolled into two loops and pinned to the head, one on the right and the other on the left. The front locks, which wave lightly back from the forehead, are twisted a little and fastened in the centre of the hair bow, like a knot loop, by turning under the ends, so that these may not be seen. The effect is very pretty and may be still more enhanced by leaving a few short curing lengths to fall down loose. If the hair is fluffy and silky and wilk keep in place well a prettier style of coiffure cannot well be devised, particularly for young fresh faces.

Persons Who Claimed to Feel Pain from the Position of the Severed Members.

Mirror reporter came upon some facts which are sure to prove interesting and provoke discussion and query. The feet of Josiah West, who met with that terrible accident on the railroad a few days ago, were yesterday taken by his wife to Fremont for burial. When the unfortunate man regained consciousness at the hospital the morning fellowing the loss of his the hospital the morning fellowing the loss of his limbs, he complained that his toes pained him a great deal, that they seemed badly cramped, and he requested that some one move them for him. At that time the fect were tied in a bag, and the hospital people did not know where they were to be found. It seems simply incredible that the position or condition of a severed member of a person's body should affect in the least the sensibilities of the owner; but suffice it to say that the undertaker with whom the writer conversed affirms that he personally knows of numerous cases where persons who have lost a limb declared they felt pain from an awkward position which the member was in. He cited an instance of a man who lost an arm in this city last fall. After being amputated, it was sent to the undertaker's for burial. It was placed in a box, the back of the hand being down, remaining in this position for several hours.

The Owner of the Severed Member,

The Owner of the Severed Member, during that time, experienced pain in the arm. which grew so unbearable that at last ie asked a friend to go to the undertaker's and see about the limb. This was at 5.45 in the afternoon. The friend was busy and did not start off for half an hour, and during that time the pain had ceased, and the wounded man said he need not go. He went, however, and found that the undertaker had just finished caring for the arm; that it had been placed in an easy and natural position in the box. The time when the arm was changed from the awkward position to the latter coincided exactly with the time when the owner had felt the pain leave him. When the friend reported to the unfortunate man, he (the latter) said he knew just how the arm was placed, that he could feel its position and correctly described the same.

Another case cited by the undertaker was about a man who lost an arm above the elbow. The member was given to the undertaker and buried. The man subsequently went to Lawrence to live. About a year after the accident he paid the undertaker a visit, and told him limb. This was at 5.45 in the afternoon. The

His Arm for a Long Time had Pained Him

a Great Deal, that the fingers seemed cramped and that he wanted to see the buried member. Accordingly it was dug up and examined, and, strange to say, it was dug up and examined, and, strange to say, found to have the fingers tightly turned up to-wards the palm, as the man had said they felt to him. The fingers were straightened and the arm consigned again to the ground, and no more trouble was experienced from it. The undertaker says he always now takes particular pains to place a severed limb in an easy and unconstrained position. Some persons who have lost a limb wish it buried where it is accessible to them, so in case they should feel that it was cramped they can readily change the position. Says the undertaker, any one who has lost an arm will tell you they can at will feel the same sensation which arose from the movement of the fingers. Although the reporter laughed at the idea of a man in Lawrence feeling that his hand in Manchester was in an uncomfortthat his hand in Manchester was in an uncomfortable position, the undertaker said he had only told the facts, and he could substantiate fully

### A BURLESQUE BURYING GROUND. Sudden Transformation of a Village Park

into a Sham Cemetery. The village of Hornellsville, N. Y., says the New York Sun, was put into a state of excitement on Sunday morning by a practical joke that had the preceding night. Mischievous persons had erected, on piles of gravel that had been carted the preceding night. Mischievous persons had erected, on piles of gravel that had been carted into the park by order of the village authorities and left in large, gravelike mounds, head slabs on which epitaplis of the president of the corporation and of the members of the board of trustees were written. The slabs were pine boards, about ten inches wide, carefully planed, rounded at the top, and about three feet high above the mounds. On the most conspicuous pile of dirt in the park was a slab with this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of R. K. Faulkner, President. Lit out March, 1882. Resurget." An adjoining mound had a slab with the following: "R. I. P. Cass Richardson, Trustee Ward II., suffered March, 1882. 'As I am now, so you may be; run for Trustee and follow me.'" Another, a native of Ireland, had this epitaph: "Thomas Lynch, Ward III., emigrated March, 1882. 'Bread cast upon the waters.'" Other epitaphs were as follows: "George Terry, Ward VI.; been dead to improvements for forty years. Blessed are the rich, for they can steal." On the reverse side was a skull and cross bones and the inscription, "J. W. Burns, annex to George Terry." This was supposed to refer to the political affiliations of the two gentlemen. Near the main street was a shab with this: "P. S. Burditt, Trustee First Ward. Went under March, 1881. He has gone to the Lordy." About three months age the board of trustees of the village passed a resolution providing for the improvement of the public park, which is situated on Main street, in the business portion of the town. A committee was appointed, and the improvement was begun at once. The surface of the park being a little lower than the surrounding streets, it was decided to fill in with gravel. Wagon loads of dirt were at once. The surface of the park being a little lower than the surrounding streets, it was decided to fill in with gravel. Wagon loads of dirt were brought and dumped in huge, unsightly heaps all over the park. In this shape the improvement was, for some unexplained reason, suddenly stopped, and for over two months the grounds shave been an eyesore to the public. The local papers have frequently directed the attention of the trustees to the matter, and prominent citizens are anxious to have the work completed. The city fathers, however, have not moved. The slabs were allowed to remain all day Sunday, and were viewed by large crowds of people, who found infinite amusement in them.

Half His Life in Prison.

[Windsor (Vt.) Journal.]
W. W. Gilman, a notorious horse-thief, died of pneumonia in prison the 3d, and was buried in the prison lot in the cemetery. Gilman was first convicted of horse stealing at Rutland, October 8, 1861, and sentenced to a term of five years. He was discharged October 8, 1866, and within three months afterwards was again sentenced at Woedstock for the same crime for a term of ten years. By good behavior his term was shortened about fourteen months, and he was discharged the second time September 15, 1875. His love for the equine, with a mistaken idea of the distinction between meum and tuum in the ownership of valuable animals, however, brought about a third conviction for horse-stealing at Rutland, July 11, 1876, when he was again sentenced to a term of ten years. Gilman was born in Shrewsbury, Vt., in 1828, his parents now residing in Wiscomsin, and since he was 30 years of age had at the time of his death lived about 19 years and 7 months within the prison walls. the prison lot in the cemetery. Gilman was first

## HOUSEHOLD ART.

Novelties in Decorative Work and Painting.

A New Application of Studies in Sepia on Terra-Cotta.

Etching on Glass-Lambrequins and Curtains.

It is strange that, although there is a general mania now for every variety of decorative painting, and so many mediums employed, that marble, so much in request abroad for the purpose, is not used here at all. And yet there are fewer difficul-ties to be encountered than in the case with silk, velvet, china and terra-cotta painting; no first coating of Chinese white (always a treublesome process), no medium or firing being required, and the fine grain of the marble admirably adapting itself to either oil or water colors. Landscape painting is scarcely appropriate for this work, but figures and flower studies can be most effectively rendered on panels, vases, tables, plates, letter-weights, etc. First, considering black marble, for which it is most advisable to use oil colors, great discrimination is needed in the choice of the same; ordinary bright blues and pinks, for instance, not having a refined effect on the dark background. The colors are laid on in the usual way, no preparation of any kind being necessary-the spirit of turpentine employed as a medium. Figures in simple drapery, painted in sombre but rich colors, can be ased, or if flowers are preferred, a group of cream roses, of Marguerites and buttercups, narcissus or daffodils. For white marble, water colors are more adapted, the mode not differing from palating on paper, and possessing this advantage, that if your work displeases you, the whole may be washed away with sand and water and commenced afresh. It is well to use a drier brush than-usual, being

PARTICULARLY CAREFUL THE COLOR IS PER-FECTLY CLEAR AND PURE,

FECTLY CLEAR AND PURE, changing the water once or twice. The light colors should be laid on first, and the darker shades added afterwards, sparing neutral tint more than in the case with paper, and laying on few coats, so as to produce the best effect in the shortest possible time, and to avoid a muddiness of tone. High lights hay be scratched with a pen-knife, and the whole, when perfectly dry, receive a thin coating of white spirit varnish, laid on quickly and smoothly, with not too full a brush. Heads of children and types of beauty, etc., on white marble have all the softness of miniature painting on ivory, and flowers look charming. For instance, violets, crimson roses, iry, any yellow blooms, and white flowers of all descriptions, delicately shaded, thrown up by a background of dark leaves, the extreme whiteness of the stone reproducing so well the exquisite parity of the blossoms. Oxgall will entirely cleanse discolored or solled marble, and sand and water are almost as good, but soap must not on any account be used. Both black and white marble are easily obtainable at any stonemason's. Work of quite a different nature, and so much in favor with German amateurs, is the so-called "stein-etzen" (etching on stone), well adapted for tables, hall slabs, etc. The stone is so much in rayor with German amateurs, is the so-called "stein-etzen" (etching on stone), well adapted for tables, hall slabs, etc. The stone is the same employed for lithographic purposes, a sort of calcareous slate, slightly porous, of a bale yellowish drab, and sometimes of a neutral gray tint. The stones, varying from one and a half inches to two and a half inches in thickness, are SQUARED OR CUT INTO THE NECESSARY SIZE,

squared or cut into the necessary size, and highly polished with pumice-stone and water. The design, drawn with a soft black pencil, must be of a conventional nature, and not too intricate, all the lines perfectly accurate and sharp, and filled in with asphalte paint with a medium-sized brush, evenly and smoothly. When this process is completed, and the paint quite dry, the slan should be placed in a large pain early full of water, with three tablespoonfuls of acctic acid. The water must be continually stirred with a large leather, a tablespoonful more of acid being added from time to time. After half an hour the slab should be removed and thoroughly washed with cold water, so as to remove all traces of the acid, and the asphalte paint then entirely rubbed away with turpentine. The effect of the stone, save where the design is protected by the asphalte, which, when removed by the turpentine, discloses the figures, still polished, in bass-relief, whits the rest of the stone is dull, the whole having all the appearance of a carving. I have seen a small round-table with a wreath of bay leaves and berries in the centre, surrounded by a motto in old English letters, mounted on slender. seen a small round-table with a wreath of bay leaves and berries in the centre, surrounded by a motto in old English letters, mounted on slender brass supports, and the result was charming. A square letter-weight had a monogram and ornamental corners. Lettering and armorial devices of any description are easily managed on these lithographic stones, and look particularly well. A word of caution is necessary with regard to the acetic acid, which is of a most biting nature, and burns any material with which it comes in contact. For painting on wood there is an INFINITE VARIETY OF JAPANESE DESIGNS which might be closely imitated from the end-

INFINITE VARIETY OF JAPANESE DESIGNS which might be closely imitated from the endless lacquer and papier-mache trays or cabinets which find their way in such numbers to our shops, especially at this time of year. These free-hand decorations are full of grace and fancy, with their branches of almond trees and bamboo, waving grasses, fantastic birds on the wing, and the inevitable volcano Fujiyama looming in the distance. Many of the grotesque figures moreover are full of humorous expression. Screens of white wood should first be covered with dull red or Brunswick black for the background, and the subjects drawn in with bronze readish gold, or gold paint. Sometimes a portion of the work is raised, and this is managed by adding thick size of a gummy nature to the figures and devices, which, when allowed to dry for some hours, must be gone over thickly with gold-leaf or paint, according to taste, and the work, when completed, be brillantly varnished or polished. This mode of decoration presents no difficulty, and amply repays any trouble and taste bestowed upon it. For the execution of arabesque ornamentation the skilful amateur might utilize Greek and Roman borders, also modern scrollwork, for the reproduction of the old marqueterie, employing rich coloring, and shading with burnt umber. More sober tones of browns and fawns outlined finely with lithographic crowquill in Indian Inkays an equally good effect. Albums and bookfinely with lithographic crowquill in Indian lnk have an equally good effect. Albums and book-covers look well with a large monogram or motto encircled by curious patterns and devices, cunningly executed, and some can be decorated with little etched sketches in sepia, reproductions of Oscar Pletsch's and Ricter's scenes of child life. Etching on glass is another interesting occupation for an amateur artist, and offers but few obstacles. The glass should be thickly coated with a varnish of beeswax in the first instance, and obstacles. The glass should be thickly coated with a varnish of beeswax in the first instance, and the design then cut in with a pointed instrument, and hydrofluoric acid poured over the incisions. The acid "bites in" the glass on these lines, and, when the varnish is totally removed with turpentipe oil, the etching remains beneath. Or, again, to imitate stained windows, the design should first be put on paper, with coloring according to taste, and the glass be cut to the shape of these drawings. The pieces should be stuck together for the time being with bees-wax arranged carefully on another piece of glass, and the outline commenced with a medium of turpentine and oil. Brown enamel and gum medium will be required to fill in the forms, and a short-haired brush, or "scrub," to stipple out some of the high lights, employing a mixture of turpentine and paint for shading the darker parts. The glass is finally fired and leaded together. Another mode of qrammenting glass is to hold a piece of the size required above a candle until it has become thoroughly smoked, then delicately drawing in the landscape with the point of a camel's-hair brush, shading with sepia, dabbed on judiciously, and

with a penknife. Should these lights have too sharp or sudden effect the glass can be slightly smoked a second time over the shading. Another glass placed over the picture preserves it from rubbing, and the two mounted together in a simple wooden frame and hung up against the light, form a most tasteful transparency. Photographs, slightly tinted and rubbed with salad oil, secured between two pieces of glass and framed in the same way, are scarcely less successful. Painting in oils on glass is also practicable, only requiring care and a thin coat of varnish over the design. Studies in sepia on the pale green and cream terra-cotta so recently introduced have an artistic effect; but the most striking and the happiest result I have yet seen achieved on terra-cotta were two charming sea pieces by a gifted amateur, in black and white, on a plaque of the more ordinary color. The sketches were softly, and yet vividly executed, the clouds and sea full of life and light, and the black and white well thrown up by the readish border of the plaque. The border could be painted black, with a gold rim added if preferred.

Lambrequins and Curtains. BRINGING OUT THE HIGH LIGHTS

Lambrequins and Curtains. Perhaps among the lesser belongings of a

oom there is nothing which adds more to its beauty than tasteful and pretty window drapery; and in the matter of curtains and lambers of the country and lambers of the count drapery; and in the matter of curtains and lambrequins, one can now scarcely fail to please one's self among the many graceful and unique designs. Many of these, however, have more money in them than the prudent housewife scarcely less handsome, she can herself construct at a comparatively trifling expense. Even the cost of the higher-prieed may be considerably lessened by buying material and cutting and making at home. The designer must bear in mind, however, that the scalloped and ruffled and fluted lambrequins, both light and dark, that have so long held sway, are now a thing of the past, and a lambrequin perfectly straight at the bottom and top is thought to be "the only proper thing." A very handsome set which I saw in a young wife's parlor a few days since was made from the following materials and in the following fashion: Cost, about \$3 per window: materials, cretonne-several fabrics differing greatly in quality, obst and appearance, go by this name, but the cretonne used for the best lambrequits is generally called furniture cretonne, or damask and is

the same, or much the same, as is used for stuffed chairs and sofas—mohair plush, shaded chenille fringe, buckram and silesia. Cut the lambrequin out of the cretonne, for ordinary windows about two and a quarter feet long, and wide enough to cover the window casings on either side. Next cut a strip of the plush about eight inches in width and sew across the cretonne about six inches from the bottom; line the back with the buckram, to stiffen; turn the edges in all around and line again with the silesia; finish the bottom with the chenlile fringe and the work is complete. The colors of the material and trimmings can be chosen according to taste, but the very dark are considered "the style," In those I have described dark brown and sea green predominated in the cretonne, the plush was between a crimson and dark wine color, and the fringe a mixture to harmonize with both. The silesia—which shows only from the outside—was of a delicate corn color. You can put them up with rings and rods, or with the more common and cheaper cornice. The rings and rods are the latest, and, as usual, novelty has to be paid for. A very pretty kambrequin, the same, or much the same, as is used for stuffed

may be made from the following materials:
Double-faced canton flannel, in place of the
cretonne, striped cretonne in place of the plush,
and caterpillar fringe, a very good quality of
which may be obtained at twenty-five cents per
yard. Padding will also answer in place of the
buckram, and is much cheaper. Cutthe canton
flannel the same as the cretonne, to suit size of
window; trim across the bottom with a stripe
of the cretonne; strifen and line as above, and
finish with the fringe. The effect depends greatly upon the selection and
combination of colors. A damask or
wine-colored canton flannel, with a stripe of cretonne that will make pleasing contrast, and COSTING MUCH LESS THAN THE ABOVE, while colored cannot hantel, with a stipe of cretonne that will make pleasing contrast, and shaded fringe to harmonize with both, make a very pretty window-shade. There is still another kind of cretonne which is used for curtains beside the damask and the striped. This is usually in large figures, flowers and vines, and has rather a dull, washed-out look in the stores, but nothing can avosed its brilliagers as the sun usually in large figures, howers and vines, and has rather a dult, washed-out look in the stores, but nothing can exceed its brilliancy as the sun shines through it at a window. This is made up like the old-fashioned curtain, full at the top and ralling in folds to the foor. It is made long enough to lie some inches on the carnet, and is finished at the bottom with the cheap caterpillar fringe. These are to be draped back at either side with ribbon or cord. A perfectly straight lambrequin of the same, without stiffening or lining, but trimmed on the lower edge with the fringe, is placed across the top. A cornice of home manufacture—otherwise a plain, rounded board—may be put up to hang the curtain to, and the outside lambrequin covers all. Another row of fringe across the top, where the lambrequin is fastened to the board, adds to the effect. About seven yards of the cretonne are required to a window for this style of curtain.

The Potpourri Arematique,

as the French have very properly denominated what in ancient times in America was called the perfume jar, has been successfully revived. Magnident specimens of these jars in majolica, Limoges, ratence and other varieties of fine china ware and pottery are now exhibited. In shape they somewhat resemble a circular soup tursen, and the lid is punctured with small openings through which the delicious and subtle perfume is emitted, and by means of which the drawing-room, the halls, and, indeed, the whole interior of a house, may be filled with an agreeable odor. As this is the special season when the perfume jar can be inexpensively replenished, the plan of preparation will doubtless be interesting to many lady readers. In the first place, carefully gather quantities of rose leaves just before they are ready to fall; then put a layer of these leaves on the bottom of the jar, well sprinkled with fine table salt and spices of different kinds, including cloves, alispice, cinnamon and mace; over this another thick layer of rose leaves, to be again covered with spices and salt. The stock can be increased at any time, winter or summer, as the flowers are accessible. The salt and spices preserve the leaves and keep them moist. A few drops of the otto or the oil of roses permeate the mass quite effectually, and altogether combine to produce a sort of oriental frankincense. Roses are, of course, the principal flower required for the preparation, although heliotrope, the violet, mignonette, or any other blossom of delicate odor may be utilized in the same manner; and those who are not provided with a regularly-made jar can employ a vase or any ornamental piece of china for the same purpose. what in ancient times in America was called the perfume jar, has been successfully revived. Mag-

#### OLD-TIME SMUGGLERS. How Duties were Formerly Evaded on the

up of an organized gang of sinugglers who were watting outside, and caused them all to disappear in hot haste. The weapons prepared for this occasion were made of the sapling pines from Chipman's hill, and there were 300 counted on the premises the next morning.

[Worcester Spy.]

A business man, living on Merrick street, was in

Bellows Falls, Vt., yesterday, and having heard of the birth of four children at one time in the town

of Duxbury in that State, made inquiry and found it was a fact. Doubting it he was told the loca-tion of the family, and procured a carriage and drove to Duxbury. There he found the family as

tion of the family, and procured a carriage and drove to Duxbury. There he found the family as described and the four babies, three boys and one girl, all born the 7th of this month and all hiving. The father's name is James Harriman, who is a moor laborer. The mother was about the house doing some light work, and was proud to show the babies. She says that she nurses them part of the time and feeds them from a bottle the remainder. The family consists of a boy, 10 years old, May 2; a girl 7, September 27; a boy 3, June 9; twin boys, born August 7, 1881, and the three boys and a girl, born June 7.

The Wickedest Woman in England.

some distinction as "the wickedest woman in

some distinction as "the wickedest woman in England." Her home is in Leeds, and she has been committed to the prison of that city 240 times, mostly on short terms of imprisonment. She has passed the greater part of her sinful life in jail, but has now become converted and claims to be a good Christian. She intends to devete the brief remnant of her fleeting days to efforts for the conversion of the wicked. Although so advanced in years she has a strong voice, which seems to have done active service in former days. It is shrill and cracked, but far-reaching. Mrs. Johnson has considerable oratorical magnetism, and manages to hold the attention of her andience. She is not much of a theologian, but speaks from the abundant experience of a full heart.

There are certain grave subjects that never should be joked about, and yet some of the ec-

Notwithstanding Jane Johnson is 84 years old, she has just began to preach. She has acquired

Mr. Hale declared that he had no disposition to discuss the subject as Mr. West had done. The committee had examined the case carefully, and discuss the subject as Mr. West had done. The committee had examined the case carefully, and none of the doctors had approached its members on the subject. Mr. Hale spoke warmly of the faithful services rendered by the President's physicians. Mr. Garland wished to amend the bill so that the board of audit would, after examining the claim, certify the amounts due claimants to the President, who should in turn suggest legislation to Congress. Mr. Garland complained bitterly and in a sarcastic vein of the lying bulietins sent out by the doctors. General Hawley expressed his disgust and regret that the debate had taken such a turn. He alluded to Dr. Bliss' large surgical experience during the war, expressed his disgust and regret that the debate had taken such a turn. He alluded to Dr. Bliss' large surgical experience during the war, expressed his confidence in the professional ability of all the physicians who attended Garfield, and begged that the debate might be ended and a vote taken. Senators Hoar and Sherman thought Mr. Garland's proposition to place the subject in the hands of the executive was in decidedly bad taste. The senator from Ohio was in favor of cutting down the amount proposed to be paid for medical attendance to \$250,000, that sun being, in his judgment, sufficient to amply remunerate all the physicians. Mr. Allison and Mr. Peadleton protested against haggling over the payment of the bills. They believed the country desired the matter settled, and settled at once. The five-minute rule was put in operation and it served the purpose of cutting of debate. Various amendments were proposed and rejected, among them the one offered by Mr. Canada Border. [Addison County, Vt., Journal.] During the war of 1812 the enormous profits on English goods evading duties, often from 200 to 300 per cent., induced a large proportion of the people of Vermont, as well as others, to engage in smuggling from Canada, and many were the encounters with and hair-breadth escapes from the customs officers as well as forfeitures of goods and teams to the vigilant efforts of the latter. Violence was sometimes used, resulting in one instance in killing a gate-keeper named Luce, in liubbardton. In nearly every town the public houses were known as either loyal or suugglers' taverns. The one known as the latter in this place, was taken down a few years ago to make room for the dwelling house of Mr. A. P. Tupper. There is one now standing in Cornwall, not far from the Congregational Church, with its secret vault in the cellar where the snuuggled goods, driven on to the rear, where hastily passed through the floor by removing a short piece of board and than covering the same over with pots and kettles. Old Mr. Slade used to stretch chains across the road in the night to intercept and capture the smugglers. These were finally stolen and returned to him in about five years. The old house at the south end of the bridge in this village owned by Thomas H. McLeog and burned in 1875, was known as a loyal tavern, and was owned and forfeitures of goods and teams to the vigilant off debate. Various amendments were off debate. Various amendments were proposed and rejected, among them the one offered by Mr. Garland. Finally, by a v te of 23 to 22, the Senate agreed to a proposition by Mr. Cockerell cutting down the allowances for all the expenses to \$57,000 and allowing the doctors only \$35,000. The bill was then passed. owned by Thomas H. McLeod and burned in 1875, was known as a loyal tavern, and was owned and kept at that time by Captain Ebenezer Markham and was the rendezvous of the custom house officers in this place. On a certain occasion two of the latter had been stopping there for a day or two, which became known to the smugglers, when a conspiracy was formed by them to murder Captain Markham and the officers and tear down and destroy the house, and but for the tact and shrewdness of Mrs. Markham would no danne have been successful, it wing heard durtear down and destroy the house, and but for the tact and shrewdness of Mrs. Markham would no doubt have been successful. Having heard during the day that mischief was intended, Markham closed his bar and livery stable, sent his two boys out of town for safety and quietly waited developments. In the meantime Mrs. Markham fastened one of the officers, who was a little timid, in the ice-house in the cellar for personal safety, while the other "sharpened his pistols," and boldly proclaimed that at least one lite should be sacrificed if he was attacked. The plan agreed on was to surround the house in the evening, send two men inside to engage the attention of Markham, who was a paralytic, strike him down, and in the confusion a general attack was to be made. Two well-known citizens of the village volunteered; one of them, living but a few rods distant, entered, roughly accosted Markham, and was warning up for the attack, when word was quietly sent to his wife informing her of the situation. She sent her little girl back with a message that the baby was dying, and her father was wanted immediately. This disposed of one of the intruders. In the meantime Mrs. Markham so agreeably entertained the other one of that he did not notice the servant girl as she filled all the windows with short pieces of candles, which were suddenly lighted, thus exposing the crowd that were made up of an organized gang of snungglers who were waiting outside, and caused them all to disappear

"Thirty days in solitary confinement," was the sentence pronounced against Jun Webster by an Austin judge. "Thirty days?" asked the man. "Thirty days?" was the response. "Look heah, boss, you gib me thirty days las winter for de same 'Ience, when de days was a heap shorter den dey is now. Aln't yer gwine ter allow de usual discount on account of de signs in de zodiackle?" A look of intelligence appeared on the judicial face, and spread all over it. "I declare, i forgot the days were not always of the same length. I'll make it twenty days solitary confinement instead make it twenty days solitary confinement instead of thirty."

(From Andrew's Bazaar.)

# A LADY SAID:

"Those Horrible Pimples! No, I Cannot Go. Please Present my Excuses."

Probably two-thirds of the ladies in society and homes of our land are afflicted with skin diseases of various kinds, to do away with which, if it could be done without injury, would be the happlest event of done without injury, would be the happlest event of their lives. Then she would have, instead of a disgured and marred countenance, one that would be handsome, or at least good looking, for any one with a clear, pure skin, no matter what the cut of her features are, has a certain amount of good looks which attract everybody. As it is now, she imagines every one sees and talks about "those freekles." "those horrid pimples," and other blomishes with which she is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance great risks are taken.

is afflicted, and this is true of either sex.

To improve this appearance great risks are taken; arsenic, mercury, or high-sound titled named articles containing these death-dealing drurs, are taken in hopes of getting rid of all these troubles. In many cases death is the result. No alleviation of the burning, heating, itching and inflammation is given. All troubled with Eczema (salt rheum). Tetters, Humors, Inflammation, Rough, Scaly Eruptions of any kind. Diseases of the Hair and Scalp, Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples or Tender Hehings on any part of the body, should know that there is hope for them in a sure, perfect and elegant remedy, known as "Druc". W. Benson's Skin Cure." It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both in-ternal and external treatment. Our readers should be sure to get this, and not some old remedy resusci-tated on the success of Dr. Benson's, and now adver-tised as "The Great Skin Cure." There is only one— it bears the Doctor's picture, and is for sale by all druggists. \$1 per package.

# A SENSATION

has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills. They really do cure sick headache, nervous head-

ache, neuralgia, nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, paralysis and melancholy. Price, 50 cents per box, two for \$1; six for \$2.50.

by mail, postage free, Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Ma. Sold by all druggists.



ters is a medicina which achieves re-sults speedily felt, thorough and benign.
Beside rectifying
liver disorder, it invigorates the feeble.
conquers kidney and
bladder complaints.

should be joked about, and yet some of the eccurrences in connection with the dead are provocative of mirth. Only the other day a Hartford barber, who was called upon to shave the face of a dead man, after applying the lather and slapping the blade of his razor on the palm of his hand in the most approved fashion, began his work, but a moment later, unable to forget his shop habits, halted, bowed low over the inanimate form and in the dulcet tones, which the knights of the strap know so well how to employ, asked, "Does the razor hurt you, sir," He was recalled to his senses by the sound of partially suppressed merriment which his attendant could not wholly repress. GIRLS FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK WANTED

### IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

How Captain Clough Saved the Whale-Ship Sharon

At the Risk of His Own Life Forty Years Ago.

A Narrative of Real Events That is Stranger Than Fiction.

"So you want to hear about some of my adventures," said a weather-beaten old sailor whom the reporter met in the first place at the foot of the stairs leading from the shipping commissioner's office, and afterwords induced to adjourn to more congenial quarters. "Well, I have weathered some rough gales in the course of my life; but if you want a story true in every particular, which, if written out, not more than one-half who read it would believe, I think the exploits of an old friend of mine, Captain Benjamin Clough, now of Vineyard Haven, would be much more in-teresting to you than anything I could relate from my own experience. It was about forty years ago, I believe, that the bark Sharon went out from New Bedford, bound on a whaling voyage. The Captain Clough of whom I speak was no captain at that time, but sailed in the capacity of second mate. Captain Howes Norris, the father of the present editor of the Vineyard Gazette, was master of the Sharon, and Nathan

"It was in the fall of the year 1842, I think, that the vessel put into a port of one of the Caro line islands for supplies. Here eleven of the rew took the opportunity to desert. It became pecessary to supply their places to same extent with "Kanackas," as they call them,

Natives of the South Sea Islands. They took four of these men, intending to make up the complement of the crew at Port Jackson, or some such place. The force, as they put to sea again, amounted to some seventeen men, among whom was a Portuguese boy, whose phenomenal name was, I believe, Manuel Jose des Reis. One Sunday morning as the vessel was cruising along a whale was sighted. Two bocata were immediately lowered. It was necessary, in order to properly man them, to take nearly all of the experienced crew. Captain Norris, three of the islanders and young Manuel only were left on board. The whale was soon captured, brought up to the side of the ship and made fast. The boats then put off again after others. Along in the middle of the afternoon several of those who were in the boat managed by the first mate, Mr. Smith, had their attention attracted to the singular and unprecedented management of the ship. This conduct was the subject of general remark; and while they were taking about it the snip's signal was suddenly discovered at half-mast. The uneasy feeling which all had began to experience was now heightened into a dread of or some such place. The force, as they put to

Some Vague and Indefinite Calamity. The crew were ordered to pull for the ship as rapidly as possible. The intervening space of a mile and a half, or the greater part of it, was traversed in a short time. When they got near enough the crew perceived Manuel at the masthead. He cried out loudly for them to take

head. He cried out loudly for them to take care. Partly by his words and partly by the appearance of things they began to understand the situation. The islanders had murdered the captain and taken possession of the ship. Manuel had saved himself by climbing up among the rigging out of their reach. He had cut the main top gallant halyards and placed the signa lat half-mast.

"The mate's boat was stopped soon after getting into speaking distance, and the men held a conference on the aspect of affairs. That this was alarming enough they soon realized, for one of the islanders, stripped of all clothing, his oiled body gleaming in the light, sprang upon the taffrail, and, brandishing a sharp spade, used for cutting the blubber of whale,

Defied the Crew to Come on Reard.

Defied the Crew to Come on Board. It soon became apparent that the islanders had collected together behind the bulwarks all the whaling craft and available missles, even to be-laying-pins, that they could find. Two of the natives had stationed themselves, one on each side of the ship, to be in position to repel any

side of the ship, to be in position to repel any attack.

"Meanwhile the other boat, under the command of Captain Clough, had come up. In it was one of the islanders. The man on the taffrail called out to him in his own language, asking him to come on board. The islander in the boat made some reply which enraged the other. The man en the taffrail seized the cook's axe and threw it with all his might. The axe came true to its mark. The native stooped, and the weapon passed through the air where his head had been an instant before, carrying away a part of the clothing from his back. Captain Clough used to say that he never saw such axe slinging in his life as that was. The crew were astonished at the skill of the missile-thrower, and made haste to get out of his reach.

"A consultation now ensued between the two boat crews as to the best course to pursue. Various plans were proposed and rejected. Captain Clough wanted to get near enough to

but the men refused to pull. He then proposed to board the vessel from two sides at once, but this plan was unanimously rejected. Only one man volunteered to accompany him when he proposed to board the ship at the bows. This plan also had to be rejected. Most of the men favored the plan of giving up the ship and rowing for the nearest land, distant several days' sail. The only thing of importance that was actually done during the afternoon was performed by Manuel. The mate ordered him to cut the maintop gallant-sheet and main topsail halyards of the head sails, all of which was faithfully done. This reduced the motion of the vessel to a minimum. The plan for the retaking of the ship, which was finally adopted, owed its origin as well as its execution to the courage and coolheadedness of Captain Clough. It was this: That he should wait till nightfall, then swim to the ship, and entering at a cabin window, arm himself, and as soon as it was daylight the boats' crews could attack from the outside while he stirred up a hornet's nest in the midst of the natives. That this plan was never fully carried out was not owing to the lack of pluck on the part of the courageous second mate. The boats drew ahead of the vessel, and shortly after nightfall Captain Clough divested himself of most of his clothing. plan was unanimously rejected. Only one man

Taking a Boat-Kuife Between Bis Teeth, quietly dropped overboard.
"The adventure which he had undertaken was

a perilous one. About him the water was full of sharks, which had been attracted by the carcass of the whale killed in the morning. On the deck were the natives keeping watch. Any movement on the part of the swimmer, even the slightest disturbance of the surface which should cause a phosphorescent gleam of the water might be fatal to him. He dared not strike out, but was obliged to float, or, as the sailors term it, to "walk water." By this method scarcely any progress could be attained. Such slight motion as the vessel nade was away from him. Two great sharks followed him on his long and dangerous journey of an hour and a half, but they made no attempt to disturb him. At last to his infinite relief he saw the hull of the Sharon loom up above him. Drawing a long breath he dove beneath the vessel. He saw the great black mass pass slowly above him. As he went under the stern, he caught hold of the projecting heel of the runder and drew himself un. Getting his finger through the iron ring he was able to climb upon the knee. As he rested here he found that by exertion he was just able to touch with the tips of his two middle fingers the iron bar which held open the dead-light over the starboard cabin window.

It was Necessary to Make a Spring, a perilous one. About him the water was full of

It was Necessary to Make a Spring, and he made it. He reached the bar in safety, swung nimself into the window, and sat down on the transom to listen and to rest. All about was quiet, and so dark that nothing could about was quiet, and so dark that nothing could be seen. Aftersitting still and listening intently for a few minutes he arose and took off the rest of his clothes. The boat knife which he had carried in his teeth he deposited on the transom. He knew the cabin well. He was able to put his hands immediately upon two cutlasses and as many muskets. These last he loaded, and placed them all against the foot of the cabin stairs. He was engaged in loading a fowling-piece when he was startled by hearing a step upon the stairs. One of the natives was coming down. As he neared the bottom his foot struck against the stack of weapons, and knocked them to the floor. Captain Clough immediately started forward,

Seized a Cutlass, Made a Lungs at what he thought was the native, and ran him through the body. Then he clinched him, and a hand-to-hand conflict began, the details of which were horrible to relate. The islander succeeded in giving Mr. Clough a few cuts, and then lay quiet. Thinking that he was dead, Mr. Clough quiet. Thinking that he was dead, Mr. Clough arose, when the native sprang up, seized a cutlass and began to lay about him in a most furious manner, drawing blood from the mate at almost every blow. This horrible battle in the dark seased only when the savage fainted from loss of blood.

blood.
"The other two islanders had been attracted by "The other two islanders had been attracted by the noise of the conflict, but, not knowing how many of the boat's crew might be concerned in it, did not dare to venture down. As the first native subsided into quietness Mr. Clough caught sight of two dark faces peering down into the cabin. He hastened to the foot of the stairs and caught up a musket, which he fired. Almost simultaneously one of the savages threw a cutting spade down into the darkness.

The Bullet Brought the Savage to the Deck and the spade cut a great gash in Clough's arm. The other native had disappeared. Captain

Cough was wounded seriously and he feared fa-

tally. His blood was flowing profusely. He made his way to the cabin window and called out to his companions. They answered him; but they were afraid to venture on board. So the brave mate who, risked his life for theirs was left for an hour to sit alone in the darkness listening to the groans of the native whom he had nearly killed. His own right hand was numb and helpless and he was unable to use it to bandage his wounds. "At last the boats, hearing nothing more from the vessel, ventured cautiously to approach. Meeting with no resistance they were encouraged to come alongside. They found one native at the head of the cabin stairs, lying on his face, shot through the heart. A light was struck and brought into the cabin. The room presented a horrible sight. It was completely covered with blood. The native was reclining upon the transom, still grasping the cutlass, one of his eyes hanging out upon his cheek and terribly wounded. He was killed and thrown overboard. Captain Clough was well cared for and recovered after thirty days.

Manuel Teld the Story of the Murder of the captain. It seems that the islanders had approached him from behind, as he was standing upon the deck, and with one blow pushed a cutupon the deck, and with one blow pushed a cutting spade through his neck, completely severing his head from his body. The deck where the murder had taken place presented a shocking spectacle. The remaining native, who had secreted himself in the hold, was finally obliged by starvation to give himself up. He was taken to Sydney and delivered over to the authorities. Captain Clough was rewarded for his bravery by the owners of the Sharon, who, on his return, made him master of a fine ship. He is alive and well at Vineyard Haven today. He is the same old Ben Clough that he used to be. He has represented his constituency in the Legislature for two years."

### NASBY IN EUROPE.

What the Chief of the "Corners" has to Say of Irish Landlordism-Hotel-Meep-

When Petroleum V. Nasby was exiled from the Corners by his long-suffering creditors, who saw bankruptcy in Nasbian guise staring them in the face, he went to Europe, reformed his quaint spelling and his views on the Irish question, and wrote a book. Books of European travel are more plentiful than sands on the seashore, and about as easily distinguished, one from another, but occasionally one appears which is really worth reading, being the work of a man who sees what the guide-books do not commend to the traveller as an object of interest-the life of the people. In the records of Nasby's exile, which appeared originally in the columns of the Toledo Blade, Mr. Locke has done more than give us a funny book, thouch there is plenty of his quaint humor to amuse and delight the reader. He has seen the serious side of life in some of its saddest aspects, and he describes what he has seen with a depth of earnestness, a power of pathos and a bitterness of irony that the true humorist alone commands. It is the quick sympathy with human nature that makes the humorist, and it is this which makes him feel so keenly the wrongs of oppressed humanity, and voice its protest with such passionate indignation. He says of records of Nasby's exile, which appeared origin-

Irish Laudlordism:

"It is the coldest-blooded, cruelist infamy that the world has ever seen, and that any race of people was ever fated to groan under. Irish landlordism is legal brigandage—it is an organized
hell. . . You hear a great deal in America
about shooting landlords. How many landlords
have been shot? It is much to the discredit of
the Irish race that more have not been; but the
melancholy fact is, only a very few have been put
out or the way by buckshot. When I look over
the meagre list I blush for the Irish. It is something in the way of an offset to know that they
are not permitted to have arms, and it may be
pleaded in extenuation that the police and soldiery are all-pervading; but, nevertheless, it does
seem as though a few more might be picked off.
If they cannot have firearms, there are at least
pitchforks and stones. Clearly, the Irish are not
so pablic-spirited as they should be."
In lighter vein, but yet with some show of disgust, if not of indignation, Nasby pays his respects to that other guild of robbers,

The Hotel Landlords of Europe. people was ever fated to groan under. Irish land-

The Hotel Landlords of Europe. "I have been giving the matter of piracy most serious consideration-its rise, decline and fall. serious consideration—its rise, decline and fall. Formerly piracy was everywhere on the high seas. Adventurous spirits manned vessels, which were built, armed and sent out by wealthy corporations, their business being to capture merchant vessels, cut the throats of the male passengers and crew and confiscate the property. In those halcyon days money was gold and silver, and the pirates, after capturing a rich prize, sailed their vessels to some point on the Spanish main where there was a convenient cove, captured a Spanish village, murdered the men and made such love to the women that they very soon preferred the picturesque villains to their virtuous but commonplace and instipld (because honest) husbands. And there they lived, gayly dancing fandangos and boleros, under the shade of the paims, to the soft pleasings of the lute, till the money was all spent (by the way I never could see how they spent money in such places after they had killed all the shop-keepers and saloon men) and then they sailed sweetly out to be a scourge of the seas once more. It was a pleasant thing to be a pirate in those days.

The first blow this industry received was the invention of the sight draft, by which money could be transmitted. The pirate who seized drafts couldn't forge the names necessary to their collection, to say nothing of the risk of presenting himself at a bank in London to collect them. The second and severest blow was the introduction and general use of dollar jeweiry. Dollar jeweiry has done more for the suppression of piracy than Formerly piracy was everywhere on the high

second and severest blow was the introduction and general use of dollar jeweiry. Dollar jeweiry has done more for the suppression of piracy than the Christian religion. Who would cut a throat for oride gold with imitation stones? Drafts and dollar jeweiry have tamed the adventurous spirit of the buccaneer, and driven them all into keeping hotels in Switzerland, the captains as proprietors, the second officers as head porters, and the crew as waiters, chambermaids, etc. They are doing as well, probably, as before, and by similar methods, though piracy has lost its picturesqueness.

The Bubble of Veneration Pricked.

The Bubble of Veneration Pricked.

And again he laughingly pricks with his pen the bubble of veneration for all that is not new, which tourists invariably feel called upon to blow which tourists invariably feel called upon to blow and declare to be solid. Tibbetts, the young man from Oshkosh, standing before the cathedral of Rouen, interrupts an eostatic speech with, "Look here, professor, don't give us any more rot about this being old. We are just as old in Oshkosh as they are in Rouen. When the old Norman warriors were cruising about, loaded down with pot metal, killing each other, the Indians of America were doing the same thing among themselves, only they were clothed more sensibly. A breech-clout was a thundering sight more comfortable in the summer than seel armor, and I don't know that killing a man with a lance was any more deserving of adoration than killing one with a bow and arrow. The point to it all is killing the man. Antiquity! What do you know about it? Here is a lot of atone that has been piled up a thousand years or more. How do you know but what the Indians are older than the Gauls? I hold that they are. The Gauls built a cathedral that is standing yet. I defy you to go anywhere in Wisconsin and find such a cathedral standing. What does that prove? Why! that the Indians built their cathedrals so much farther back than the Gauls that they have all disappeared. Nothing can resist the tooth of time." built their cathedrals so much farther back than the Gauls that they have all disappeared. Nothing can resist the tooth of time."

But the book is so full of good things that it is difficult to decide what not to select, and therefore every one should read it for himself. "Nasby in Exile" is sold only by subscription.

#### A Remarkable Relief. [Lee (Mass.) Gleaner.

One night last week a gentleman in this place retired as usual, but during the night he did not retired as usual, but during the night he did not sleep well. Troublesome dreams and horrid night-mare disturbed his rest, and when he awoke in the morning he was little refreshed, but greatly astonished that his four false teeth and the plate holding them had gone down his throat during the night. On making the case known to friends he was advised to use cathartics and other means to relieve his bowels of their unnatural contents. In his alarm he called on Dr. Holcombe, who advised him to let nature take care of the case. In answer to the question as to how his teeth diet affected him the patient said not badly, except a slight nauseating patient said not badly, except a slight nauseating pain in the stomach. The next day the doctor saw him again and inquired if he had heard anything more from the teeth, when the patient in-formed him that the next night after he had seen him, on retiring, he shook them out of the folds of his night shirt. There was no further trouble with the stomach.

Fighting Old Sol with Dynamite.

[Winnemucca Silver State.]
The Chinese exploded bombs and firecrackers the time when it reaches the most northerly point

Considerate of Satan's Labor. A wicked man killed himself in the lowest level of a Nevada mine, and the account says: "Thus his alleged soul was saved over a half mile of

The Bilious,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Lamb Broth.

Take six shanks well broken and put them in three pints or more (according to their size) of cold water. Add a few cloves and a little of the green of an onion-top or young onion and a little rice. When sufficiently cooked boil in it one dessert appointed of Sea Moss Farine and a piece of butter.

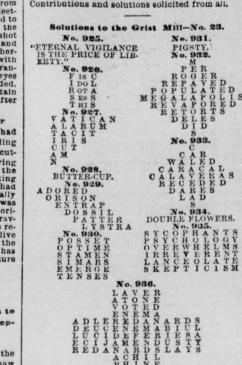
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is the greatest strengthener of the back, stomach, nerves, kidneys, urinary and genital organs of man and weman ever known. Send for circulars to Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

"ROUGH ON RATS."—Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15c.

THE GRIST-MILL.

EDITED BY "COMUS."

Send all communications for this department to W. H. Todd, 157 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass. Contributions and solutions solicited from all.



No. 975-Numerical. My whole, composed of nine letters, means moderately well.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is to allure.

My 4, 5, 6, is an epoch.

My 6, 7, 8, 9, is with ability.

Walnut, Ind.

KIT C. BUNNELL.

No. 976-Double Acrostic.

Across—1. Intidel (rare); 2. To fatigue; 3. A water fowl of the duck group; 4. To go on shore; 5. The outer membrane of the grains of pollen of certain plants; 6. A chimera.

Primals—To sprinkle with salt.

Finals—The weight of a pile driver.

Combined—A boy who carries cartridges to the guns in ships of war.

Brooksville, Me. Winnewaug.

No. 977-Octagon. (To "Cousin Sue.")

1. An easy-paced horse; 2. A bright star; 3. A waterfowl; 4. A dye; 5. Unequivocal; 6. Poisoned; 7. A boy's nickname.

Augusta, Ga.

A. T. SPOON. No. 978-Crass Word. In Johnnie, not in Jim;
In Jesse, not in Tim;
In Jesse, not in Tim;
In Lucy, not in Bertie;
In Laura, not in Gertie;
In Laura, not in Gertie;
In Walter, not in Hen;
In Walter, not in Hen;
In Minnie, not in Ann;
In Stella, not in Fan;
In Elliny in Minit In Hen;
In Benny, not in Will;
The whole is a poet known to fame.
Which of the grinders can utter his name?
East Weymouth, Mass.

No. 979—Square.

No. 979-Square. 1. To traffic; 2. Raging; 3. To approach (obs.); 4. A mournful song; 5. A viper (Prov. Eng.). Andover, N. H. U. Guess.

No. 980-Pyramid.

(To "Sphinx.")

Across—1. A letter; 2. The young of swine (Prov. Eng.); 3. Cries like a chicken; 4. A competitor; 5. A one horned creature; 6. The tree kangaroo.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A pronoun; 3. To dwell upon; 4. A confined body of fresh water; 5. Rage; 6. Printed cotton cloth; 7. A carousal; 8. A female name; 9. To move or rock; 10. A female nickname; 11. A letter.

Manayunk, Fenn.

Dandy Lyon. DANDY LYON. Manayunk, Penn.

No. 981-Rebus. (To "I Guess.") Philadelphia, Penn. T. RANSFER.

No. 982-Zigzag Pozzle. DIAGRAM.

Across—1. A small quadruped; 2. To scatter; 3. A characteristic; 4. Ancestor; 5. An article of dress; 6. A fissure; 7. A narrow place; 8. Immediately; 9. A color; 10. A morose person; 11. A fruit; 12. A girl's name; 13. A bird.

Zigzag from 1 to 13 will name a contributor to the "Grist Mill."

Rockland, Me. KNOX.

No. 983-Reversed Rhomboid. Across—1. A bitter, febrifuge substance obtained from willow or poplar trees; 2. To importune; 3. Traced; 4. Medical prescriptions; 5. A verse of two measures; 6. Sojourned; 7. Blots out.
Down-1. A letter; 2. An island on the coast of Down-1. A letter; 2. An island on the coast of France; 3. An abbreviation for a State; 4. An elevation; 5. To depress (obs.); 6. To withdraw; 7. An abridged form of stating a series of syllogisme; 8. Swift-footed; 9. A certain part of the body; 10. Freezes; 11. An epic poem; 12. A pronoun; 13. A letter.

Lawrence, Mass.

Arthur F. Holt.

No. 984-Cryptogram. NO ANTS CRO AGES IS IGLMFD XNDF MGAP, RYS TGNSOPKFNUK UASRKLYSK DG IS KGAP.

New York City. [ZGFOKGO. MAX SIMS. No. 985-Rhombold.

No. 985-Rhombold.

(To "Sphinx.")

Across-1. A plant; 2. A sardine (obs.); 3. A highwayman (obs.); 4. Pertaining to the feet; 5. To retrace; 6. To fine-draw.

Down-1. A letter; 2. A coin; 3. A simpleton; 4. A wagon; 5. A serpent (Prov. Eng.); 6. A frame of wood, rope, metal, etc.; 7. A town of northern Italy: 8. A ridge (Prov. Eng.); 9. To hinder; 10. A pronoun; 11. A letter.

Boston, Mass.

CLIO.

No. 986-Greek Cross. (To "Krook."]

(To "Krook."]

Top square—1 Authority; 2. A high head-dress;
3. Watenful; 4. Blackbirds; 5. To urge.

Left square—1. A heavy footstep; 2. Orbed;
3. Imbecile; 4. Courts; 5. A closet.

Bottom square—1. Making a large angle with the plane of the horizon; 2. Earth; 3. A parisn of Scotland, county of Perth; 4. Having sinuses in the margin as if gnawed (bot.): 5. The interior husks of grasses (bot.). nithe margin as it gnawed (bos.). S. The interior intaks of grasses (bot.).

Right square—1. A rennet bag (prov. Eng.)
2. To stain; 3. A lake of Russian Lapland; 4. A kind of abe; 5. Small, delicate persons (obs.).

Centre square—1. A crowd of single things; 2.
To face with masoury; 3. To shun (obs.); 4. A kind of vessei (naut.); 5. A precipice.

San Francisco, Cal.

CAPT. N. FRANK.

SOLUTIONS AND PRIZE-WINNERS IN SIX WEEKS. Prizes. THE WEEKLY GLOBE SIX months for first com-

plete list.
THE WEEKLY GLOBE three months for next best list. Accepted Grists. TREBOR—Square, cross-word and numerical. TROJAN BOY—Half-square, rebus and double-letter enigma. BLACKBIRD—Rebus.

1. Not won. 1. Not won.
2. Charlie, Constitution, Penn.
The following sent correct solutions to the 'Grist Mill' of June 6:
Charlie, Winnewaug, Trebor, Titus Marx, Mabel, Grinder, Mrs. Mary W., A. J. K., Tim, George W. Warren, Sadie Smith and Me.

Chaff. TREBOR-We can find room for you and many more.

CYRIL DEANE—While Barnum was here we kept a lookout for you, but we did not have the pleasure of meeting you.

Killed With His Bables on His Knee.

(Charleston News and Courier.)
A violent rain storm, accompanied with a strong wind, came up and made its way across John's Island, blowing down trees and deluging the John's Island, blowing down trees and deluging the country with water! J. Wilson Glover, upon the approach of the storm, went into his house and took a seat by an open window. He took his little three-year-old daughter on his knee and heid his little six-months-old infant in his arms. While sitting in this position playing with his little ones lightning struck the building, tearing out the whole end of the house and killing him instantly. His little girl received so severe a shock that she died in about an hour, and the infant was also so much injured that it was not expected to live.

The arrival of a new cash-boy in a Syracuse dry goods shop last Saturday morning suggested to number of his mischievous fellows the propriety of subjecting him to an initiation. Having taken him into the basement and tumbled him about after the most approved undergraduate method, it was proposed that he should be hanged. A

piece of cord rastened overhead was accordingly slipped around his neck and a box on which he had been standing was removed from under him. There he dangled until his face was black and his tongue protruded. At the latter manifestation they became alarmed and endeavored to release their victim, but there was some delay in getting a knife, and when at last he was cut down he was almost insensible. The young executioners were immediately discharged.

SHOT HIS FATHER. A Boy's Revenge for Having Been Severely Chastised.

Sr. Louis, July 8 .- About three weeks ago, Milton Smith, living at Kirkwood, a suburb of this city, had occasion to reprove his son, aged 13—who has the reputation of being a very this city, had occasion to reprove his son, aged 13—who has the reputation of being a very victous boy—and did so in a very severe manner. After the whipping the boy threatened in his rage to be revenged. Those who ought to know say ever since that date he has seemed te remember and cherish a vengeful feeling toward his father. Yesterday morning Guy came into the dining-room after his father and grandfather had finished their breakfast. Mrs. Eads, the grandmother of the boy, prepared his breakfast and placed it before him, but nothing seemed to suit him. He quarrelled with his food and abused the old lady. His anger increased until he worked himself into a great passion, and gave vent to his wrath by throwing the dishes about. The old lady is quite feeble, and, instead of attempting to reprove the boy, called in his father. Mr. Smith responded, and as he entered the room Master Guy was raging about and playing smash generally with things. The father administered a sound thrashing and left the boy in the room. After a crying spell, Guy went into his grandfather's room, and in a minute returned with a doorder his die of his father, who was standing in a doorway, deliberately placed the muzzle of the weapon within a few inches of his father's body and fred. The boy's movements were quiet and quick, and no one seems to have seen him enter the room with the gun. The load was a heavy one, and the entire charge passed through the victim's body, entering the right side below the nipple, and coming out under the heart on the left side. Mr. Smith sank to the ground, called out, "I am killed; send for the doctor," and never spoke again. The boy dropped the gua, and started to run, but was seized, and is now in jail.

### THE IMPENDING FATE.

Prominent Bostonian.

(Boston Globe.) The readers of this paper were more or less amazed at a most remarkable statement from one of our leading citizens which appeared in yesterday's issue. So unusual were the circumstances connected with it, and so much comment did it occasion on the street and in social circles, that a representative of this paper was commissioned to

day's issue. So unusual were the circumstances connected with it, and so much comment did it occasion on the street and in social circles, that a representative of this paper was commissioned to investigate its details and verify its facts. The article referred to was a statement made by Mr. B. F. Larrabee of the New York & Boston Despatch Express Company, whose office is on Arch street. Mr. Larrabee was found by the newspaper man in his private office, and on being questioned said:

"Well, sir, logically I have been dead, but really I am as you can see me. A little over a year ago I was taken sick. My trouble was not severe at first, and I thought it was the result of a slight cold. Somebow I felt unaccountably tired at times, although I took an abundance of sleep. Then, again, I had dull and strange pams in various parts of my body. My appetite was good one day and I had none whatever the next, and my head pained me more or less much of the time. A while afterward I noticed much that was peculiar about the fluids I was passing, and that sedimet, scum and a strange accumulation appeared in it. Still I did not realize that these things meant anything serious, and I allowed the illness to run along until, on the 28th day of October. I fell prostrate while waiking along Tremont street. I was carried home, and did not go out of the house until the middle of December. I then went down town and attempted to attend to my business until the 13th of last January, when I was constantly attended by my regular physician, Doctor Johnson, and Doctor Bowditch also came to see me nearly every day. There was no doubt that I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys in its worst form and last stages, accompanied by other troubles in my liver and heart. In spite, however, of the skill of the physicians, I kept growing worse and finally they tapped my side in the vicinity of the heart, taking away forty-six ounces of water. This relieved me for the time, but I soon became as bad as before. Then the doctor gave me up enti

very remarkable cases in Lynn and Salem, as well as in this city, that it has cured. My recovery is so remarkable that it has excit d much attention, and physicians, as well as others, have investigated it thoroughly. I am glad they have, for I feel that the results of such a wonderful cure should be known to the thousands in all parts of the land who are suffering from troubles of the kidneys, liver or heart in some of their many dangerous forms."

The representative of the press thanked Mr. Larrabee for his very frank and clear statement, and was about to leave the office when a gentleman stepped up to him and inquired if he were seeking information about Mr. Larrabee's sickness and recovery. The scribe replied that he was, whereupon the gentleman said:

"And so am I, and I have come all the way from Chicago for that very purpose. Kidney troubles seem to be alarmingly increasing all over the country, and I have a very near relative who is afflicted much as Mr. Larrabee was. I have been to see physicians of whom Mr. Larrabee speaks, and I tell you, sir, it is simply wonderful."

"What did they say?" asked the man of news.

"Say! why, sir, they fully confirm everything Mr. Larrabee has stated. I went to see Dr. D. A. Jonnson at 20 Worcester street. He was absent when I called, and so I stepped into the Commonwealth Hotel, where Mr. Larrabee was living at the time of his sickness. Messrs. Brugn & Carter are the proprietors, and I asked them about Mr. Larrabee's case. Mr. Brugh pointed to the electric annunciator and said: 'Why for weeks and weeks every time that bell rang I said: That means the death of Mr. Larrabee. No one around the hotel ever dreamed that he would recover, and when the doctors would come down from his room they would shake their heads and say there was no hope. The arrangements for the funeral were made, and his recovery was simply a miracle."

I then called on Dr. Johnson, who said that Mr. Larrabee's case was a very remarkable one. He was his family physician and expected his death every ho

if he had friends, male or female, troubled with albumen or any kidney troubles he should cer-tainly advise them to use this remedy. Dr. John son said kidney difficulties are more common than most people think, and that many symptoms which are supposed to be other diseases arise from the kidneys. He said that ladies after gesta-

from the kidneys. He said that ladies after gestation are specially subject to albuminous troucles which require prompt attention.

Well, I then came down and called on Dr. H. Ingersoil Bowditch on Boyiston street. The old doctor was inclined to be reticent, but fully confirmed all I had previously learned. He had attended Mr. Larrabee, and supposed him beyond all nope, and he was afterwards restored, as he said, by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

I next went to see Dr. Meiville E. Webb, at the Hotel Cluny, for you see I was determined to be thorough in the matter. I found Dr. Webb a most clear-headed and well-informed gentleman, and he said;

thorough in the matter. I found Dr. Weebb a most clear-headed and well-informed gentlyman, and he said:

"I know of Mr. Larrabee's case from having thoroughly investigated it as a medical director of a life insurance company, and it is one of the most remarkable cases I have ever met. Mr. Larrabee had all the manifestations of a complication of diseases, and in their worst forms. He had albumen and casts in the urine, and a terribly diseased liver and spleen. Indeed, he was so had that he threw himself upon the floor, and with his head upon a hassock struggled for breath. It was on the night when he was so bad, and when all his medical advisers had long given him up, that he began using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. The next morning at 10 o'clock he was able to breathe freely, and has been ever since. I subjected him to the most thorough examination possible, after his recovery, and 'I can't find out about him.' His kidneys, liver, lungs and heart are perfectly well and sound. I can only add that, from what I have seen, I would unhesitatingly recommend this remedy.'''

The conclusions from the statements above made, which come to the newspaper man as well as the general public, must be two-fold. First that a modern miracle of healing has been performed in our midst, and that, too, by the simplest means and one which is within the reach of every one. It should be remembered that Bright's disease is not usually a sudden companint. Its beginnings are alight and its growth slow. The symptoms by which it may be detected are different with different persons, no two people usually having the same. This fact was

manifest in the case of Mr. Larrabee, and he had no idea of the terrible complaint which had attacked him until it became fixed upon him. Secondly, testimonials of such high character and so oatspoken in tone, conclusively prove the value of the remedy and its superior nature to the proprietary articles with which the public have been flooded. "The greater includes the less," and the remedy which has been proven so valuable and has saved a life after it was brought down to death's door, must unquestionably be certain in all minor troubles which are so disastrous unless taken in time.

TO OUR READERS. It will pay you to read every advertisement in this paper. When you answer them please do us the favor to say you saw the advertisement in THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

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